Jan. 9, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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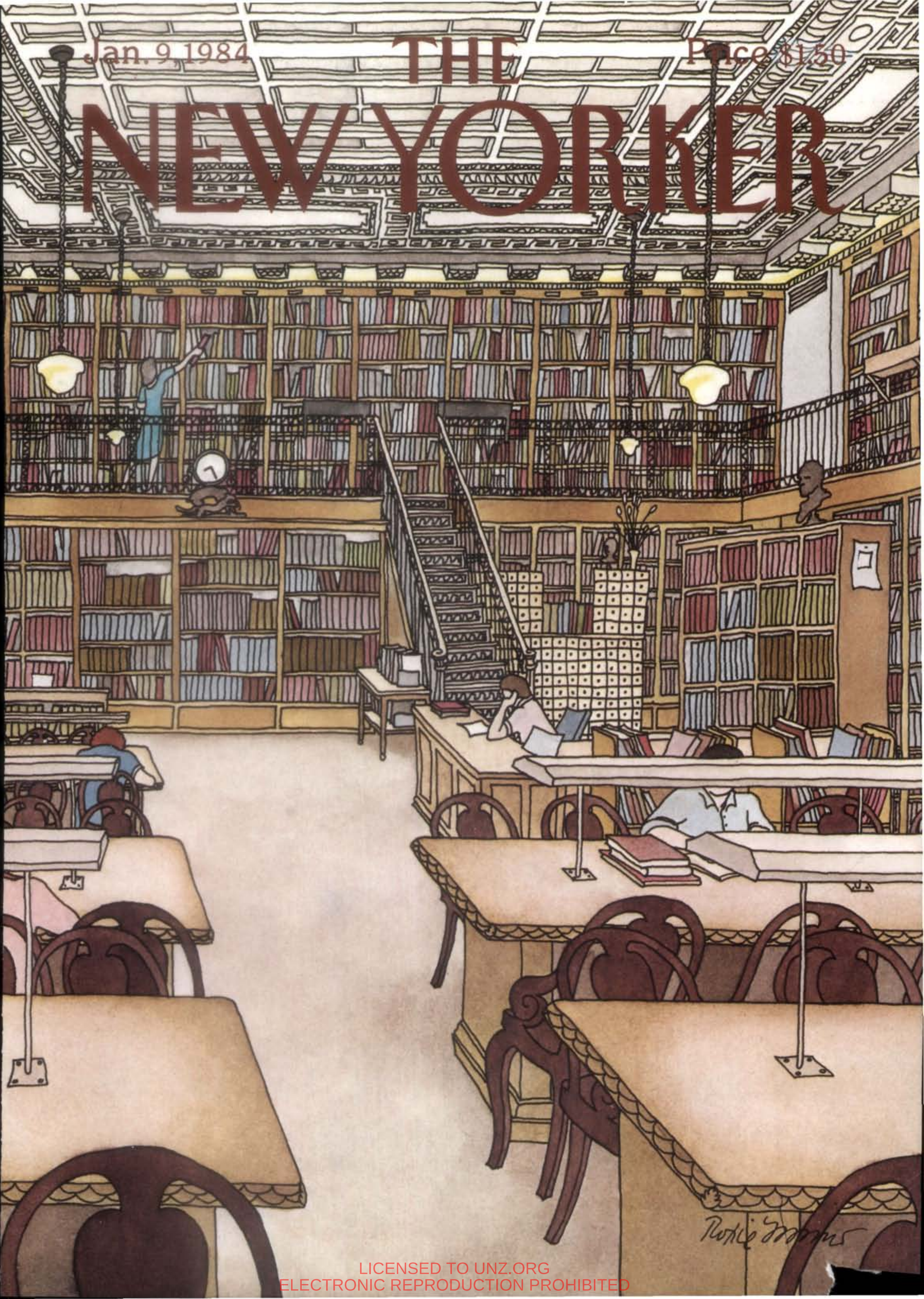
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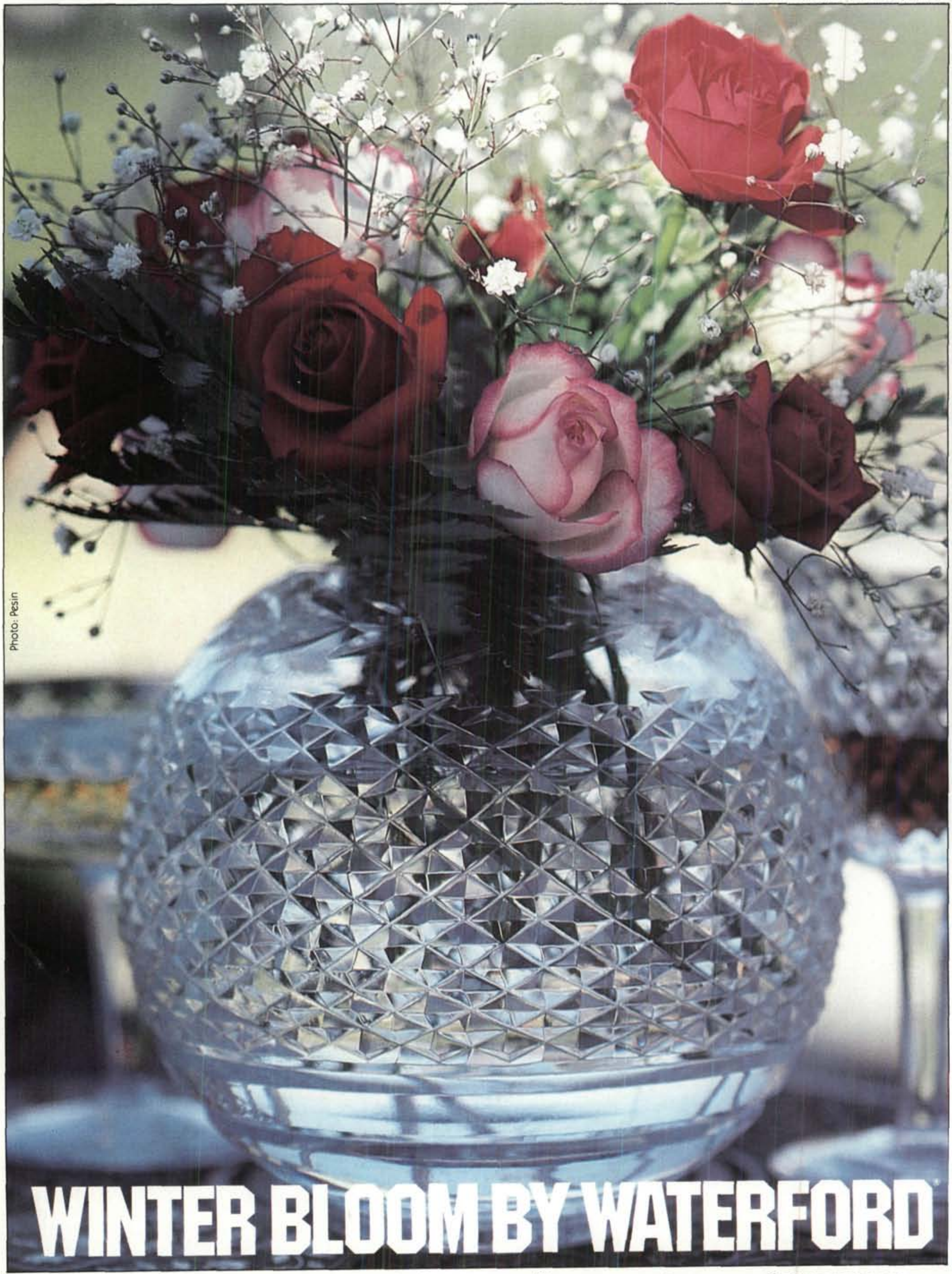

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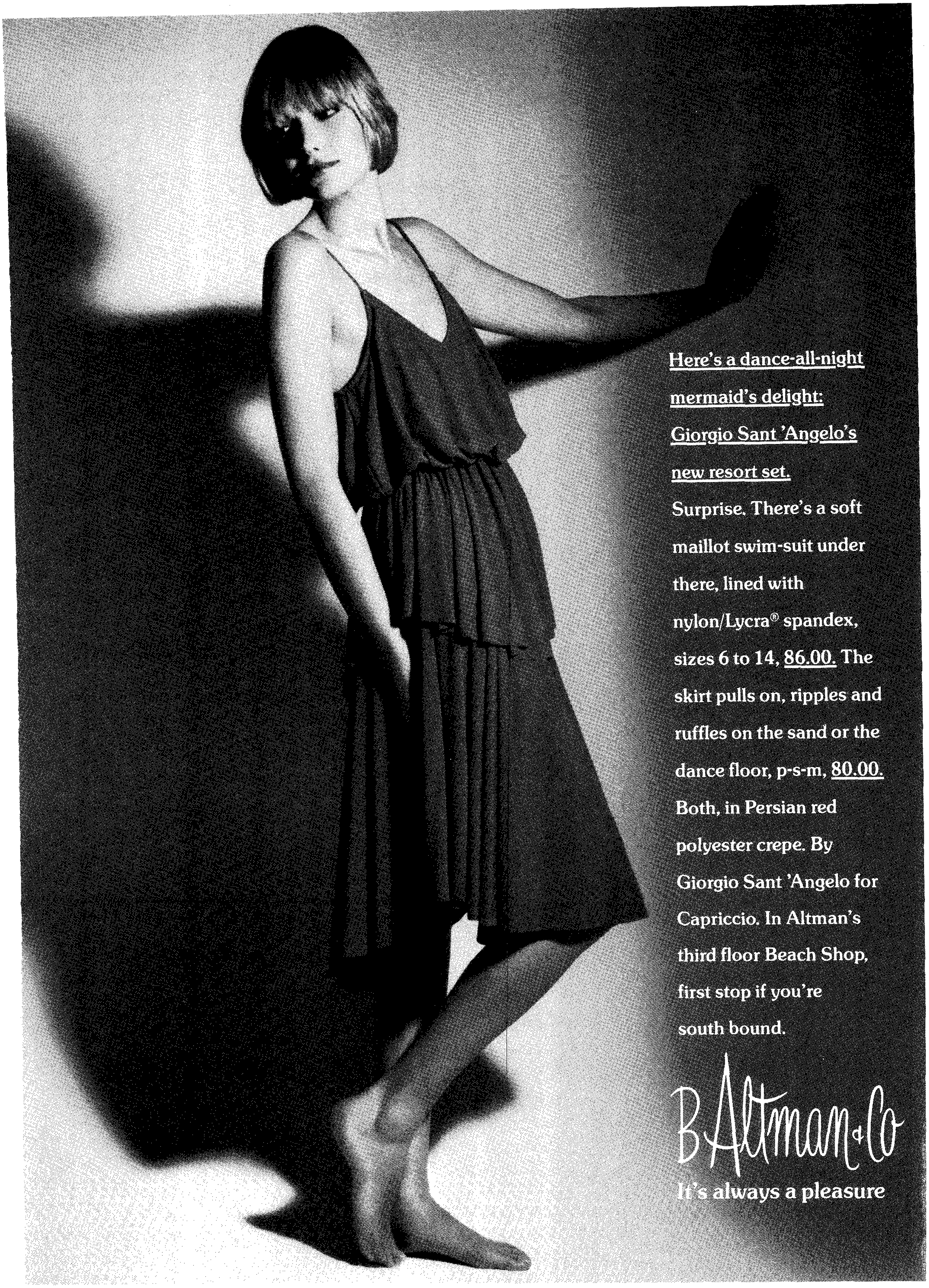

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet that depicts the perplexities—sometimes cruel, sometimes touching, and often surprisingly funny—of three sorry souls in the lower depths of Chicago. Superbly enacted by Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston, under the direction of Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Mary Louise Wilson and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller, **full hookup.** (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michael Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 7.)

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Doonesbury—A musical fashioned from the famous comic strip. Undergraduate humor is glacially slow to change, which may be just as well for all of us. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Cole Porter's **red hot and blue,** with a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, will be the fourth in this season's series of eight plays. Opens on Thursday, Jan. 5, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams classic is at once sentimental and astringent, thanks to first-rate performances by Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Shaw's vision of the time of "the breaking of nations," circa 1914. Rex Harrison is magnificent as Captain Shotover; also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, Stephen McHattie, and Philip Bosco. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (Reviewed

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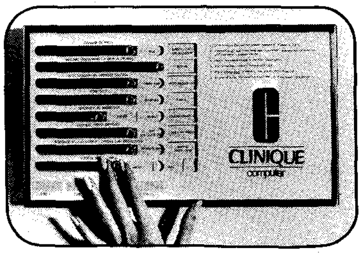

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden as Mother. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 15: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—Two revivals, opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS,** and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher *whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did.* Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

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The Real Thing—A new comedy by Tom Stoppard, imported from London, and with Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 5. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, *except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain* at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dancing scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about *mighty little, owing its effectiveness to* Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usua frantic pace. The enormous cast is young tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45t St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,856 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an *Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)* . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warne Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographe by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 24 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHO OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 196 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, thi exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free o camp. The score is by Alan Menken, an Howard Ashman directed and wrote the boo and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed th menacing plant, and it speaks and sings i the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed twenty years ago. Sergi Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, her *depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded* by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeou production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of shor sketches that purport to give us a refreshin view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47t St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MAR IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR' NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second o Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is seething satire on Catholic education: a craz nun verbally molests her small pupils unti she is given her comeuppance by four visitin alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor' Nightmare," a businessman dreams that h is on a stage and forced to perform, givin rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43r St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SON TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewis homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philli Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comed about two rival brothers in California, wit Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinis was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 3 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire o Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the son parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-740 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written b Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holz

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "Princess Ida." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 4-6, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 7.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Jan. 4: "Mozartiana," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 5: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Glass Pieces," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 7: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "In G Major," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 8: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Glass Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 10: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Episodes," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "Mozartiana," "In G Major," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Agon" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Karole Armitage—With her dance company in the New York première of "Paradise," a full-length work. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 5-9, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

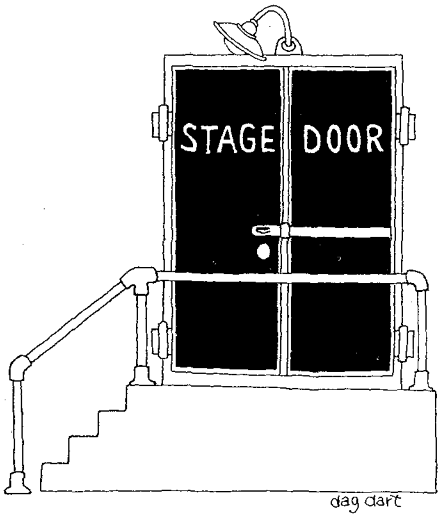
Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Hard-bop trios, led by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, and by pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, are the current fare. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here doing concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Singer **CARMEN MC RAE** works with a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 8; Monday, Jan. 9, will belong to Patricia Laing and Amber Chiang; and on Tuesday, Jan. 10, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will take charge with his group. Music from nine-thirty. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, **NRBQ;** Sunday and Monday, Jan. 8-9, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, **KEN PAGE** and the



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SHIRELLES. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and a bassist play through Saturday, Jan. 7. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **DON THOMPSON** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, Jan. 4, Secret Sect, the Strate A's, and the Modern Pioneers; Thursday, Jan. 5, Clairvoyant, Michael Fricasso, and the Waldos; Friday, Jan. 6, Paul Collins Beat, Paleface, and John Are; and Saturday, Jan. 7, Human Switchboard, Rebo 5, the Grownups, and Crossfire Choir. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who writes the blues, sings the blues, talks the blues, and chants the blues, and also sings stirring renditions of "Somebody Loves Me" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By," is here Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. Laura Theodore sings here Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday, Jan. 7, Charged Particles; Saturday, Jan. 14, Out to Lunch. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Jan. 8, will be turned over to the Kenny Hing quartet. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room. The Master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** appears with his latest quintet through Sunday, Jan. 8. Sets begin after nine. Dining. The club will close for renovations beginning Jan. 9.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Saturday, Jan. 7, Ronee Blakley; Mondays, Beth Lapides; Tuesdays, comedians Steve & Mark. Shows get under way about nine.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and bassist **VIC JURIS** through Thursday, Jan. 5; pianist **MICKEY TUCKER'S** trio Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7; Gail Wynters Sunday and Monday, Jan. 8-9; bassist Stafford James and pianist Mulgrew Miller Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 10-12; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, singer **CARMEN LUNDY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays, from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride specialist, is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays; **DICK HYMAN** owns the dining-room grand on Mondays; and Keith MacDonald drops by on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jasmine, 168 W. 96th Street (662-6665)—Village-flavored jazz on the upper West Side: pianist **RAY BRYANT** works with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Sunday, Jan. 8, and on Tuesday, Jan. 10, singer Ted Ross will arrive with the **CEDAR WALTON** trio. Mondays are the property of soprano saxophonist Darryl Foster's quartet which backs up singer Alyson Williams. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets through Monday, Jan. 9; and on Tuesday, Jan. 10 Peter Howard will come in. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston, because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: Soul Brother #1, **JAMES BROWN,** through Thursday, Jan. 5 Skip Castro and Mojo Bone on Sunday, Jan 8; Tuesday, Jan. 10, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 11-12, ex-Band members, bassist-singer **RICK DANKO** and drummer-singer **LEVON HELM.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO** and his **INTER-AMERICAN BAND** perform Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 5-8; Monday, Jan. 9, will be claimed by the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND;** and on Tuesday, Jan. 10, **SPHERE—KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY, CHARLIE ROUSE,** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Julie Wilson sings a tribute to Cole Porter Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at nine-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Thursday, Jan. 5, Vivian Prince; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Monday, Jan. 9, the John Barranco Blues Band; and Wednesday, Jan. 11, Gary Brown. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 4, the Janie Barnett band, the Backsters, Joey Ace, and the Deal; Thursday, Jan. 5, White Noise, Strate A's, and 4-Way Ping; Friday, Jan. 6, the Tapes, Bricks Mortar, and No Vacancy; Saturday, Jan. 7, Pluto Pluck & the I-Witness and Yahoo Yahotts; Sunday, Jan. 8, Tony Sarno; Monday, Jan. 9, Human Hands, F.D.Q., and Clockwork; Tuesday, Jan. 10, comics Frankie Pace, Premises Premises, and Radio Free Comedy; Wednesday, Jan. 11, Diana Yates, the Pinch, and the Rock Shift; Thursday, Jan. 12, the Bouncing Balls, the Whirling Dervishes, and Animation; Friday, Jan. 13, Spellbound, the Minx, and the Bandits; and Saturday, Jan. 14, Grape Jam, Majesty, and the Igloos. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Jan. 6, Indoor Life; Saturday, Jan. 7, Nitecaps; Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Invaders; Friday, Jan. 13, Pretty Poison; and Saturday, Jan. 14, Lou Miami. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the Bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Jan. 5, **MARTHA REEVES,** Ronnie Spector, and the Crystals; Saturday, Jan. 7, Specimen. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 5-6, singer **CARMEN LUNDY** and her quartet; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 7-8, drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE,** with **WOODY SHAW, JOE FORD, HARRY PICKENS,** and **CHARLES FAMBROUGH;** Monday, Jan. 9, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Jan. 10, Mark Sherman; Wednesday, Jan. 11, Ray Blue; Thursday, Jan. 12, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, **BOSS,** a soul-jazz outfit that features **ERIC GALE, RICHARD TEE, GEORGE YOUNG, IDRIS MUHAMMED,** and **GARY KING.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 4, Mario Rivera; Thursday, Jan. 5, Kimati Dinizulu; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Jan. 10, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his Afro-Brazilian sextet; Wednesday, Jan. 11, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, Jan. 12, Obara Wali Rahman Indigo Drum & Spirit; Friday, Jan. 13, the African Connection; and Saturday, Jan. 14, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A super quintet—bassist **RICHARD DAVIS,** trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS**—works through Saturday, Jan. 7; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 8-9, will be claimed by alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 10-14, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will be on hand with his quartet. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Jan. 9, **HECTOR LAVOE, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and guest jazz soloist, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN,** will all be present. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will deliver their hard-driving, mainstream messages at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** work together Tuesdays through Sundays. **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** jazz harpist, alternates with them on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the alto saxophonist with the lush, full-but-not-too-filling tone, heads his customarily fine quartet through Sunday, Jan. 8. On Mondays, and for the whole week of Jan. 9, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 5-8, Richard Shulman; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 9-11, Esther Blue; and Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 12-15, Joel Forrester. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: saxophonist Percy France Wednesday, Jan. 4; pianist Ram Ramirez Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7; and saxophonist Haywood Henry beginning Monday, Jan. 9. Sundays are the property of alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A piano-bass nook in a townhouse restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER** through Saturday, Jan. 7; **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** beginning Tuesday, Jan. 10; and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** every Sunday. Music from eight every night but Monday. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

A Salute to Hank Jones—Mr. Jones will be there, along with Billy Taylor, Clark Terry, Al Cohn, George Duvivier, and Bob Durham. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Oliver Lake & Jump Up—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday night, Jan. 7, at 1 A.M.

Jack Wilkins Group—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.

Pointer Sisters—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.

Blue Oyster Cult—With Zebra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Jon Hendricks & Company and the **L. Sharon Freeman Trio**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.

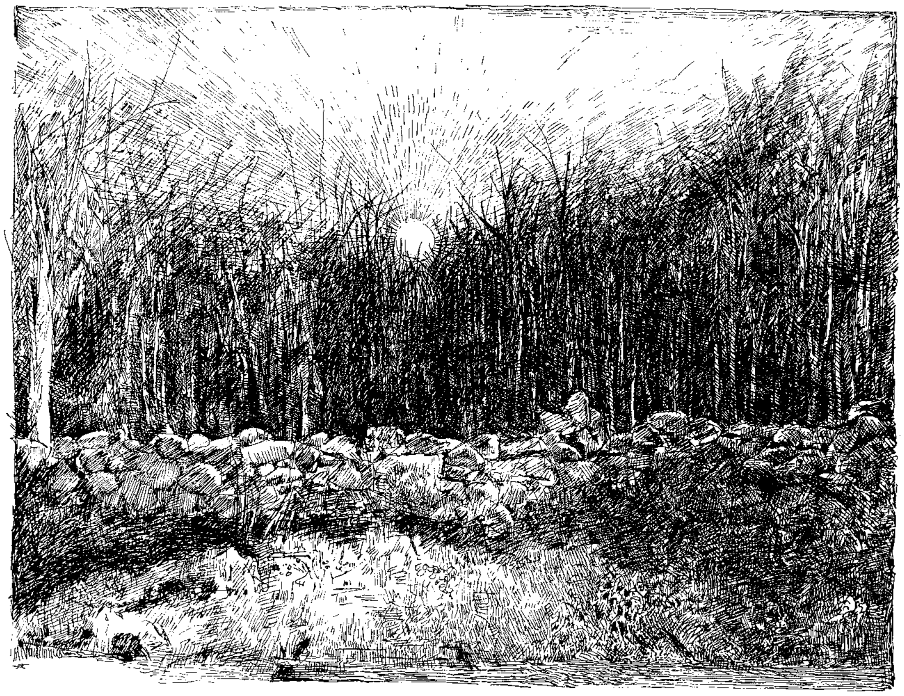
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Billy Al Bengston—Three-dimensional watercolor collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Paul-Émile Borduas (1905-60)—*Automatiste* abstractions by this Canadian artist, whose work was characterized by broad swipes of paint, laid on as with a trowel. Through Jan.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St.)

Walter Hatke—Realist landscapes on canvas and paper. Through Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Watercolors from a sketchbook executed in 1934, on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the yacht of Sara and Gerald Murphy. Through Feb. 11. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Sculptures, paintings, and prints dealing primarily with his favored theme of the horse and rider. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Bacon, Balthus, and Baselitz are the first three (alphabetically) of the nineteen artists in the current show, dedicated to Willem de Kooning, who, of course, is also represented. Through Jan. 21. . . . **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by a half-dozen Cobra artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Léger, Matisse, Dubuffet, Picasso, et al. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Paul Cadmus—A selection of drawings, mostly figure studies, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A show of paintings from 1969 to the present which coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Drawings and collages by a Spanish artist known primarily for his tapestries, two of which are on view. Through *Jan. 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)*

Alfred Jensen (1903-81)—Astronomical notations and arithmetic progressions painted in heavily impastoed, vivid colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Steve Keister / Donald Sultan—Sculptures. / Charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Recent abstract paintings and monotypes. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel and Elaine de Kooning—Portraits by both, plus a selection of paintings by the latter from her series based on a public statue of Bacchus, located in Paris. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Early constructions (of wire, plaster, and twine) and late welded-steel sculptures (these seen in public for the first time) bracket a memorial exhibition of twenty-five works. Through Jan. 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Sullivan—Landscape paintings. Through Jan. 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Woodman—Large paintings and screens in which human figures are seen among decorative patterns, usually floral. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright and D. Jack Solomon, and two wall installations by Don Dudley. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: "Post-Graffiti" has paintings and sculptures by eighteen young artists who, as the title suggests, first practiced their talents on city streets and subways. Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Futura 2000, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **markel,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works containing figures, by seven artists—a painting by Eric Fischl, two photographs by Cindy Sherman, two box constructions by Richard Tuschman, and so on. Through Jan. 28. . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by New York artists of Latin-American or Caribbean heritage, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Rafael Ferrer, and Pedro Perez. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **protetch,** 37 W. 57th St.: Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Richard Fleischner, and Mary Miss, five sculptors exhibiting models, drawings, and small sculptures representing their outdoor commissions; Burton has a prototype for a terrazzo subway bench. Through Saturday, Jan. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Howard Buchwald—Abstract oils on linen; the surfaces are perforated in a pattern of conic sections. Through Wednesday, Jan. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Masao Gozu—Twenty photographs of a Bowery bar window, taken over six years, during which time an aspidistra waxes and dies and the owner changes the name from Harry's to Harold's, perhaps to avoid confusion with the Harry's in Venice. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Keith Haring—Totem sculptures fourteen feet tall, wood cutouts of figures and abstractions, and paintings in vinyl ink, crowding walls that the artist has covered with red candy-striped decorations. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Stanley Kearl—Bronzes, mainly figures Through Jan. 21. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Ronald America Kleemann / Murray Alcosser—Photo-Realist paintings in which, for instance, every highlight on a fire truck gleams by an artist whose newly acquired middl name is a patriotic gesture. / Color photographs of things like bacon and eggs, dol heads, and a pile of nails. Through Saturday Jan. 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Two dozen new paintings ar on exhibition in the Castelli gallery at 42 West Broadway, and many of them are duplicated, more or less, in an enormous mural eighteen feet tall and ninety-six feet long, i the Castelli gallery at 142 Greene St Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

Tom Nozkowski / Tim Spelios—New painting Through Jan. 28. / Matte-black wood sculptures. Starts Saturday, Jan. 7. (Esman, 12 Spring St.)

Richard Rappaport—Paintings of figures Through Jan. 18. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, a noon.)

Shari Urquhart / Frances Cohen Gillespie—Hooked rugs with a garish, punk-art quality. Paintings of flower arrangements and thei reflections in mirrors. Through Saturday, Jar 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Nuclear war, the aftermath of nuclear war, natural disaster doomsday, and just impending doom are th subjects for a large group of works by a grea many contemporary artists. Through Jan. 22 (Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, an Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **eno,** 101 Wooster St This ten-year-old coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its member Through Jan. 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **sculptors,** 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit by founding and presen members of this coöperative. Accounted fc are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, an David Brooks, among others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7.

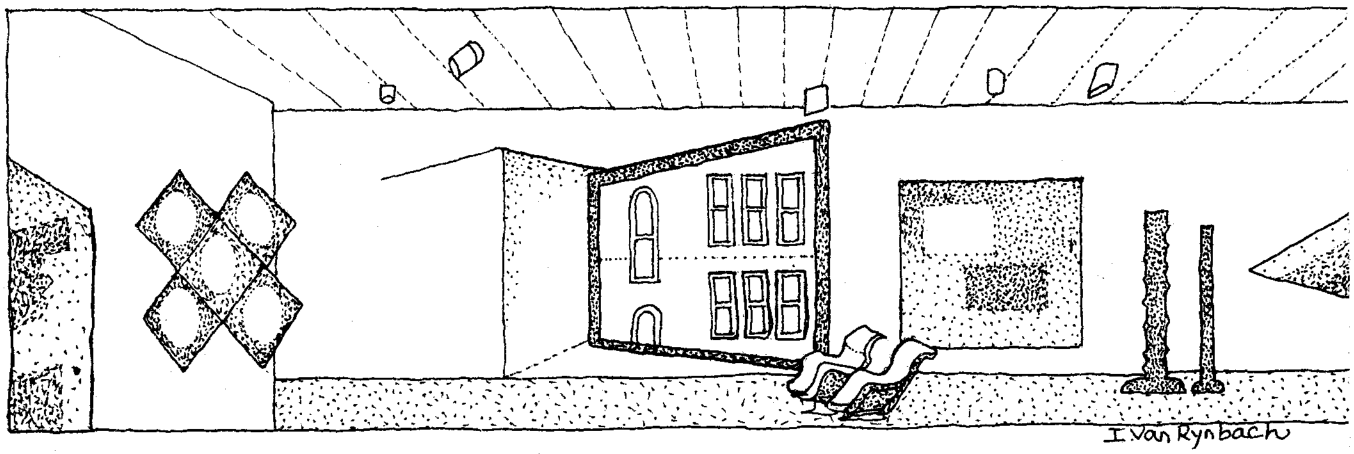
Sculpture—"Varieties of Sculptural Ideas," show of sixty artists, both contemporar (Bourgeois, Aycock, di Suvero) and from earlier days (Giacometti, Lachaise). Throug Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

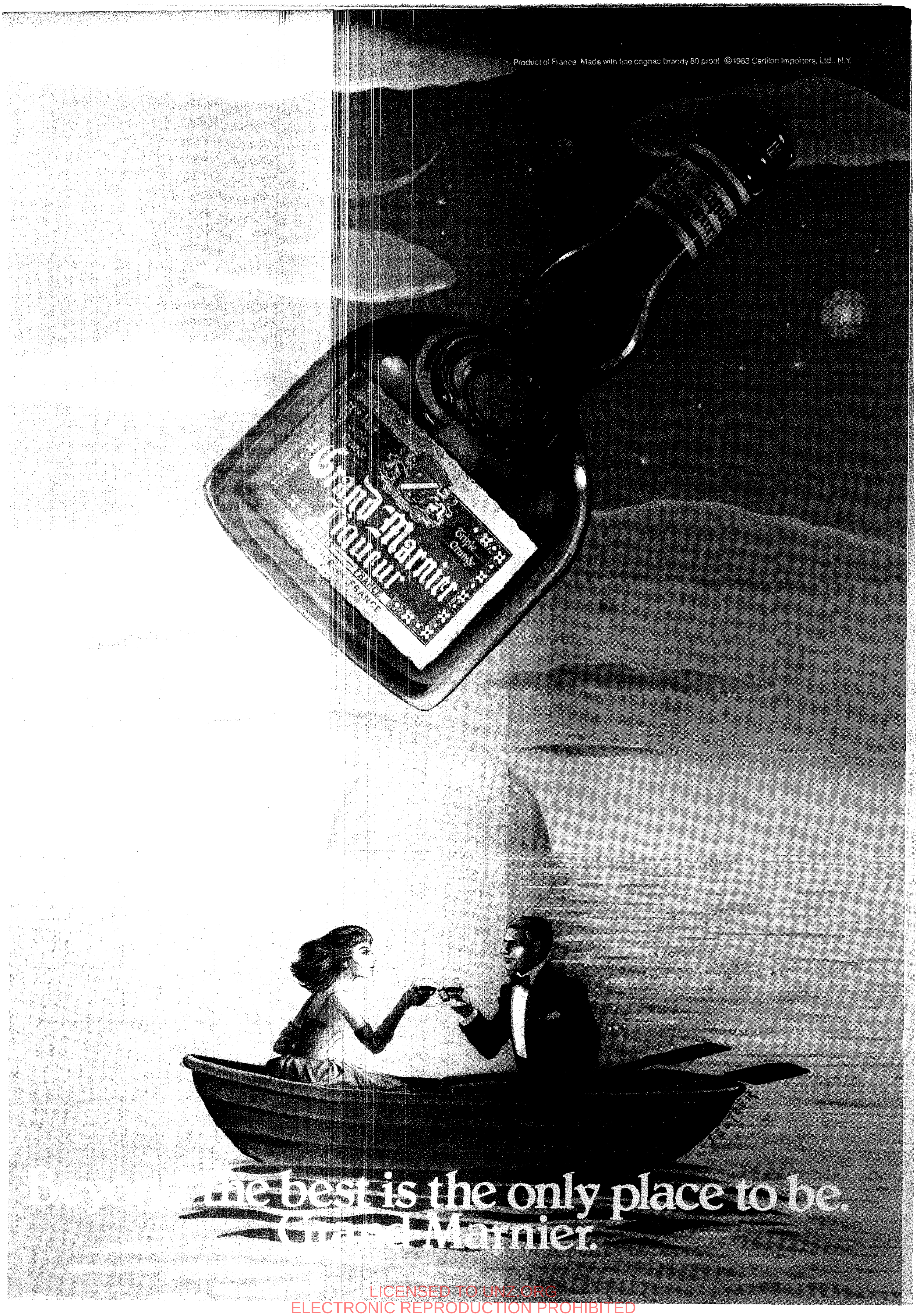
OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Tracy—Textured sculptural works centered on religious symbols and intended b the artist as commentary on Latin-America political events. Through Jan. 21. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Cana St.)

Alison Wilding—Sculptures made of rubbe copper, brass, slate, lead, and other element by this British artist. First solo show in Ne York. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Ala, 3 W. 20th St.)

Children's Book Illustrations—Paintings an drawings by roughly a hundred and fifty illustrators, including Lonni Sue Johnson, Le

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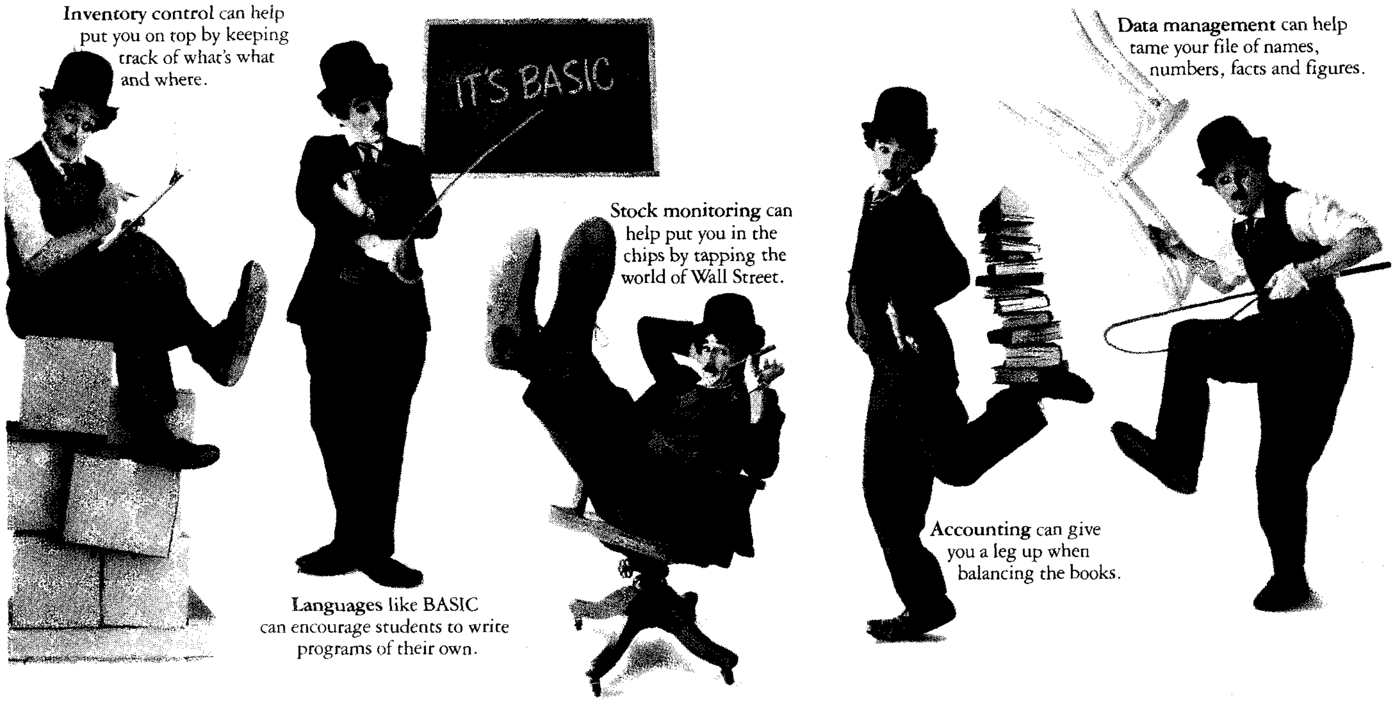

Inventory control can help put you on top by keeping track of what's what and where.

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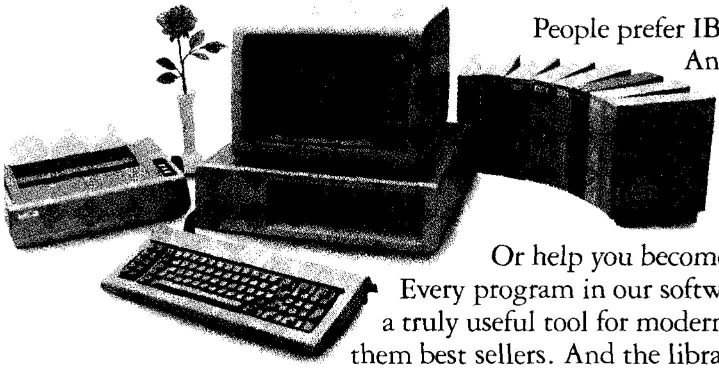

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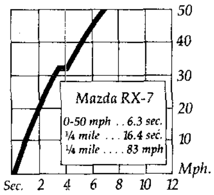
THE SPORTS CAR THAT TAKES THE HIGH PRICE OUT OF HIGH PERFORMANCE.

The Mazda RX-7 is the best-selling two-seat sports car in America. We think we know why.

For one thing, it is an exceptional value.



For another, it has remained true to its origins. It is—as it's always been—a real, bona fide sports car.

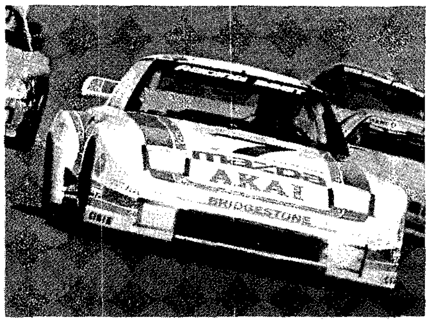
Checking its credentials, you will find slippery aerodynamics and a high-revving rotary engine. They help the RX-7 accelerate from zero to 50 in just 6.3 seconds.

You'll also find a suspension system specifically designed for high-performance driving—independent struts in front, Watt linkage in the rear, and stabilizer bars at both ends.

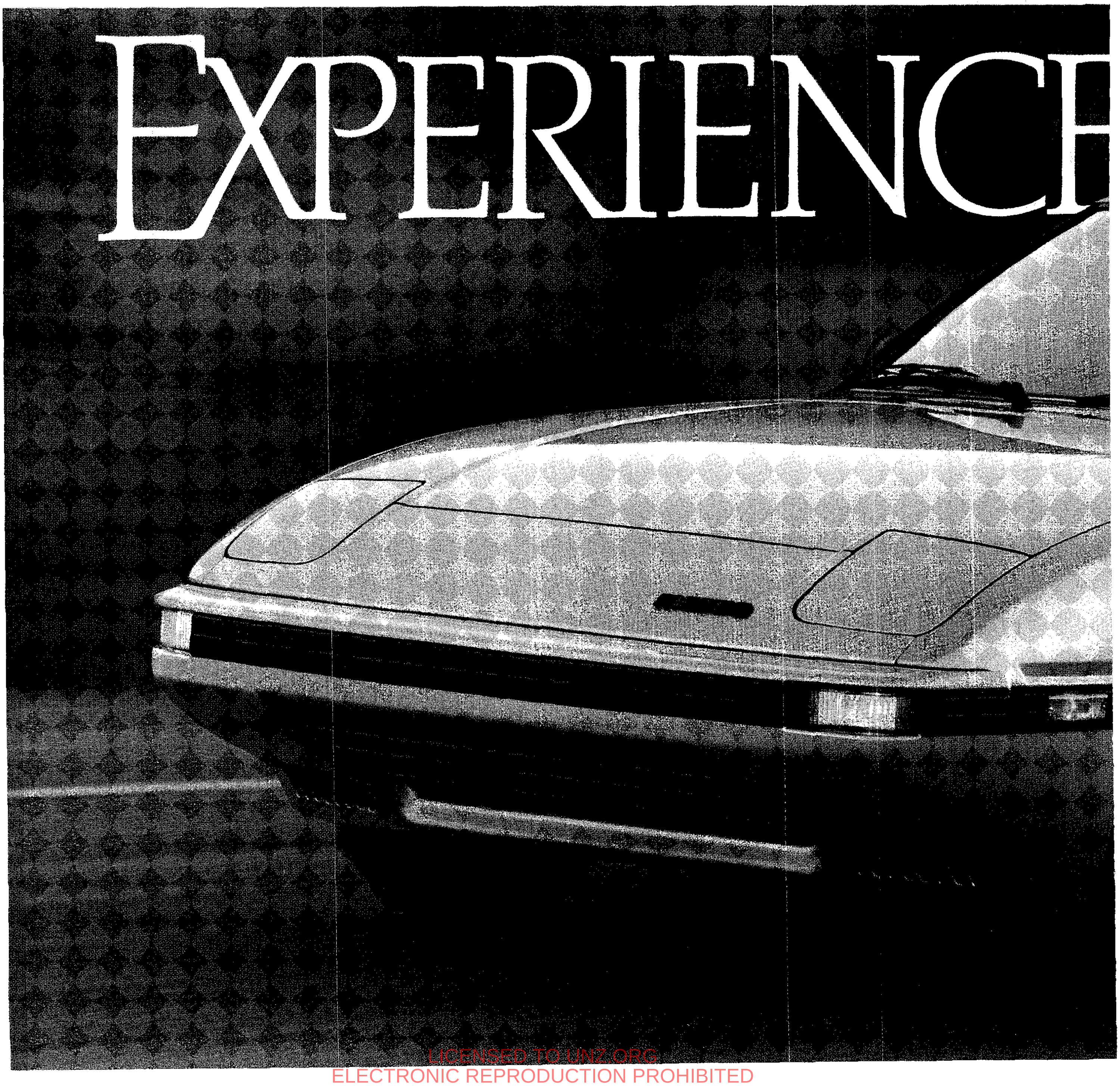
Adding to the RX-7's popularity is its remarkable resale value. The Kelley Blue Book, Sept.-Oct. 1983, tells us that a 1979 RX-7 S has retained 90.1% of its original sticker price, compared with 75.7% for a 1979 Datsun 280ZX.

29 EST. HWY. MPG / **19** EST. MPG*

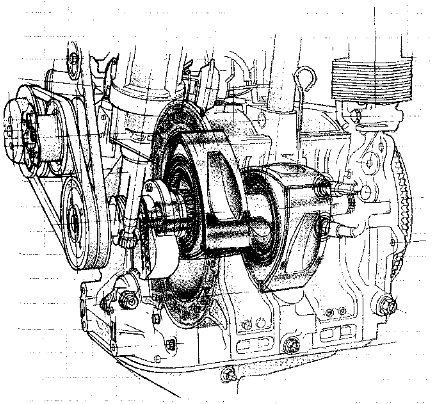
Of course, a test drive will tell you even more. It will prove that while we've taken the high price out of high performance, we've taken the true sports car experience and made it come alive in the Mazda RX-7.



Showing its racing colors, an RX-7 (above) placed 1st in the IMSA GTO class at the '83 Daytona 24-hour event, duplicating its '82 victory. RX-7s have also won IMSA GTU Championships 4 years in a row.



The rotors in the RX-7's rotary engine spin constantly in one direction instead of moving up and down like pistons. At high rpm it uses less energy fighting friction than a conventional reciprocating engine. This means that the rotary engine is smoother and more powerful for its size—the ideal power plant for a sports car.



Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission • Steel-belted radial tires • Power-assisted ventilated front disc brakes • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Retractable headlamps • Full cut-pile carpeting • Driver's seat lumbar support adjuster • Electric rear window defroster • 2-speed wipers/washer plus intermittent feature • Tinted glass • Patterned velour upholstery • Tachometer • Trip odometer • Coolant and engine oil level warning chimes • Dual door mirrors • Lockable, lighted rear stowaway lockers • Side window demisters • Quartz digital clock.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda RX-7 S

$10,195**

To find out more about the Mazda RX-7, you need our 22-page, full-color catalog. For a free copy, write to:

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Orange, CA 92668

*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/al. wheels shown) and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary. Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

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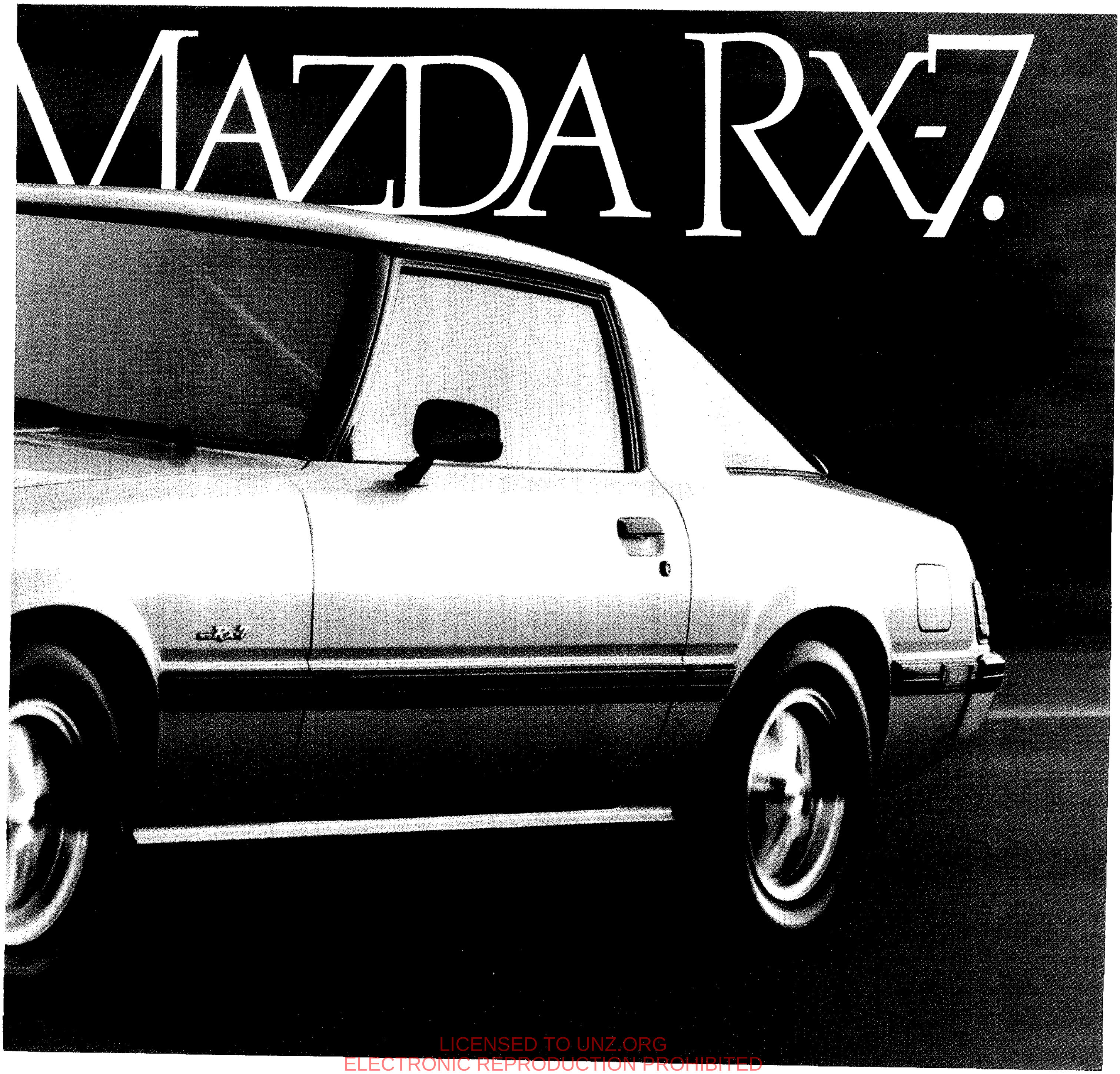
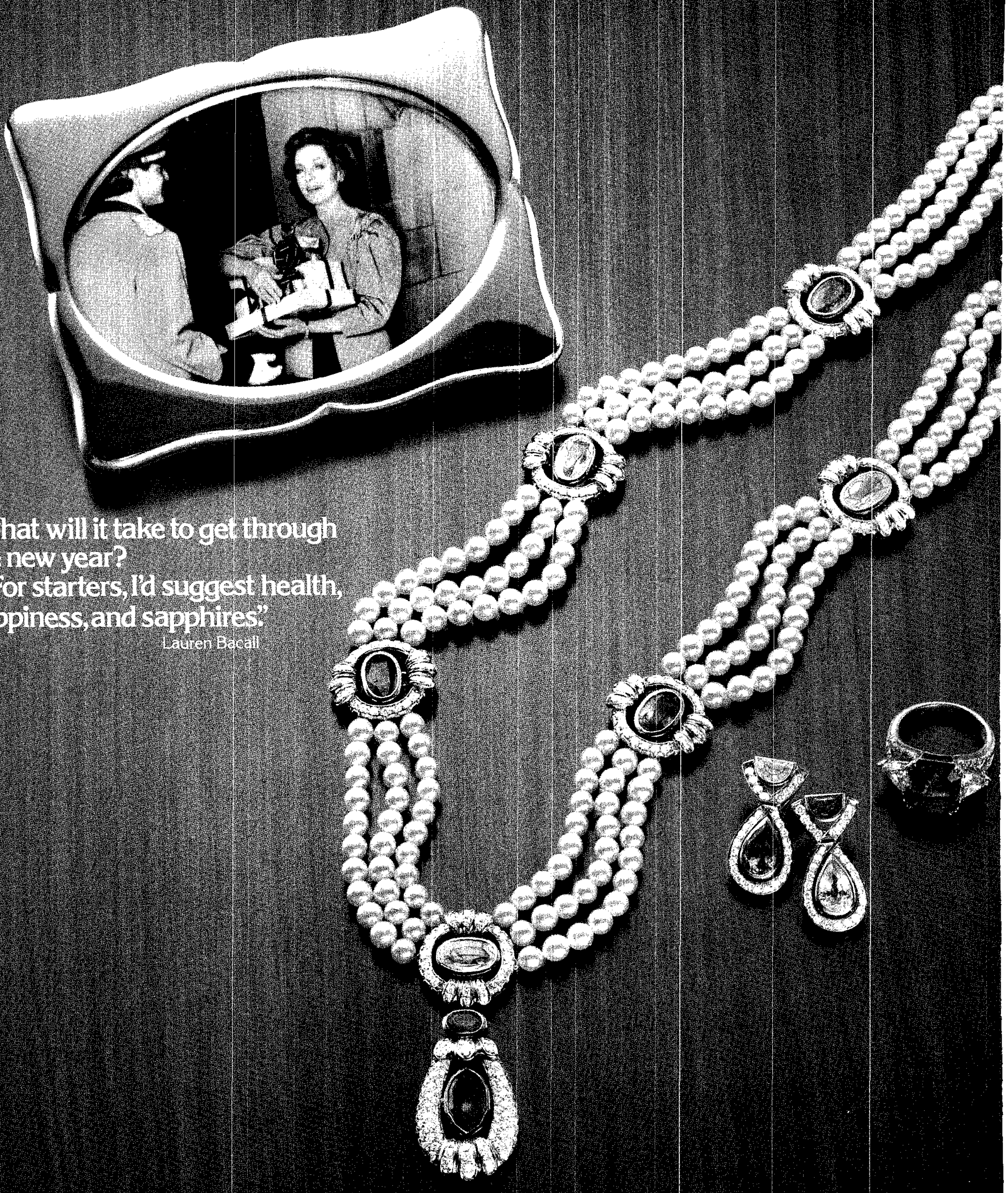
THE MORE YOU LIKE.





"What will it take to get through the new year?
For starters, I'd suggest health, happiness, and sapphires."
Lauren Bacall

Sapphires find their perfect place in a triple-strand cultured pearl necklace. Sapphires of blue, yellow and pink are surrounded by diamonds, set in 18 Karat gold. $35,000.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lorenz, Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson. Through Jan. 27. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Fifty color prints of the United States—coast to coast. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Langdon Clay—Views, mostly interiors, of Jefferson's Monticello, plus other photographs, including a striking panorama of the West 42nd Street sin belt at night. Through Jan. 28. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Eleven vintage prints, among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

André Kertész—Twenty-two recently printed color photographs; some of the original transparencies reach back into the early fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Doug Prince—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Aaron Siskind—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 21. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union—"Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **Staley-Wise,** 177 Prince St.: Prints by fourteen well-known photographers (Bill Brandt, Elliott Erwitt, Louise Dahl-Wolfe) accompanied by Pat Booth's portraits of the artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. A complementary show of drawings for ballet, theatre, and film costumes is at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century American painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of Chinese garden and flower paintings, twelfth century to eighteenth, from the museum's collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," a show of paintings and other works by the artist which is supplemented by works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. A complementary show of recent paintings is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Korean folk art. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. Through March 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

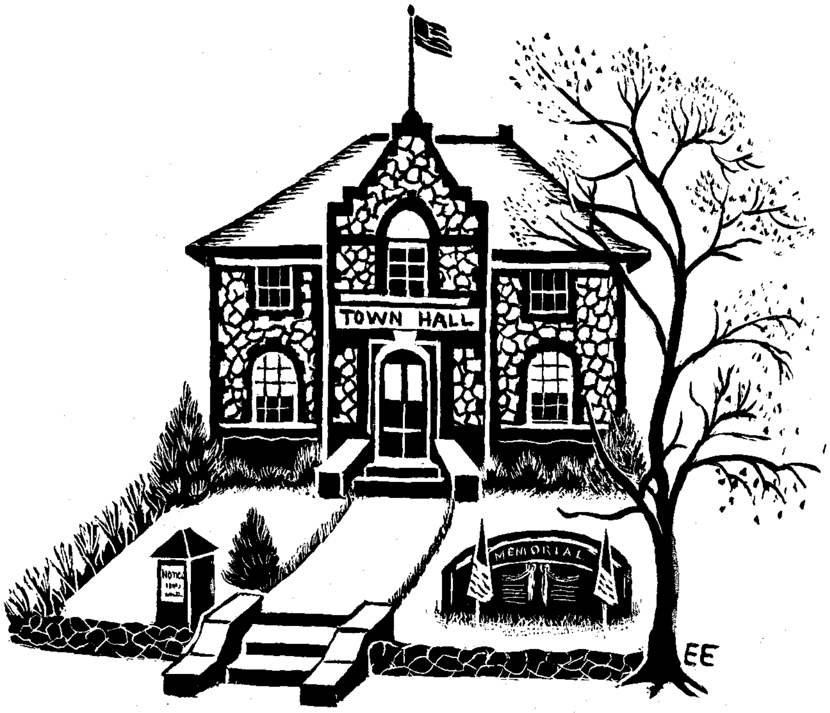
Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Artists who have shown works here in the past are doing so again in an all-out display of about three hundred and fifty drawings and objects. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Ariel Bybee, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Ragnar Ulfung; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:30: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Ariel Bybee, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Cornell MacNeil; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of



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Mahagonny," with Patricia Craig, Lili Chookasian, William Lewis, and Cornell MacNeil; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 1:30: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Kurt Sanderling conducting Mahler's Tenth Symphony Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, and Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 7:30 (all with Barbara Hendricks and Jessye Norman, sopranos; the Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and other choruses).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Bartók program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss and Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting a program of baroque music, with Mr. Foss doubling as piano soloist and Mr. Rampal doubling as flute soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzmon conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—With Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Stanisław Skrowaczewski conducting a Beethoven-Gunther Schuller-Mendelssohn program, with Stephen Burns, trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Dylana Jensen, violin; Ruth Negri, harp; Harriet Wingreen, piano; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Orpheus—With Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Steve Freides directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program called "A Festival of Psalms." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Hoch, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Leon Kirchner and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano, performing the complete Debussy preludes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Robert Silverman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—Ida Kavafian, violin; Warren Lash, cello; Richard Sortomme, violin; and Jeffrey Swann, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

Aulos Ensemble and the Boston Museum Trio—A joint concert. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 663-7565.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in the first in a series of six concerts, this one with Gordon Gottlieb, percussion. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

Adam Holzman—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Norman Fischer—Playing Bach's complete suites for unaccompanied cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

John deChiaro—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Anne-Marie McDermott—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson and Curtis Rayam—Piano and tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Musica Camerit—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with Irene Gubrud, soprano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Nicholas Mann—Playing music for two violins, two violas, and for violin and viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Gérard Causse—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program called "The World of Guillaume de Machaut." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Jan. 12, and Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting a program of music by Toru Takemitsu and Yehudi Wyner, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Yefim Bronfman and Cipa Dichter, piano; the Colorado String Quartet; and the Aspen Wind Quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Rosalind Rees—Soprano, in a one-hour recital, with Wayne Rapier, oboe, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Chamber Music—Scott Nickrenz, viola, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

A Musical Tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr.—Performed by Janis-Rozena Peri, soprano; the Triad Chorale; the Lon Gar Ensemble; and the Downtown Chamber Players. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—The American Symphony Orchestra, the Louisiana Chorale of Acadiana, the Camerata Singers of Baton Rouge, and the Collegiate Chorale. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Jan. 9, at 7:35. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Monday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Jan. 13. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 12, at 7:35.

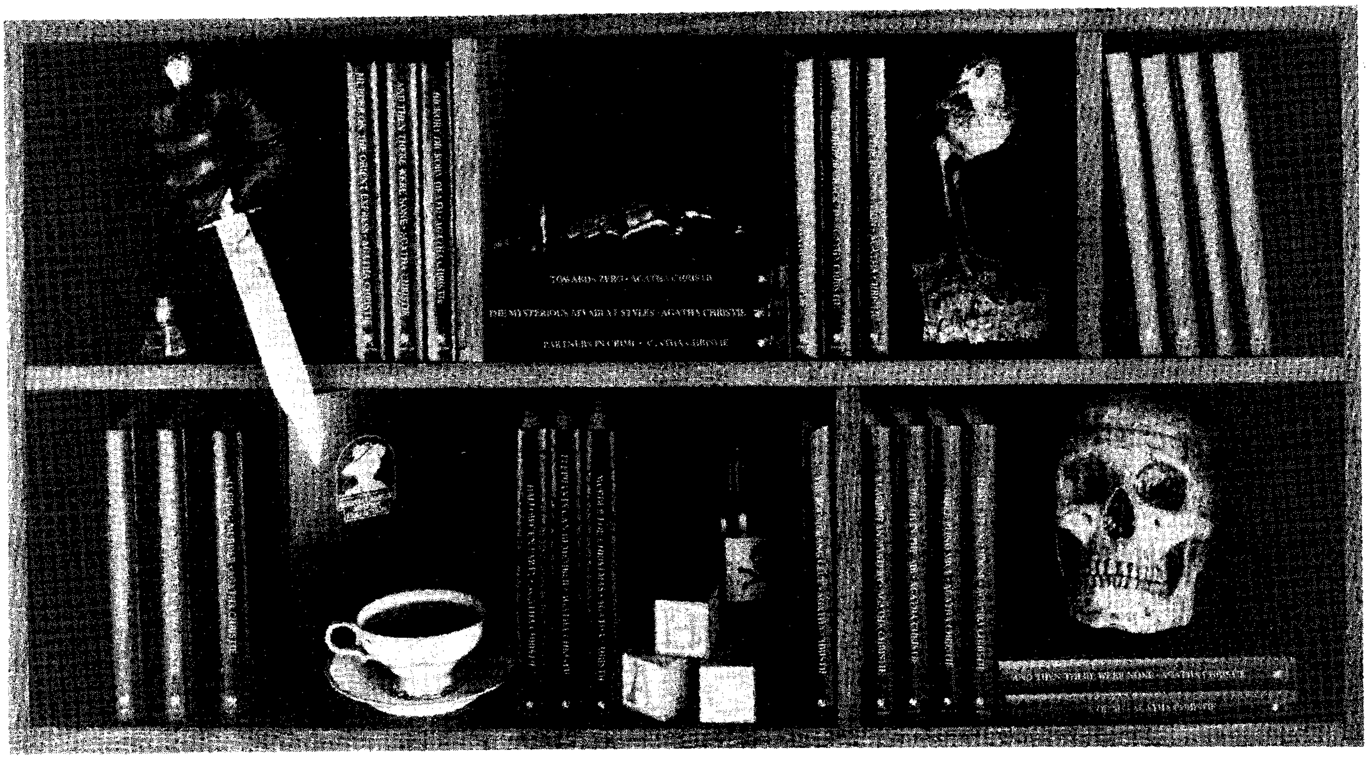
Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1. The Interborough Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 8, and the Assault Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

Tennis—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, Yannick Noah, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 10-11, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 12-13, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 14, at 12:30; and Sunday, Jan. 15 [finals], at 12:30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 6, through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Amy Clampitt and Brad Leithauser reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)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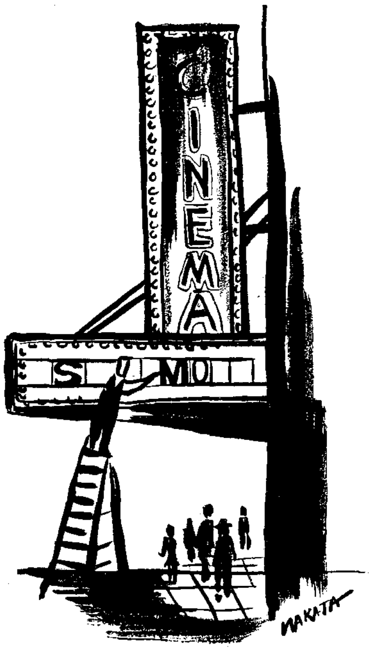
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 5: "Return of the Jedi" (†); and "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr.
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 10: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
From Jan. 11: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 5: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
From Jan. 6: "Riddles of the Sand."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"To Be or Not to Be" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Through Jan. 10: "Terms of Endearment" (†). From Jan. 11: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. From Jan. 13: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 5: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
From Jan. 6: "Mortuary."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Theatre 2: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Horse" (1982; directed by Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 5: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, and Betty Bronson; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best. Jan. 6-7: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour. Jan. 8-9: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "Orchestra Rehearsal" (†). Jan. 10: "Rock Around the Clock" (†) and "Head" (†). Jan. 11-12: "The Steel Helmet" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and James Edwards; and "Fixed Bayonets" (†). Jan. 13-14: "Breathless" (1959 †) and "Weekend" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 5: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell). From Jan. 6 (tentative): "Danton" (†).
Theatre 2: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 4: "Vertigo."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (Fabio Carpi; in Italian and French).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Danton" (†). From Jan. 8: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 12: "Pauline at the Beach" (†). From Jan. 13: "Kamilla" (Vibeke Lokkeberg; in Norwegian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Malou" (Jeanine Meerapfel; in German).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: "Educating Rita" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (†).
Theatre 3: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Theatre 4: "Risky Business" (†).

Theatre 5: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Theatre 6: "Scalps."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).

Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 2: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin. From Jan. 13: "Warriors of the Wasteland."

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 5: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. From Jan. 6: "Mortuary."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 5: "Naked Came the Stranger" (1975) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975).

Jan. 6-7: "Up in Smoke" (1978; Lou Adler), with Cheech and Chong; and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

Jan. 8-10: "The Wild One" (†); and "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.

Jan. 11-12: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Jan. 13-14: "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt; and "The Shining" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983; D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert with David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Jan. 4: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Jan. 5-7: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and Annette O'Toole.

Jan. 8-9: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.

Jan. 10-11: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, Sam Shepard, and Robert Farnsworth.

Jan. 12-14: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (†) and "The Shining" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Jan. 5: "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky; and "Beyond the Limit" (1983; John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Jan. 6-7: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Still of the Night" (1982; Robert Benton), with Roy Scheider, Meryl Streep, Josef Sommer, and Sara Botsford.

Jan. 8: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Key Largo" (†).

Jan. 9-10: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

Jan. 11-12: "The Devil's Playground" (†); and "Puberty Blues" (1981; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.

Jan. 13-14: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Jan. 4: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

Jan. 5: "Lucia" (1974; Humberto Solas; in Spanish).

Jan. 6: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmiller; and "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself.

Jan. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.

Jan. 8: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.

Jan. 9: "The Human Condition, Part III" (1961; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Jan. 10: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Jan. 11: "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Death by Hanging" (1968; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Jan. 12: "Blood of the Condor" (1969; Jorge Sanjines; a Bolivian film, in Spanish and Quechua); and "The Last Supper" (†).

Jan. 13: "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals; and "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony, and Paul McCrane.

Jan. 14: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

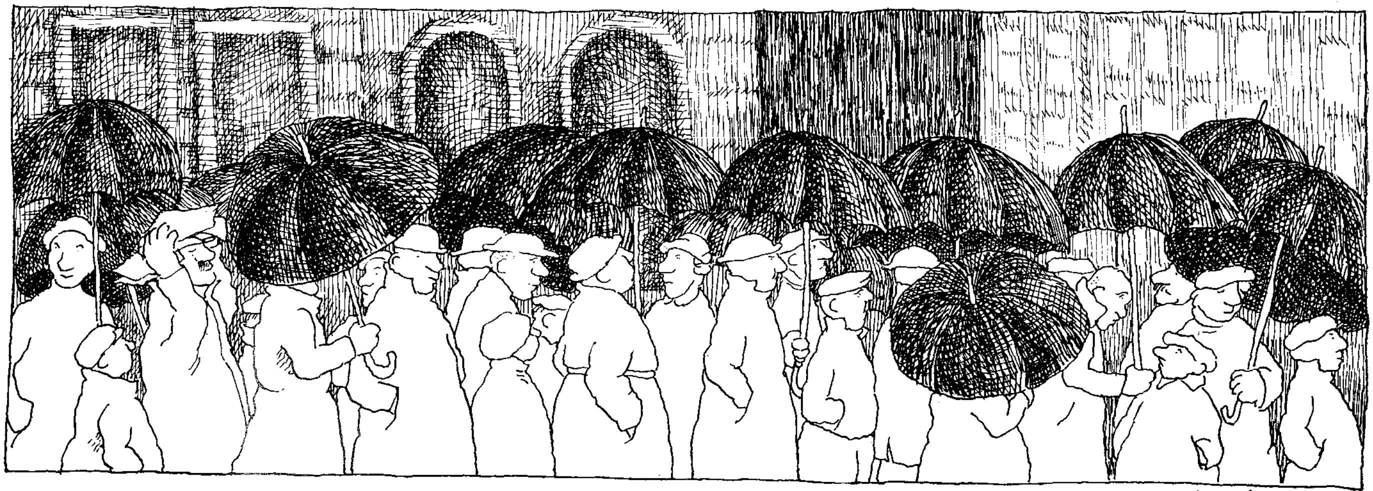
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 5: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Jan. 6-7: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Jan. 8-10: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

Jan. 11-12: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy



Anne Burgess

Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, and Robby Benson; and "Ordinary People" (†).

Jan. 13-14: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 4: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Onibaba" (1963; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese).

Jan. 5: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Jan. 6-7: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau, Valeria D'Obici, and Laura Antonelli.

Jan. 8: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†).

Jan. 9: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.

Jan. 10: "Carnival in Flanders" (†) and "Volpone" (†).

Jan. 11: "Sword of Vengeance #6: White Heaven in Hell" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese); and "Rise Against the Sword" (1966; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).

Jan. 12: "The Conversation" (†); and "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and John Lithgow.

Jan. 13-14: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 4: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Jan. 5: "Sleepers West" (1941; Eugene Forde) and "Dressed to Kill" (1941; Eugene Forde), both films with Lloyd Nolan as Michael Shayne.

Jan. 6-7: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Jan. 8: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Jan. 9: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Jan. 10: "The Boy Friend" (†); and "On Your Toes" (1939; Ray Enright), with Zorina, Donald O'Connor, and Eddie Albert.

Jan. 11: "College Holiday: (1937; Frank Tuttle), with Jack Benny and Burns and Allen; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Landfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

Jan. 12: "Le Million" (†); and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

Jan. 13: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Jan. 14: "Jamaica Inn" (†) and "Shadow of a Doubt" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Seesaw" (1983; Alvin Lucier), a sound installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Waverly, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—It might have been a lovely little musical, with the bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heartbreakingly winning. But Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show (first produced in London in 1953) into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. Russell's greatest deficiency is that he doesn't understand the beauty of simplicity. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from his supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. With Christopher Gable, Max Adrian, Georgina Hale, Vladek Sheybal, Tommy Tune, Barbara Windsor, Antonia Ellis, and Glenda Jackson in a wonderful cameo as the injured star who is replaced by Twiggy. Cinematography by David Watkin; sets by Tony Walton; costumes by Shirley Russell. Made in England. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 10.)

Breathless (1959; "À Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he conjoined disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so that he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive*. The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 13-14.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—It is a day in 1616; a Spanish regiment comes to a town in occupied Flanders. The cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in wordly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed their classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. From a script by Charles Spaak. With Françoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet, Jean Murat, Alerme, Micheline Cheirel. Designed by Lazare Meerson; cinematography by Harry Stradling. (This much-honored film's sophisticated approach to sexual collaboration would, of course, have been impossible in the forties.) In French. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Thalia; Jan. 12.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, starting Jan. 6, tentative.)

The Devil's Playground (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping, "They nearly had me." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 11-12.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gramercy, Festival, and Olympia Quad.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

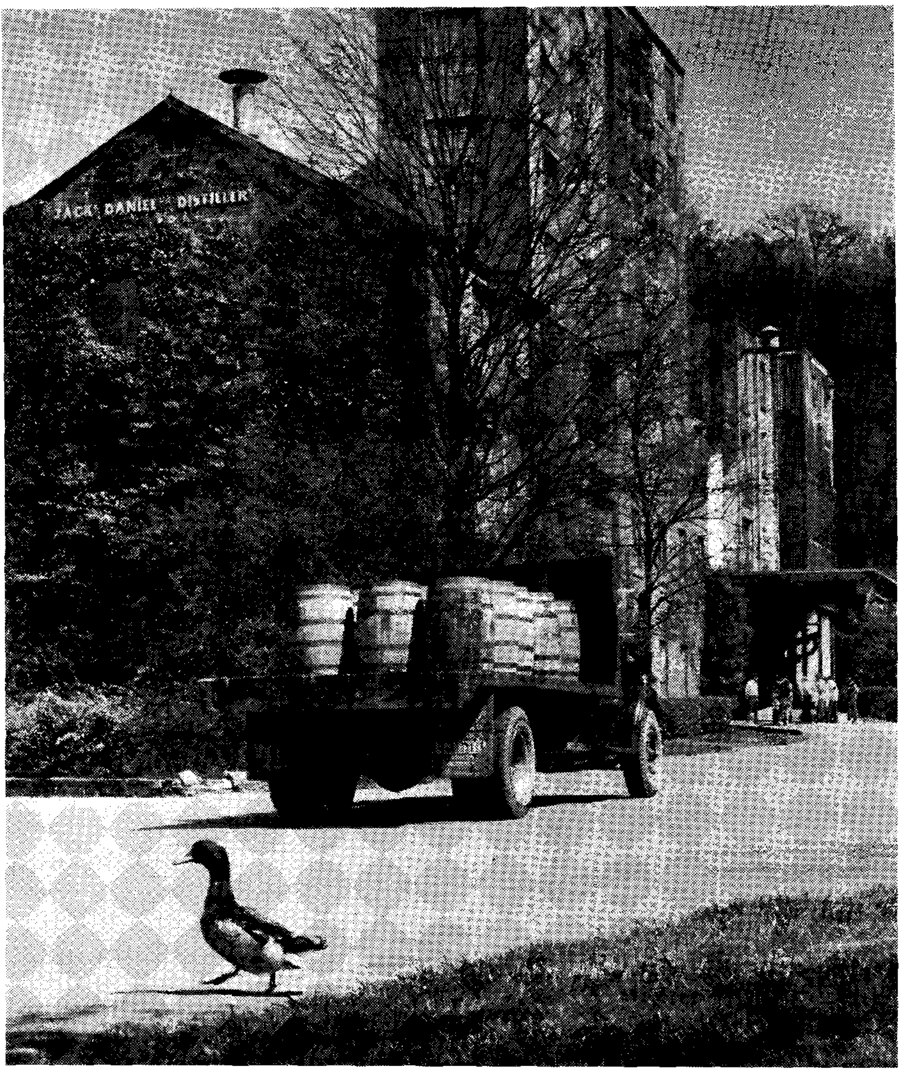
Fixed Bayonets (1951)—A Samuel Fuller action picture, fairly routine, with Richard Basehart as a sensitive, nervous corporal in Korea; the sergeants in his platoon (Michael O'Shea and Gene Evans) are killed, and he has to develop the guts to become a leader. James Dean appears in a bit part. (Film Forum; Jan. 11-12.)

Head (1968)—Before the producer, Bert Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. With Annette Funicello, Timothy Carey, and Abraham Sofaer. Written by Rafelson and Jack Nicholson. (Film Forum; Jan. 10.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton (with a false beak) as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is almost shockingly uninspired. With Maureen O'Hara, who is a very dim heroine here, Emlyn Williams enjoying himself playing a sinister scamp, and Leslie Banks, Robert Newton, and Marie Ney. The picture was produced (by Erich Pommer) on a large scale; the Regency costumes seem to overpower the performers, and the inn is packed with crowds of actors impersonating violent, hard-drinking louts—Graham Greene said that they were "reminiscent of the noisier characters in Shakespeare, acted at a girls' school." Written by Sidney Gilliat, Joan Harrison, and J. B. Priestley. (Theatre 80 St. Mark; Jan. 14.)

Key Largo (1948)—The soporific Maxwell Anderson play is an unlikely subject for John Huston, but he steers a shrewd course, bailing Anderson out in order to stay afloat. What the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is even more obscure in the script that Huston and Richard Brooks (then a screenwriter) prepared, but the movie is so confidently and entertainingly directed that nobody is likely to complain. Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida Keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Barrymore) of one of his men. The major has become disillusioned about the value of fighting, but when gangsters (who are symbols of reaction, corruption, Hitlerism) take over the hotel and start killing people, he is forced into action. Bogart wins Bacall, who looks wonderful but gives a stiff, amateurish performance. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, wearing his hat and chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; he has, as Huston said, "the look of a crustacean with its shell off." For diversion, this homegrown Hitler humiliates his aging, drunken mistress, played by Claire Trevor, who packed such a load of pathos into her role that she won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress. Thomas Gomez, as one of the hoods, and Barrymore do their usual overacting. With Marc Lawrence, Dan Seymour, Monte Blue, Jay Silverheels, Harry Lewis, John Rodney, and Rodric Redwing. The handsome, airy cinematography is by Karl Freund; the music is by Max Steiner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 8.)

The Last Supper (1978)—A few years back, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's oddly quizzical "Memories of Underdevelopment," made in Fidel's Cuba, startled dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. In "The Last Supper," set on a



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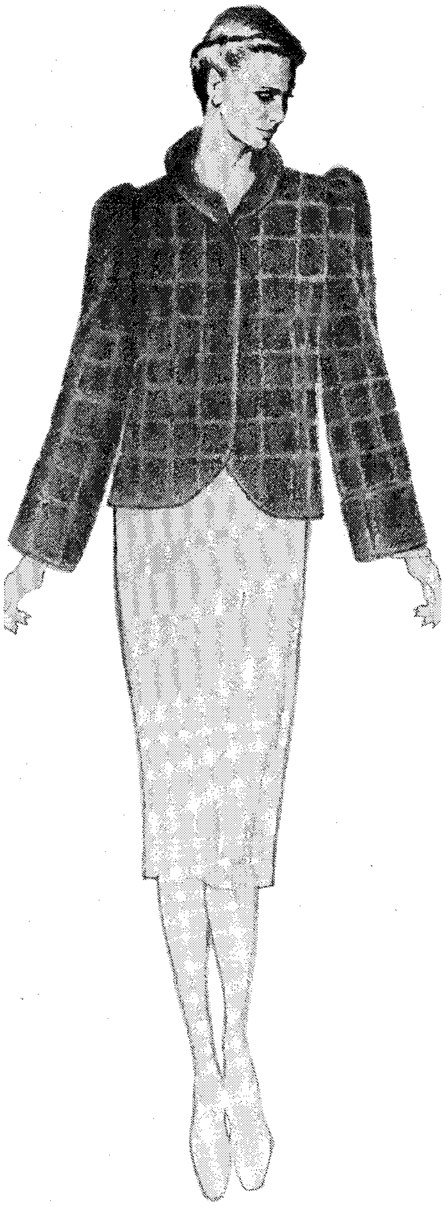

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century during Holy Week, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The informality of that Thursday is something for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Jan 12.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it: it was in the pocket of a coat he sold to a secondhand shop. The entire film, which Clair adapted from a stage musical, is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. (The sequence in the opera house is clearly the inspiration for a sequence in "A Night at the Opera.") This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. The cinematography is by Georges Périnal; the art direction is by Lazare Meerson. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, J. Farrell MacDonald as the Sheriff, Jimmy Conlin as the Mayor, and, carried over from "The Great McGinty," Brian Donlevy as the Governor, and Akim Tamiroff as the Boss. (Remade as "Rock-A-Bye Baby" in 1958.) (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast, McMurphy (Jack Nicholson), who is locked in a hospital for the insane. The book was a lyric jag, and it became a nonconformists' bible. Published in 1962, it contained the prophetic essence of the whole Vietnam period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic. Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, must have understood how crude the poetic-paranoid vision of the book would look on the screen after the sixties paranoia had lost its nightmarish buoyancy, and he and the scenarists—Lawrence Hauben, and then Bo Goldman—did an intelligent job of loosening Kesey's schematism. Set in 1963, the movie retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them the way the book does. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance as Nurse Ratched—she's the company woman incarnate. And Will Sampson, a towering full-blooded Creek, is very impressive as Chief Broom, the resurrected catatonic. Forman's tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art and there's a callousness running through his work; he gets laughs by pretending that mental disturbance is the same as ineptitude. But the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. And Nicholson, looking punchy, tired, and baffled—and not on top of his character (as he often is)—lets you see into him, rather than controlling what he lets you see. With William Redfield, Brad Dourif, Scatman Crothers, Danny De Vito, Vincent Schiavelli, Sydney Lassick, Louisa Moritz, Marya Small, and Christopher Lloyd; cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Produced by Saul Zaentz and Michael Douglas. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Actor (Nicholson), Actress (Fletcher), Screenplay (Hauben and Goldman). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 12-14.)

Orchestra Rehearsal (1979)—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (Film Forum; Jan. 8-9.)

Ordinary People (1980)—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. From time to time, the father, with a nervous tic of a smile, tries to make contact with his son and urges him to see the psychiatrist recommended by the hospital where he was treated after a recent suicide attempt. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as the idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (Regency; Jan. 11-12.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle

Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 12.)

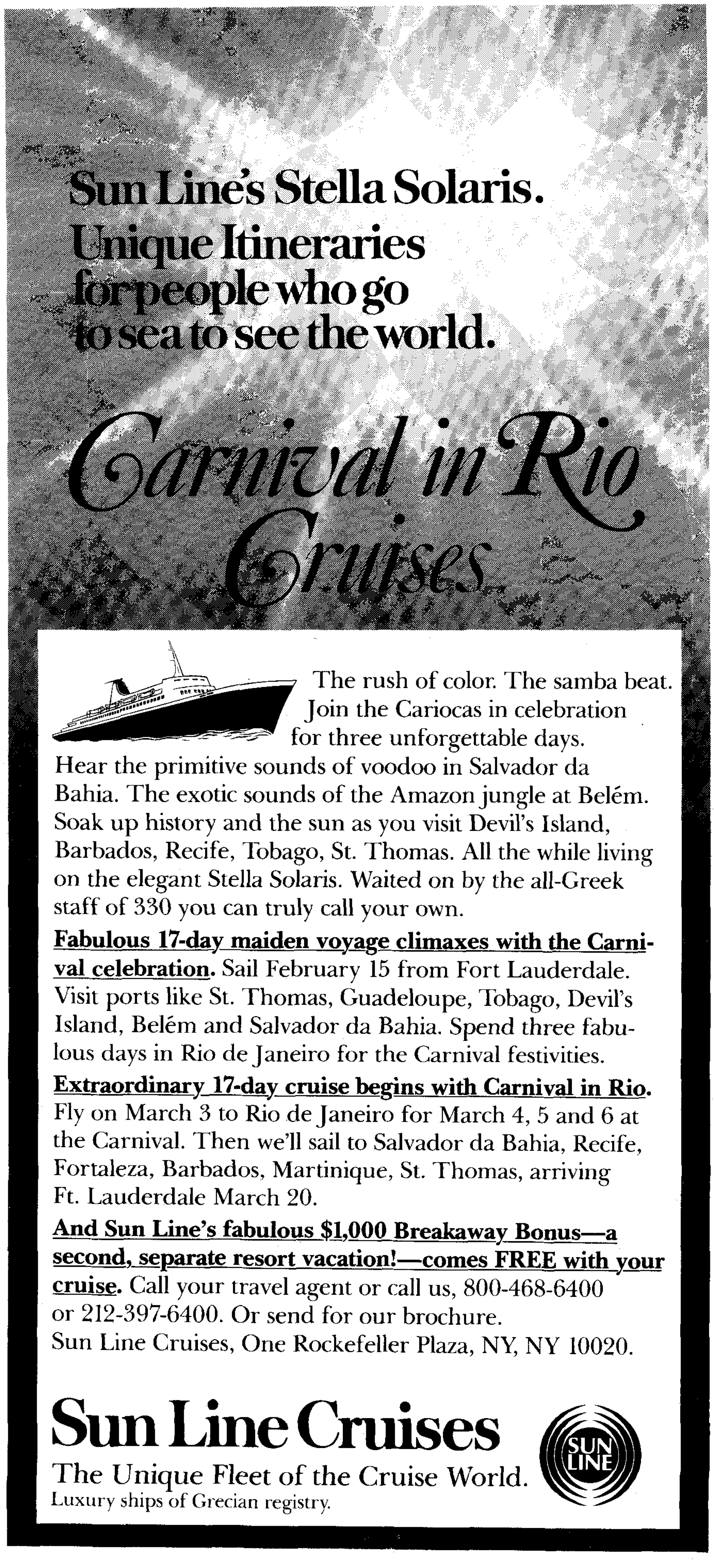
Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 5.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materalistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Rock Around the Clock (1956)—Fifties rock, in one of those blatantly cheerful cheapies that Sam Katzman produced. With Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, Johnny Johnston, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys, etc. Fred F. Sears directed. (Film Forum; Jan. 10.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic, and its dramatic arc is faulty. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's mol-



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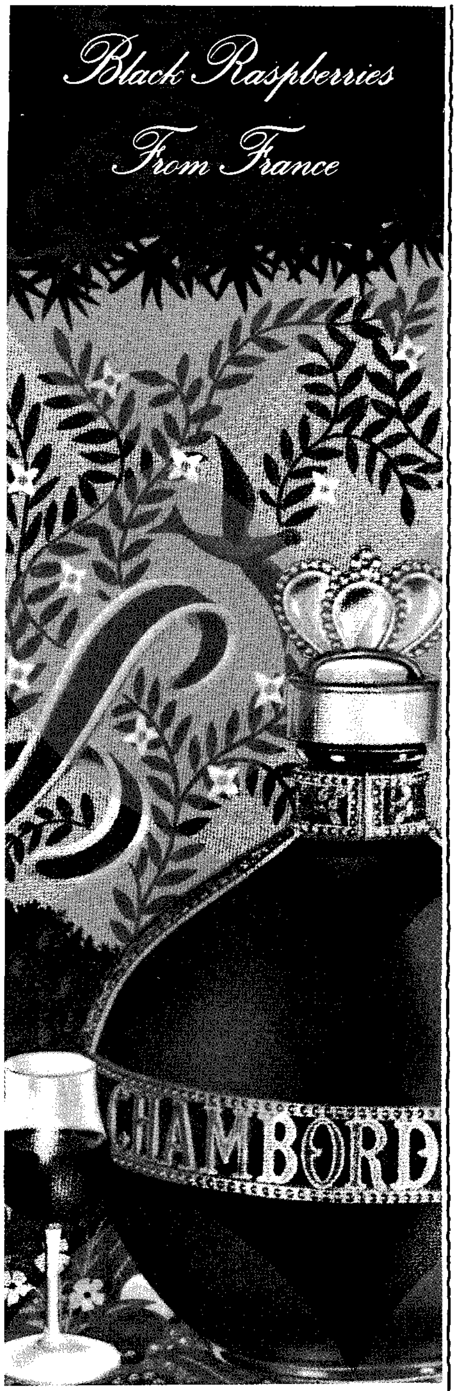

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dy. The middle of the movie is missing; we get the aftermaths but not the capers. For the first three-quarters of an hour, the film feels like the beginning of a new-style, post-"Godfather" gangster epic—hot and raw, like a spaghetti Western. But when Tony gets everything he wants he's a pig rooting around in money and cocaine, and, as things go wrong, he snorts more and more. Probably all this excess is intended to be satirical—snorting coke turns into a running gag. But the scenes are so shapeless that we don't know at what point we're meant to laugh. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. The whole feeling of the movie is limp. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham as Omar, Steven Bauer as Manolo, Robert Loggia as Frank Lopez, Michelle Pfeiffer as Elvira, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as Gina, Paul Shenar as Sosa, Harris Yulin as Bernstein, Arnaldo Santana as Ernie, Richard Belzer as the night-club m.c., and some highly expendable scenes with Miriam Colon as Tony's poor-but-proud mother. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder—it's reminiscent of his music for "Cat People." (12/26/83) (Gemini, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. Cinematography by Joe Valentine; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)

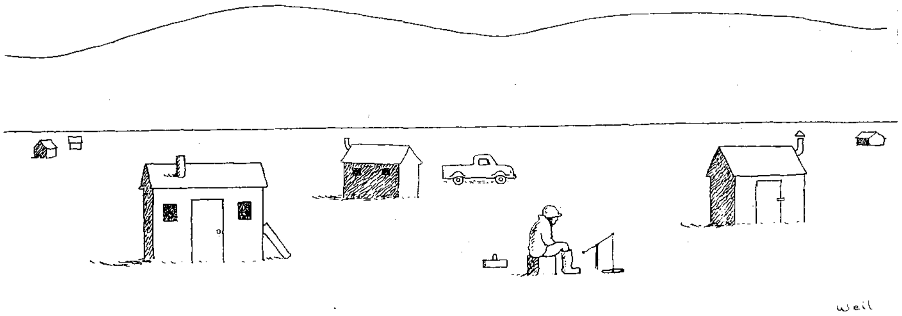
The Shining (1980)—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Taken from Stephen King's pulp best-seller, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 12-14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 13-14.)

Silkwood—With Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell, directed by Mike Nichols. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptised at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director, Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've



laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Jan. 11.)

To Be or Not To Be—With Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft, directed by Alan Johnson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

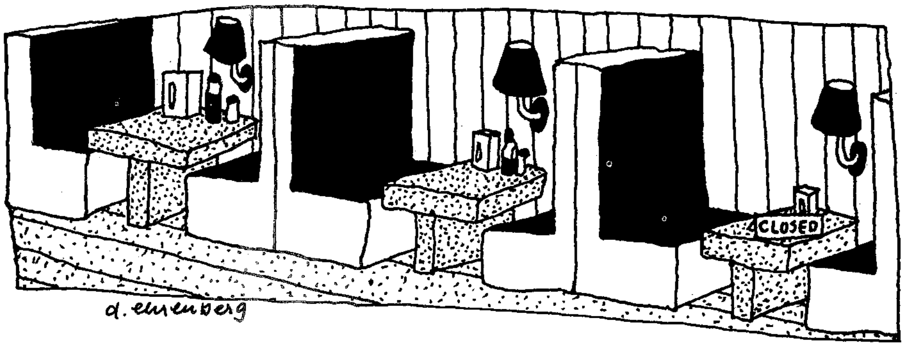
Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert, the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years, just as they've been stealing from Sturges's other work, but no one has ever come close to the wildman deviltry of the best Preston Sturges comedies. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired. Maurice Tourneur directed this fairly straightforward version of the Ben Jonson satire, which is, however, weighed down by the lavish production, and maybe also by the threat of Hitler. Neither Baur nor Jouvet seems to be in a comic spirit. (It was Baur's last film—he was sent to prison in 1940 and died soon after being freed. Jouvet left France in 1940, with part of his acting company, and went to South America; his flight served as part of the basis for Truffaut's "The Last Metro.") The play was adapted and modernized by Stefan Zweig and Jules Romains, though the setting remains Renaissance Venice. With Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard, has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. But the picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. There are astonishing passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession, and a long virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway, with the motorists pressing down with all their might on their car horns, which sound triumphant, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 13-14.)

The Wild One (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image: the Black Rebels, an outlaw motorcycle gang—a leather-jacketed pack who resemble Storm Troopers—terrorize a town. Their emblem is a death's-head and crossed pistons and rods, and Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said no to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but the audience savored the potentialities, and this clumsy, naïve film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. In this country, young men were saying "It's the story of my life" for several years afterward. Some of the scenes, such as the one in which the cyclists circle around the frightened heroine, have considerable power. And the film has that memorable moment when a woman asks Brando, "What are you rebelling against?" and he answers, "What have you got?" With Lee Marvin as Brando's rival for control of the pack, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek, from a screenplay by John Paxton, based on the story "The Cyclists' Raid," by Frank Rooney. Cinematography by Hal Mohr. (Cinema Village; Jan. 8-10.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)



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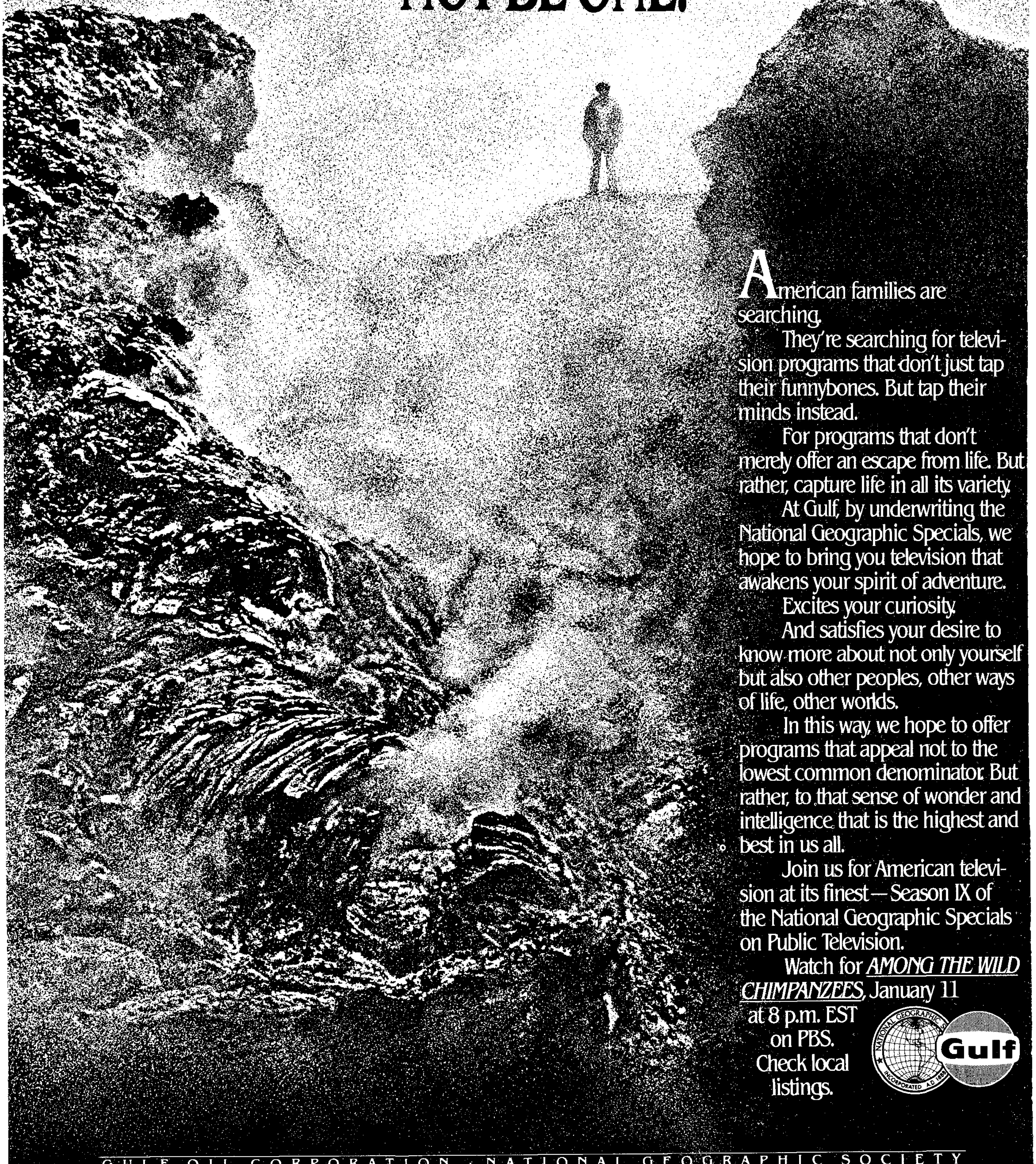

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THE NEW YORKER

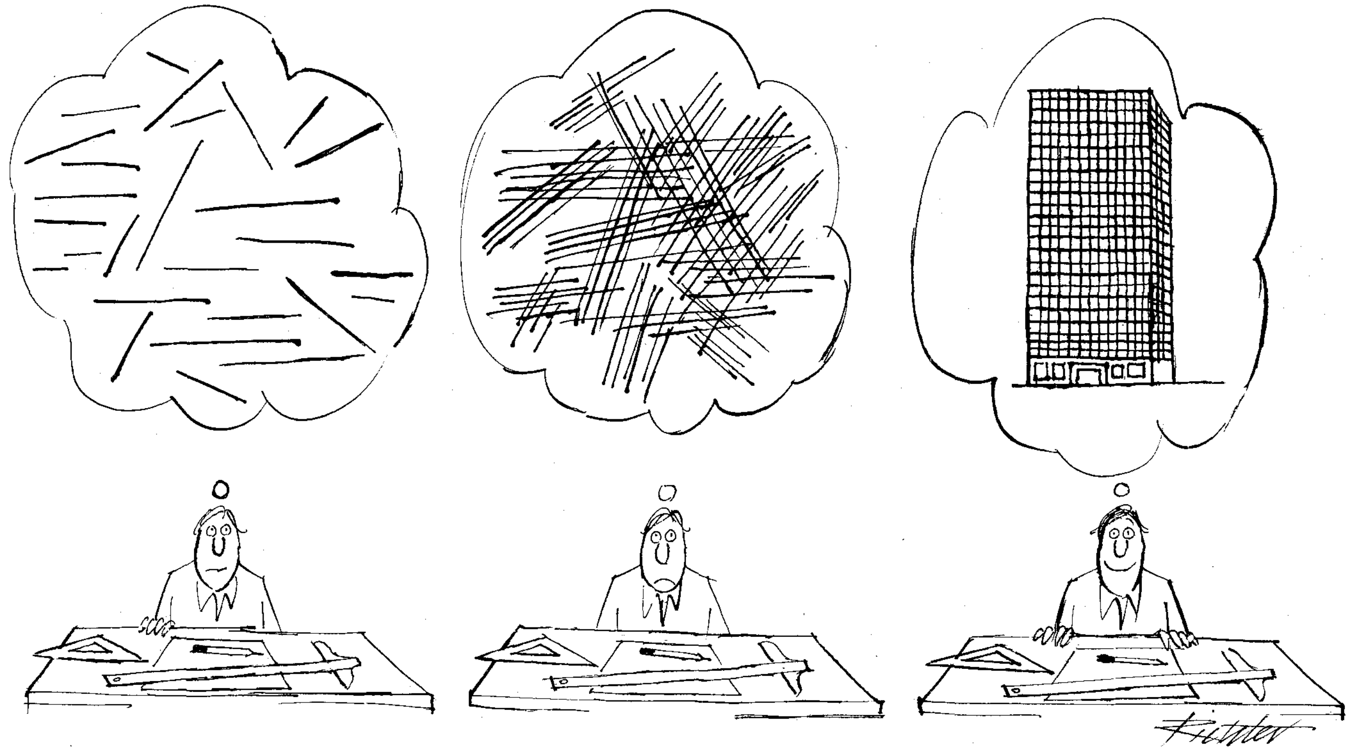
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FIRST come the stories datelined Enid, Oklahoma, and St. Cloud, Minnesota, and Harrison, Wisconsin: stoic state troopers explain to TV reporters that "folks in these parts" are *used* to forty-four below; all newspapers, as if by contractual obligation, run pictures of the good people of Minnesota wrapped in breath-frosted scarves. Given the general Eastern tilt of the nation, people in New York usually have some warning of approaching cold weather—a day or two to shiver in nervous sympathy as the meteorologists, their voices tight with the drama of it all, decipher those menacing arrows swooshing across their maps from the direction of Canada. Even so, no New Yorker is ever really prepared for the first cold snap of the winter, which this year arrived the week before Christmas. The human memory—powerful enough to retain most of the lyrics to "Jingle-Bell Rock"—falters when it is asked, in advance of the arrival of the cold, to recall what freezing feels like. The right words—"chilling," "icy"—lack all content, all ability to summon up the feeling that one's ears have taken on an unhappy existence of their own. The first morning of the very cold weather—it was seventeen degrees, which may not be Enid but is close enough—we caught the M train out to Brighton Beach, next to Coney Island, so that we could stand on the boardwalk, stare out over the waves, and challenge the cold, soak it in. Eventually, it drove us into Dunkin' Donuts, but first, instead of chilling us to the bone, or sapping our strength, it made us feel clearheaded and full of vitality; we felt as if the Atlantic were giving us a friendly Aqua Velva slap. And we were not alone. Strollers, mostly older people, wandered the boardwalk, and shoppers wheeled home their groceries under the Brighton Beach "L." Their shoulders were hunched against the cold, but people smiled at each other and to themselves. A small and unscientific sampling uncovered unanimous enthusiasm for the onslaught of winter. "I just put more coats on," one man said. "It's much better than in August—when it's too hot, you can't take your skin off to cool down."

The joy that cold weather brings (a joy much diminished by the end of February, when Old Man W. has overstayed his welcome) comes from its transformation of the mundane into the adventurous. The first few frosty mornings are the best kind of challenge; arriving at the office, we shuck off sweaters and begin to carp, with a trace of boasting, about how cold it is out there. The sort of adventures that please us are the ones we are sure of surviving, and without much travail, like those African safaris on which you never leave the Land-Rover, or those trips down the Colorado in unsinkable rubber rafts. They're *interesting*, but they're not *too* interesting.

If there were a chance that our home would be cold when we opened the door—if, say, our landlord chose not to provide heat or we didn't have the funds to pay the fuel bill—the approach of winter would be as daunting as it was to the Pilgrims. When you have no hope of escaping the cold, it sometimes seems deadening, and sometimes it literally is. Just as an experiment, sit on a park bench for fifteen minutes the next time it turns bitter cold. First, the chill hunts down every exposed corner, and then it begins to work on your whole body until you're shivering, and, finally, it just moves in and sets up housekeeping, so that soon you are as cold from the inside out as from the outside in. If you have a hope, but not a guarantee, of getting warm, the cold stops numbing you and begins instead to taunt and then chase you, until there is nothing else to think about. The day we went to Brighton Beach, we also journeyed to the Fort Washington armory, on the north edge of Harlem—a hangar-like hall that has been used for two winters now to house some of the city's



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estimated forty thousand homeless people. The rows of cots, each cot with its sheets and blanket, sat waiting for the eight hundred and fifty-nine men who would sleep in them that night. It was not cold in the cavernous room, but it was not warm, either; a little of the chill from outdoors hung from the high ceilings—just hint enough to make pulling the blanket up around one's shoulders a wonderful thought, just reminder enough of what the streets would be like. Enjoying winter—calling the cold "bracing" and "refreshing"—is the greatest of luxuries.

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The Young Lions

BRIGHT and early on a luminous morning, we plunge into the Lincoln Tunnel on our way to the Meadowlands Arena to greet our longtime friend Gunther Gebel-Williams, animal-master extraordinary, golden-maned superstar of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. (We usually catch up with him every second spring, when the Red Unit of the circus comes to Madison Square Garden, but last year we missed him.) An eternal refrain of Gunther's is "Something new! Always something new!" The something new this season is *lions*. The unimaginable has happened: Gunther is training lions. When he was questioned about them in the past, he would shake his head, appear to think hard, and then say, "I don't know. I guess lions are just not my style." (His style is smooth and easy.) But wherever Gunther went a child would tug at its mother's skirts, point, and shout, "Look! The lion tamer!" This was false on two counts: until now Gunther has never "done" lions; and wild animals can be trained but never tamed. Clyde Beatty, who faced his lions with a pistol loaded with blanks in one hand and a Thonet chair in the other (his style was definitely not smooth and easy), once said, "The only man I ever heard of who could tame a lion was Daniel." Once, we heard Gunther say, jokingly, "I got to get me some lions, so when they call me lion tamer at least I look like lion tamer." Then, all of a sudden, we heard that he actually had acquired six lion cubs, four male and two female: Caesar, Zorro, Monarch, Solomon, Juliette, and Tam. Still in search of "something new," Gunther also devised one of his more spectacular entrances into the arena: riding Roman Post astride two black Morgans on which rode two of the young lions.

Here we are. It is nine-thirty. We know that Gunther has been up since eight with his "guys," as he collectively calls the members of his vast menagerie; that today he has two shows (Fridays and Saturdays at Meadowlands he has three, the two days' stint known as a "six-pack"); that he won't have a moment's rest until after the evening show, when he can put his guys to bed and make his way back to the circus train. The cage in center ring is up. The immense arena, which seats seventeen thousand people, is deserted except for a few roustabouts, a few of Gunther's assistants, and Gunther, alone in the cage with a young lion. He is "making practice"—usually a twice-a-day routine. A slight-of-build man, but so fit and strong as to make a mockery of an impending fiftieth birthday, Gunther is addressing the lion in his native German ("*Bleib hier! Sitz hier! Gut! Gut!*") and, a second later, in adopted American ("*Good* boy!"). He wears jeans, a white Western shirt with the sleeves rolled up, his usual silver-buckled belt, and soft black shoes on thick soles. Low on his waist rests a second belt, with a pouch in which he keeps, just now, chunks of red meat—the positive reinforcement he uses in the training of felines.

Through the bars of the cage, Werner Edling, a tall, thin, fair German who is sometimes mistaken for Gunther, hands him more meat. Gunther skewers a piece on the tip of a long black stick; the young lion jumps and snaps it up. Gunther catches sight of us. "Eleven months on the road!"

he says. "Two weeks, we go to Florida." He directs the young lion to a pedestal. The lion jumps to it and sits. He tries to sit still, but wild animals, like small children, fidget incessantly. And roar and snarl besides. "No vacation in thirty-five years. Soon I'll be an old man," Gunther says, and he walks away in a broad takeoff of a doddering nonagenarian while the lion, sitting on his pedestal, slowly turns his head as his eyes follow his master.

We attempt to greet Piccolo, who is standing nearby. Piccolo's real name is Helmut Schlinker. He is Gunther's age, has been one of his assistants for thirty-two years, and had a tender hand in raising Gunther's son, Buffy. Piccolo is a partly bald dwarf who likes loud Floridian shirts and drinks Budweiser beer, preferably Light. He dismisses us curtly. "I don't talk today," he says. His face is an alarming shade of gray-brown, and he is smoking furiously. Gunther, with a distinctive snap of his whip on concrete, orders his lion into an individual cage that adjoins the big one, and a roustabout immediately slams its sliding door shut. Only then can Gunther take time to greet us. He extends a hand through the bars of the big cage as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, and clasps ours in a stevedore's handshake, which he accompanies with a brilliant smile. He turns to Piccolo: "Who needs the smoke?" And then back to us: "In thirty-two years, this little person has never been late."

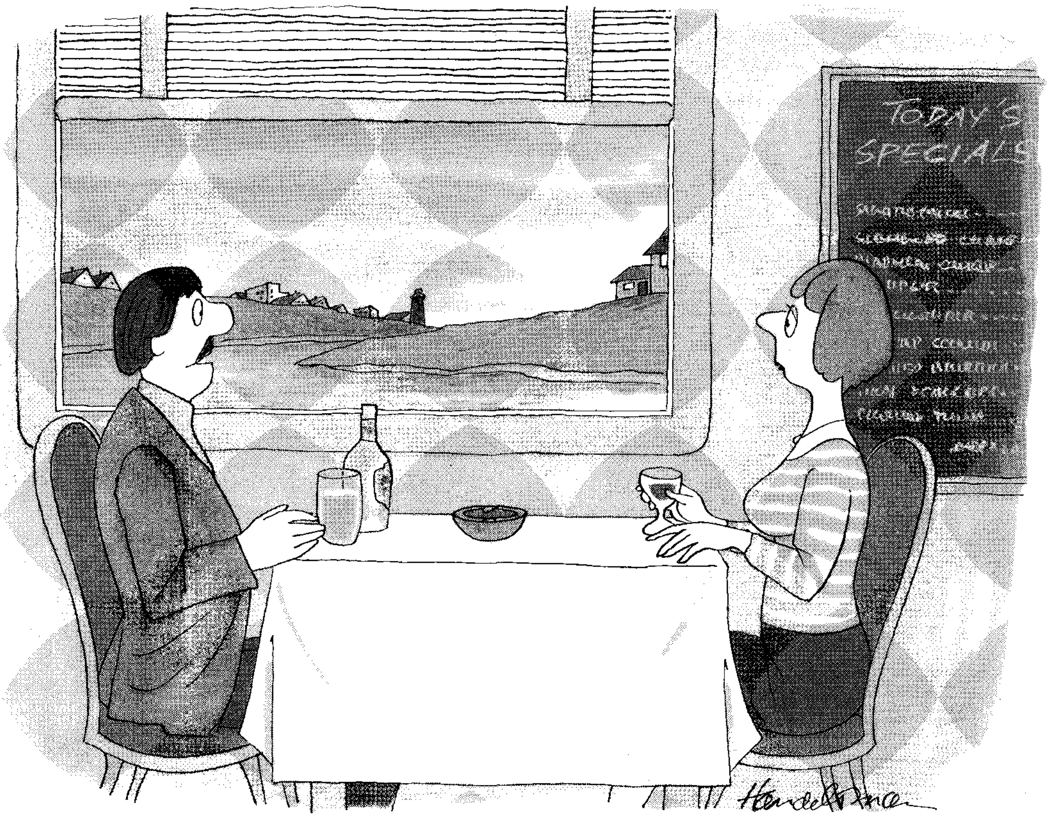
A black Morgan is brought into the ring. Two roustabouts are trying to fit it with a caparison of heavy leather. They adjust the headpiece, but they have trouble with the cushion blanket. Gunther, watching them, explains, "You have to be careful, so the horse never gets hurt." Suddenly, he flies out the door of the cage, lands under the belly of the horse, fastens a reluctant buckle in an instant, picks himself up, and says, good-naturedly, "I do all the work around here." (Actually, he has thirty-two people working under him.)

The caparisoned horse is led into the cage by a roustabout and followed by Edling. Piccolo hands Gunther a collar and leash through the bars. Juliette is brought in, and Gunther, on one knee, fastens the collar around her neck. Juliette cowers and snarls, but Gunther reassures her. Then, slowly, patiently, endlessly, Juliette, obeying commands, jumps onto the moving horse, rides on it for a moment, and jumps off. With infinite patience, Gunther repeats, over and over, "Easy. Get up. Good. Good. That's the idea"—until, unexpectedly, as Juliette is in midair, about to land on the horse's back, the Morgan rears violently, neighing. Juliette lands on the ground, where she crouches, stunned, stilled, frightened, and stumped. Gunther throws his arms up. "One year practice, and for nothing. I trained the horse with Mousie—my poodle, *Mousie*—and the horse was afraid of *Mousie*. Bring on the little guy."

Juliette exits, and a tiger cub five or six months old enters the cage. His name is Bengal. His fur is silken, his stripes are bright, his paws are fat and round, and his bushy, stiff white whiskers tremble in the light. He rolls onto his back, shows a warm-looking furry white belly, and then sits up, looking at Gunther. "*Schatz!*" Gunther exclaims fondly, and buries a hand in his fur. "Bring on the other guys," he says, vigorously stroking Bengal's head, so that the ears are pulled back, and Bengal's expression, positively joyous to begin with, grows almost manic.

Two older tigers, Natasha and King, rush in. They are ten months old. They fall on Bengal with growls of joy, and then the three of them take off. Now from the center cage come the muffled sounds of twelve well-padded paws stamping on concrete; a heavy, musky floating smell of jungle; and an incessant, happy roar. Bengal, on his back, and in an access of tenderness, grabs Gunther by the right leg and starts chewing on the denim. This lasts until Gunther picks him up by the tail and deposits him between Natasha and King. The tigers play for close to ten minutes while Gunther monitors them with a smile and an occasional reprimand. Then he picks Bengal up by the scruff of the neck. Natasha and King, exhausted, roll onto their backs. "Enough!" Gunther says.

The practice session is over. Everyone has left. We are alone in the arena with Gunther, the two of us sitting side by side on a crate. (Like his animals, he very rarely sits



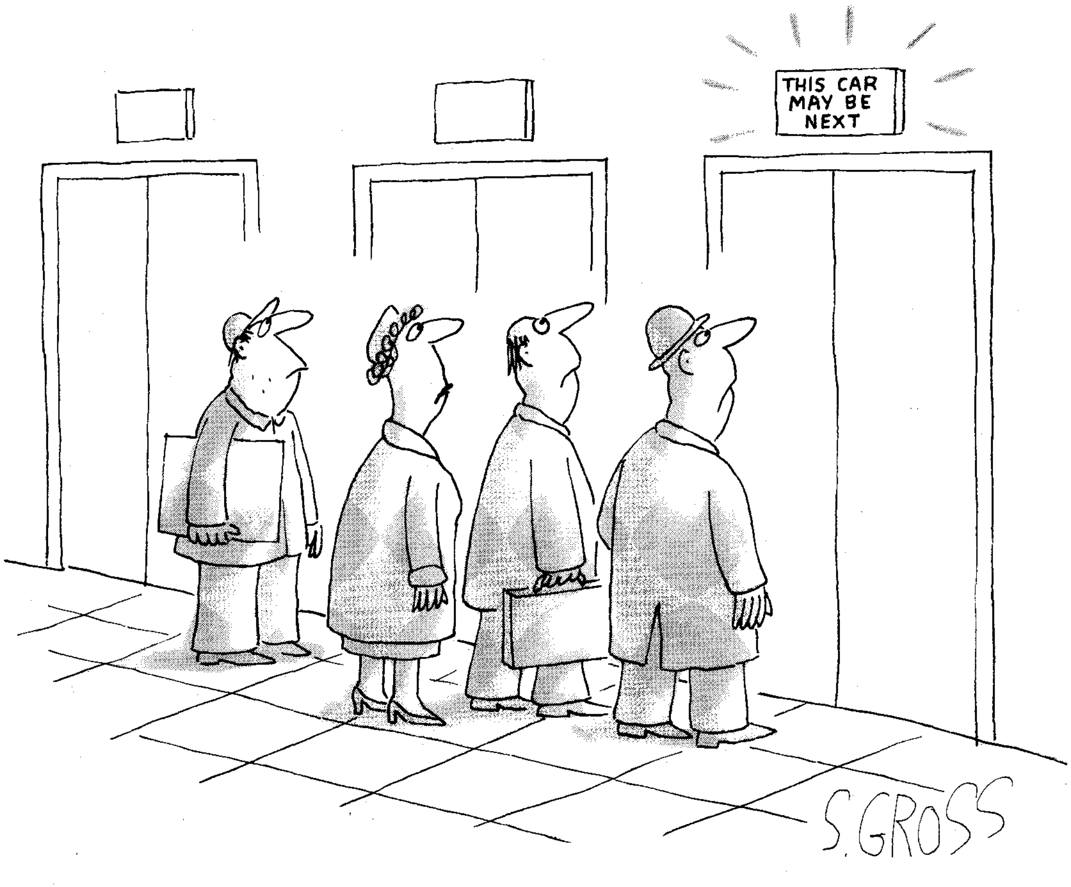
"You sprang that question on me quite unexpectedly, Karen. Could you give me a few minutes to get in touch with my feelings?"

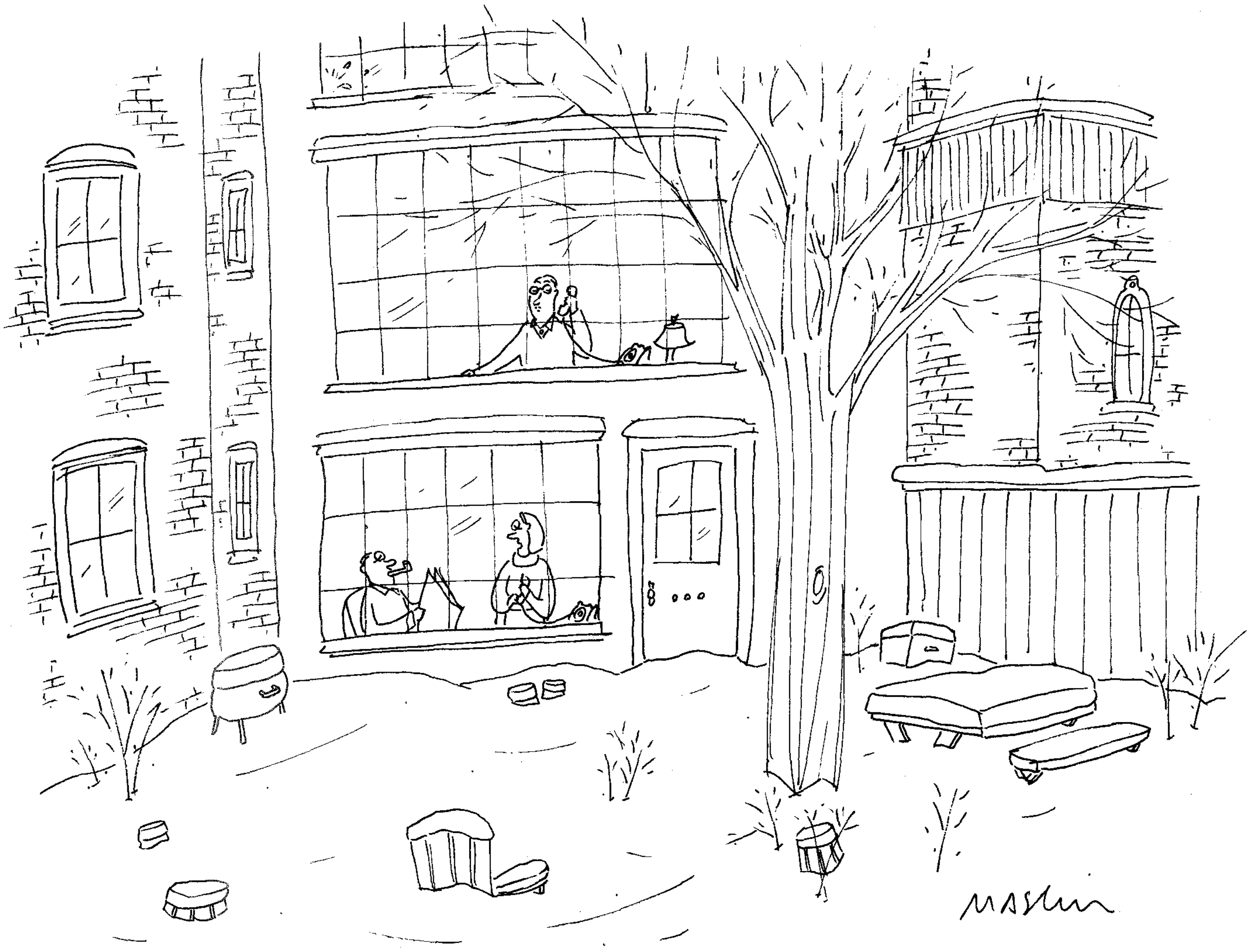
still.) "It will be the same in Florida," he says, "except that for one week I can come home at six in the evening, like a normal man. Then we start rehearsals." Venice, Florida, is winter quarters for the circus. Gunther owns a house there, and a gold Rolls-Royce, which the beauteous Sigrid, his wife, can be seen driving in the mornings. Sigrid has a Liberty-horse act. They will stay in Venice for three or four weeks; then it's back on the road and fifteen-hour days. "I swam only twice in our pool last year," he says. "Too tired. Buffy is doing well in school. *Very* well." Buffy is now thirteen and, as Mark Oliver Gebel, shares a billy-goat act with Michelle Antalek, whose parents have a chimpanzee act. "Tina is *twenty-one*. Would you *believe* it?" Tina, Gunther's lissome stepdaughter, has a Russian-wolfhound act. "I live for training," Gunther says. "Animals go through stages, like kids. At first, the kid is not afraid of the water. He jumps into the pool." Here Gunther jumps up and begins to mime. "Then he grows, and all of a sudden he's afraid of the water. And the little guy: I start training when he's about fifteen months; he likes me. Then, one day, he thinks, Hey, maybe this guy tastes good!" Gunther sits down. "*Fifteen* years here in America, can you *believe* it?" He sits still for a second, his hands in his lap, palms up, and, inevitably, we catch sight of the crisscross, complicated grid of delicate, pallid scars on the inside of his forearms. "Sometimes it's all for nothing. One of the black Morgans died. Last year, I had a tiger with asthma. It was terrible. Terrible!" Here he jumps up and mimes the tiger wheezing his lungs out. "Something new! Always something new! Maybe we have a lion act in the ring in two years."

Herb Garden

WHEN midtown Manhattan begins to feel like the access route for the entire population of the Middle Atlantic states, as it has lately, and all the pre- and post-Christmas and New Year's tumult threatens a winter-long implosion of the human spirit, there is a ninety-cent solution we heartily recommend: Take the A train up to Fort Tryon Park just after the morning rush hour, crunch along a delightfully depopulated path of fallen leaves that leads to the Cloisters, and drop anchor for a moment in the Bonnefont Cloister herb garden. This square plot of earth, tucked within a low-walled veranda on a perch several hundred feet above the Hudson River, offers a painterly perspective of the river, the condominium-free portion of the Jersey Palisades, and the George Washington Bridge, steely and clean in the distance. Surrounded by this view one bright and brisk morning, and pondering the variety of aromas that rise up from the hundreds of species of plants at our feet, we felt as though we had discovered the coördinates of a quieter civilization, which had somehow escaped the influence of the 100 Zip Code network.

After a few minutes of peaceful solitude, we were joined in the garden by a young woman, who was wearing several layers of shirts, the outermost a rugby-style knit with an upturned collar, and was carrying a bucket of white and red roses in one hand and a watering can in the other. Her hands were reddened by the wet and the cold, and she had a dappled, pinkish complexion; her hair, straight and fine and blond, was either windblown or tucked into her shirt collar; she stood a bit flat-footed and workmanlike; and she had blue eyes that spoke of a shy and deferential manner. We quickly learned that we were meeting Susan Leach, the horticulturist of all the Cloisters' gardens and the person most directly responsible for the creation and maintenance of the herb garden. She told us that she had just finished decorating an indoor garden that had been re-created from late-medieval paintings on the theme of the Madonna in a rose arbor, and that it had not been an easy job. "Trying to interpret the art is very hard, because certain flowers and plants were depicted in medieval paintings solely for the sake of their iconography," she said. "These flowers, for instance"—she pointed to her bucket of roses—"are representative of the Virgin, but it's doubtful whether they were originally part of the actual gardens being painted, because you see combinations of plants in the paintings that flower in different seasons. Though they have been rendered beautifully and truly, the scene is not naturalistic. That is why I like it here." She


THIS CAR MAY BE NEXT
S. GROSS



"It's Mr. Bochild, from upstairs, wanting to know when in blue blazes you're going to go out and build your snowman."

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was referring to the herb garden. "I like these growing plants set in a functional design with respect to who's going to look best next to whom—without overburdening their simple nature. It's because of their simple nature that plants normally found in the wild can be transplanted here."

We asked Susan Leach how she had gone about choosing the wide variety of plants in the herb garden.

"Come with me," she said, and we followed her into a small office a few feet from the entrance to the garden. "The objective was to re-create an authentic medieval herb garden, so we began with Charlemagne's list," she said, pulling out from her shelves a translation of "Capitulare de Villis vel Curtis Imperialibus" ("Directives for the Administration of Imperial Courts or Estates"). "From this list, we got about a hundred of the plants. The rest were found in herbals published either before or during the Middle Ages." She showed us facsimiles of three such publications: "Tacuinum Sanitatis;" a Greek herbal by Dioscorides; and "Hortulus," a translation by Raef Payne of a long poem written in the ninth century by the abbot of a Swiss monastery named Walahfrid the Squint-Eyed. "His is a very sensitive account of how to take care of a garden," she said of the abbot's poem. She showed us a passage that she said she found particularly inspiring. It read:

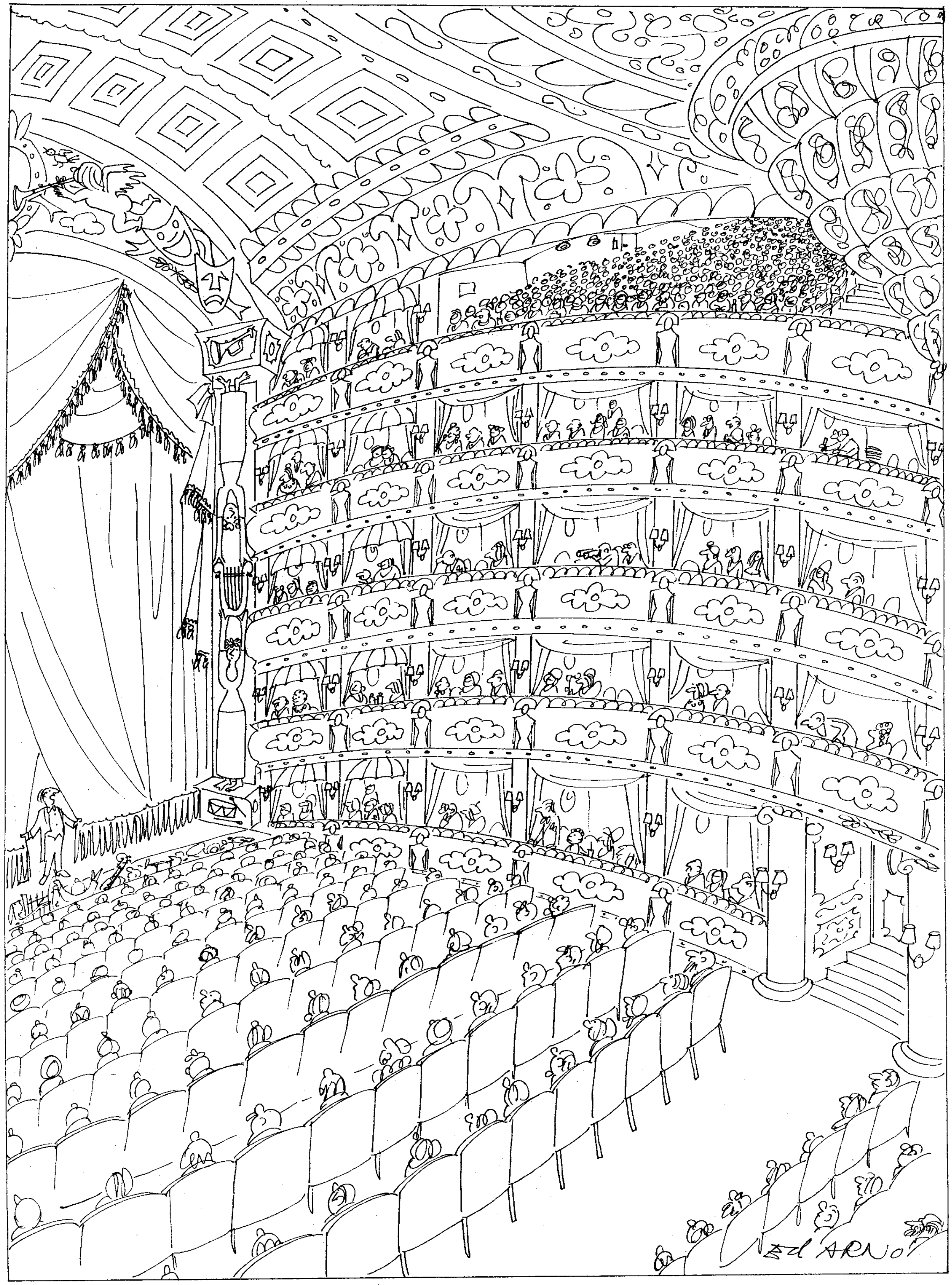
> Then my small patch was warmed by winds from the south and the sun's heat. That it should not be washed away, we faced it with planks and raised it in oblong beds a little above the level ground. . . . Then come the showers of spring, from time to time watering our tiny crop, and in its turn the gentle moon caresses the delicate leaves.

"The herb garden is simple, it's delicate, it's fragrant, and, beyond the aesthetics, there is history and lore attached to each plant that can teach you a lot," she said. "Many of these plants have multiple uses—medicinal, culinary, aromatic, and so on."

Susan Leach excused herself for a moment, and we wandered out to the garden again, paying closer attention this time to the plants, which were labelled with their Latin and common names. We recognized familiar names like lemon thyme and sweet basil, marjoram and caraway, and noted the names of herbs we had never heard of, such as midsummer men, live-forever, rocket, and Good-King-Henry.

When Susan Leach reappeared in the herb garden, we asked her about a plant that had low, muted-green leaves and was growing a little taller and bushier than some of its neighbors.

"That's a wallflower," she said, with a smile. "Wallflowers are beautiful in spring."



"Is there anyone in the house who can sing Siegfried?"

BIRTHDAY

Stuart, in his old suède jacket and tennis shoes, is helping Viola into his Saab, which he left parked illegally in the alley. He received a ticket while in the process of separating Viola from her stool at the Shangri-La Tap.

"You burn me up," he tells Viola. She's in the car, leaning against the passenger door and laughing. Viola is a very small person, very thin, because she often forgets to eat. "David is mad at both of us," he says. David is Viola's son. It had been Stuart's morning to stop at Viola's, fix her breakfast, and make sure she didn't have any money for liquor. He had forgotten about the money. It was five o'clock, and she was smashed.

"Don't yell at me," Viola says. "I could be your mother."

Stuart drives her to the house he and David share. David appears at the front door in a robe, with wet hair. "We had a call from Henry," he tells Viola. Henry is the bartender at the Shangri-La. "How I love hearing from Henry."

"That sneaky creep," Viola says.

"He's the best friend you have, Mother." David helps her into the house and hands her a cup of coffee. It's David's fifty-third birthday, and in the center of the dining-room table is a whipped-cream cake with "Happy Birthday David" written on it in green icing.

Viola sees the cake and begins to cry. "I'm so sorry," she says. "On my son's birthday I have to be carted home like a runaway cat." She takes a Kleenex out of her pocket and blows her nose.

Stuart starts cooking dinner. He has all the ingredients lined up on the counter in front of his cookbooks. He's making a veal stew from a recipe he's never tried before, and he's worried that it won't come out right. He wants everything to be perfect for David's birthday, which is why he's angry with Viola. Any other day had this happened he would have had a drink with her at the Shangri-La before bringing her home, and they would have had a nice, drunken conversation. He would have done most of the talking.

"I'm running out for some wine," David says. He's dressed, holding his jacket over one shoulder, and in his hand his car keys.

"I can go in a minute," Stuart says. "I'm all ready." David is out the door before Stuart has a chance to say anything else. For a few minutes, he stands in the center of the kitchen, then he walks over to the phone and dials a number pencilled on the back page of David's address book. He hangs up before it begins to ring.

Viola is lying on the chaise longue in the corner of the dining room; she's fallen asleep with her coat on. Stuart covers her with a blanket and removes her shoes. She smells like gin and cigarettes and another odor he's never been able to identify. Viola looks even smaller when she's sleeping, and surprisingly old. No one knows for sure just how old she is. Maybe only seventy-two, David says. Stuart stands over her and watches her breathe. He's very fond of her.

As Stuart anticipated, David is gone too long to account for a simple trip to R & B Liquors. This is part of a pattern that has been developing for months, and that, until lately, Stuart has been trying to ignore. The stew is done by the time David returns, and the three of them—Viola awake now, and fairly sober—eat in the dining room, by candlelight.

"This is fine," Viola says to Stuart. "It's very good. I should have helped you with it." She's sitting very straight in her chair; good posture is one of her favorite subjects.

"No problem," Stuart says.

Viola pushes her plate aside and lights a cigarette. "I've always loved this room," she says. It's a large room, simply and carefully lighted. David, who's an architect, designed the house inside and out.

"I wonder if you could live your whole life in a room like this if you'd turn out differently," Viola says.

"Maybe you'd just act differently," Stuart says. "Whatever happened, you wouldn't panic or go crazy."

"Even though you felt crazy," David says.

"Maybe." Stuart pulls his sweater off over his head. "The wine is perfect," he says evenly. "R & B Liquors?"

"No," David says. "I had to go into Hope. I wanted to get something special."

Outside, the wind is picking up and banging the atrium door that opens onto the patio. David closes it and looks out into the night—as if he can't wait to get away, Stuart thinks. He is wearing the present Stuart gave him for Christmas—a heavy cotton shirt, navy blue and a little too tight across the middle. He could be thinking anything, Stuart tells himself; he could be thinking about nothing at all.

Viola is emptying her wineglass. Stuart moves the bottle out of her reach—she's already had two or three glassfuls. No one has been keeping track. "I feel a thousand times better," she says. She puts her head back and exhales smoke at the ceiling. She's wearing an old-fashioned dress from the days before David's father died. She drank then, too, but for a long time no one knew. Stuart has never known a family so intent on keeping secrets.

"Let's have the cake," Stuart says. "David?"

Viola and David clear the table while Stuart makes coffee. He puts twenty candles in the cake, one for each year he and David have been together—his own secret, because David will never make the connection. It won't occur to him.

Viola is humming and stacking dishes in the sink. She stops suddenly and stands still with her wet hands held up. "A déjà vu," she says. "This has happened before. All three of us in the kitchen with the curtains open. How weird."

"Sometimes a déjà vu seems like a premonition," Stuart says. "You have to figure out what that one moment is supposed to mean for the future."

"Stuart is always in the dark," David says to his mother. "Life is so much simpler lived in the dark."

"That's what I like about bars," Viola says.

When Stuart has the cake ready, he and Viola sing and David blows out the candles. Viola carries her coffee and cake into the living room and turns on the television to watch the news.

David and Stuart take their cake onto the patio. All the stars are out; in the valley below, lights are shining. In a little while, Stuart guesses, David will give Viola a lift home and stay out half the night. It's an odd thing to feel powerless; it's easy, Stuart thinks. It's so much easier to be the victim. For a moment, he feels sorry for David. He knows that it causes pain to give pain, even if you believe you don't care. He, Stuart, should really fight back—this is twenty years of his life—but he would lose anyway. He has lost already. "Happy birthday," he says.

—Judy Troy

THINGS TO DRAW

ON the first Saturday in May, my father and I went to a store that specialized in English riding clothes and looked at swatches of corduroy—navy blue, brown, olive drab. Then the tailor put one hand between my father's shoulders and guided him to the fitting room to measure him for a suit. The store was high-ceilinged and brightly lit. There were saddles, half mannequins wearing tan jodhpurs, drinking glasses with pictures of riders jumping brooks and hedges.

I was entirely uninterested in horses. I was fifteen and thin, and when I walked by the full-length mirrors my own walk looked odd to me, as if the whole upper part of my body were tilted back. I walked from mirror to mirror, self-consciously upright, until my father came back. "Which color do you like best?" he asked.

"The dark blue, with the narrow wale."

"So do I," he said. He would have said this no matter which I'd chosen. I picked the colors of clothes, new cars, rugs. We both laughed, and my father ordered a suit. "When can you have it ready?" he asked.

The tailor looked at the calendar above the cash register. "I think we'll need four weeks, sir," he said.

"I'd like it sooner."

They agreed that my father would pay for the suit in advance and the tailor would have it ready in three weeks. My father caught my eye to be sure I saw the lesson in this: one need only be firm. He reminded the tailor of the exact narrowness of the lapels, and we left.

I had been spending Saturdays with my father for eleven years, from the time my parents were divorced. He lived in a dark apartment on West End Avenue, too big for one person. I spent my Saturdays there drawing with Magic Markers at the kitchen table, playing Scrabble by myself, reading the books my father chose for me: "Captains Courageous," "The Call of the Wild." These books without women and children moved very slowly, but I always said I liked them. Late in the afternoon, we watched the General Electric "College Bowl" on TV. I never understood that sense of the word "bowl" and didn't ask. My father nearly always called out the answer before the crewcut college student pressed the buzzer. "And I didn't go to college," he'd remind me.

I was always frightened of doing something stupid: of forgetting to put a sheet of scratch paper under my drawing and staining the white table with traces of blue and green, of closing a door too loudly and disturbing my father's afternoon nap. He read while I was there, worked at his desk, watched football games, slept. "A nice quiet afternoon," he'd say on the telephone if anyone called. But when I did spill apple juice on the rug or rip a plate in a book of Chagall paintings, his face became deep red and he said I was a stupid girl, his voice filling the midafternoon darkness of the apartment.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," I'd say.

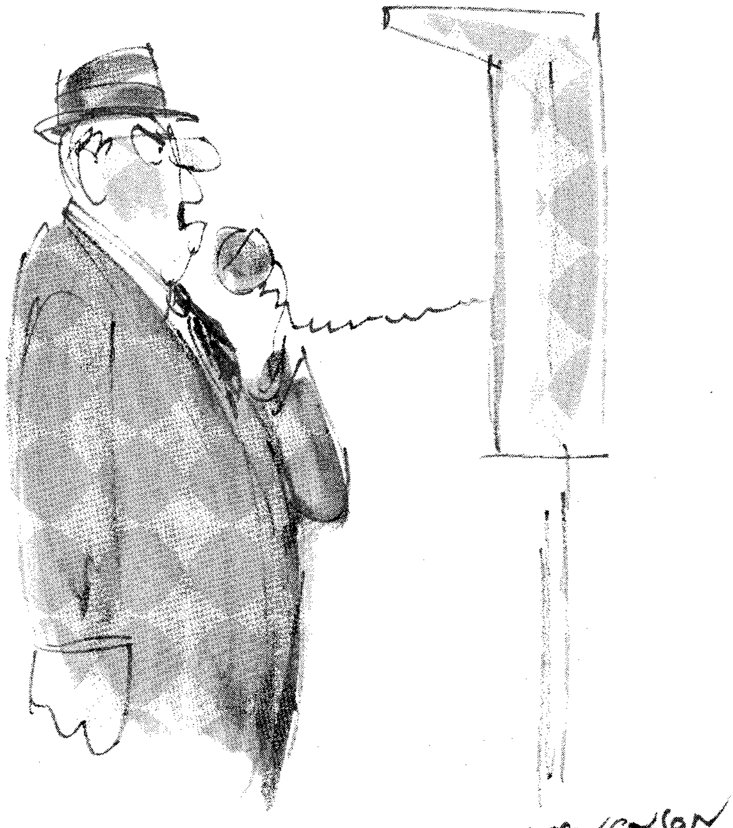
"Don't say you're sorry, Margaret," he'd say in a warning tone, but he didn't suggest an alternative.

The day we chose the corduroy suit, we had lunch at a Japanese restaurant, a small, pretty place with blond wooden tables. All morning, I'd had my cardboard portfolio under my arm. "What have you been drawing?" my father asked when we had been seated. He loved the idea of my becoming some kind of artist and gave me art supplies for encouragement—fat tubes of gouache, heavy white paper. I pushed aside my teacup and took out my drawings. He leaned toward them. The first had four panels on one page: views from windows. I had also drawn my mother's reading glasses and three bowls from our kitchen. These last were in watercolor, pale shades, two blue and a green. He spread the drawings out, careful to avoid the little puddle the waiter had made when he filled our water glasses. Usually, I'd show my father something every other week, and there was always this long silence. I couldn't see his eyes, because he was looking down from one page to the others, his lips pressed together. "Why did you draw these things?" he asked.

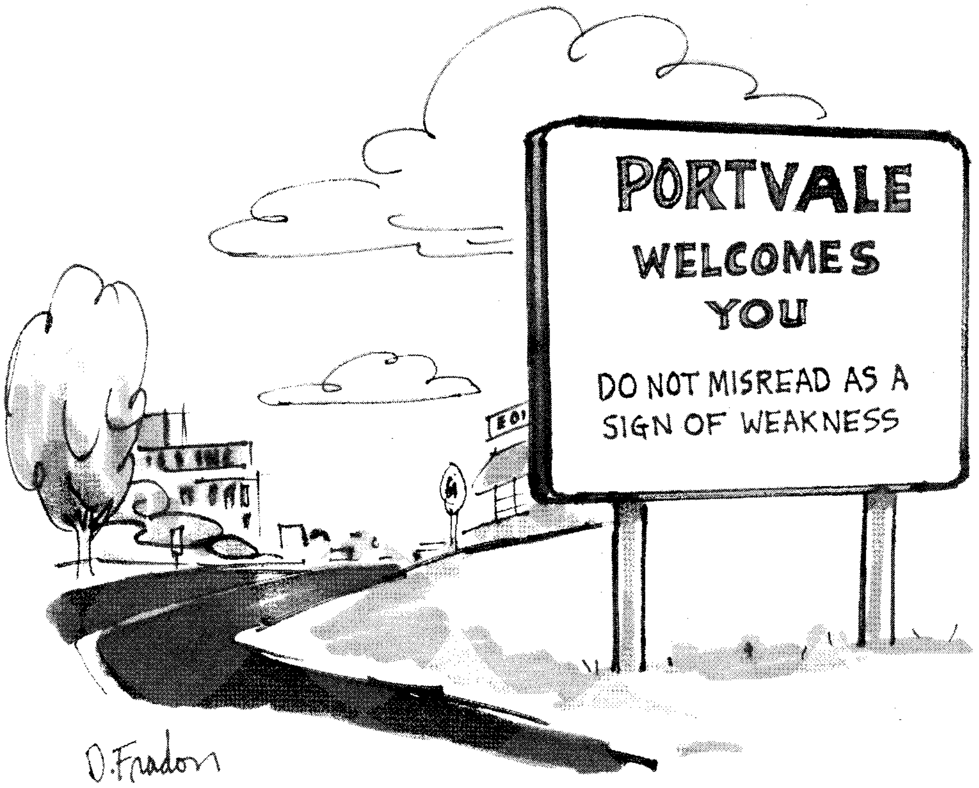
"Well, because of the seagull, partly, and I liked drawing them," I said.

The seagull had been two weeks before. It was in pastels—a seagull on a bollard, a dock in the background; bleak enough, I'd thought. In the late afternoon, we'd been sitting on my father's dark-red couch. He was drinking beer. "It's a cliché," he said. "Unless you can do something like this in some brilliant or novel way, best to leave it alone."

I had worked on the seagull for quite a while—so long, in fact, that I'd lost sight of corniness, which I really was attuned to generally. I waited for him to notice that it was at least technically O.K. The bird had the right look be-



"Wrong number? This never happened with Ma Bell!"



tween placid and arrogant; the light was nice. I often came near to tears during my father's critiques. I was near tears then, and it kept me from speaking. He held the drawing, sitting forward on the couch. I looked at his thin hair, his dark eyes, his strong rounded nose, and I despaired of ever pleasing him. Of course, I had pleased him—especially when I was a child and had drawn fearlessly. He often said how sorry he was that I had acquired self-consciousness. Picasso, he said, hadn't.

I said, "What can I draw?"

"Things that aren't encumbered by meaning, by ideas," he said, finally putting the seagull down on the coffee table. I put it back in my portfolio right away, and I went home and started my views from windows in blue ink, stark on the page. I'd drawn sulking, thinking it wasn't fair for him to want me to be so good so fast.

Waiting now, holding my chopsticks as if the food were already there, I watched my father. His brow was clear; he was taking himself seriously.

"They're better," he said, as if it were an effort. "But I'm not sure I can tell by looking at them the reason for their existence. They're just *there*."

I had recently learned the cliché about the rock and the hard place, and I thought of it now. You didn't want a drawing sloppy with meaning. On the other hand, bowls and eyeglasses were incidental. That left people, but I didn't always have people who were willing to stay still. The waiter was coming with our lunch.

"The work is very good, though," my father said, seeing the waiter, too. I put the drawings away and tucked the portfolio under my chair. I wondered if I might forget it there.

The food was a signal that we were talking about something else, but I was still thinking about what to draw. We had sashimi and rice. The sashimi came on gray-and-blue ceramic palettes. It was bright orangey-pink and stood upright next to a web of grated radish, three slices of cucumber, and a green plastic leaf. We had this meal often, and it pleased us both.

"It's good," I said, about lunch.

"How is your mother?" my father asked.

"Fine," I said. "Working." My mother was an editor. She and my father had met when she returned the manuscript of his novel with an encouraging rejection. He had visited her and tried to get her to change her mind. "Bullied me," she said. She had refused. They had fallen in love with each other's hardheadedness. But slowly this must have become less appealing. They always asked after each other in this cursory way—I think to make me feel comfortable, but maybe because they were still vaguely curious.

"How are things at school?"

"Fine," I said again. "Two people in my class got suspended for selling marijuana."

"Did you know them?"

"Sort of." My stories often fell flat.

I looked at the chopsticks in my father's square hand. "What have you been doing?" I said. He'd scolded me before for not asking this question, for being self-centered, so now it weighed on me each Saturday until I had said it. It never sounded very genuine.

"Working on a television pilot. Meeting with the other writers."

"Is it going well?"

"There are very few excellent detective stories, and this isn't one of them."

I laughed. I drank my green tea and searched out the last grains of rice with the ends of my chopsticks.

My father offered me his plastic leaf.

I said, "Thanks, but no thanks." This was ritual.

We walked on Madison Avenue after that, looking in store windows. I had to keep my head down because of the sun, and my dark-blue shoes looked long and narrow to me, the way I imagined nuns' shoes.

My father was in love, and maybe because of this he seemed very young to me. And because I imagined that I'd never be in love, I seemed very old to myself. Today, his step was especially light. But Judith, the woman he was in love with, was married—a marriage that looked as if it would go on. And the next week my father had to go to the hospital for tests; the doctor wanted a look at his gallbladder, he said. He didn't ever have steady jobs and was always worried about money, so I thought that we should probably eat salami sandwiches at his apartment and that he should buy ready-made suits. But nonetheless he did seem on top of the world. I suspected that he worked at it, in order to seem young. Being young myself, I knew that blitheness wasn't an attribute of youth.

He walked me back uptown to my mother's apartment and gave me one of his solid, lasting hugs. These days, when he hugged me I just saw the top of his head. Neither of us had mentioned this; I felt enormous, afraid of becoming so tall that, unwillingly, I'd bend forward toward things I wasn't even sure I wanted. I never wanted to draw those thin, graceful animals—giraffes and gazelles. I liked the steady, bearish ones, whose strength you never doubted.

"See you soon," he called, then turned the corner, back toward the West Side.

A WEEK later, my psychology class was taking a trip to a hospital in the Bronx. We'd been warned by Dr. Gittleman, the school psychologist and our teacher, that it would be strong stuff for high-school students, and I was looking forward to it. I sat next to Moira Jacobson on the bus.

"Have you ever been to a mental hospital before?" Moira asked.

I made my eyes wide and moony and said, "I can't remember," in a high-pitched little voice.

Moira just said, "Oh." She was the kind of person who is never sure when to laugh. I wanted to look out the window at the dark uptown buildings. For me, everything was already connected to the hospital. I was tightened for a blow, so that I wouldn't show it if I was scared.

The hospital was a tall, dark-brown building with wide steps leading to the entrance; around it were other hospital buildings and an excavation site with a construction trailer. It was a cloudy Friday afternoon.

Inside, we were met by a young woman in a white coat. She said not to touch things, not to talk to patients, and to stay in our group.

The twenty of us stood clustered together in a darkened room filled with white rats in cages. At a long table lit by a fluorescent bulb, technicians transferred a liquid the color of mint jelly from test tube to test tube with eyedroppers. Most of the rats were sleeping, some with their paws tensed in the air. There was a sour, medicinal smell in the room, and the woman was explaining about lithium and manic-depressive behavior in rats. I could tell that Scott Fischer, standing by one of the cages with a pencil in his hand, was thinking about poking one of the rats. We were all eager to get on to the real thing.

We came out into a lighted corridor. The class was quiet, as if we didn't know one another. I liked everyone for being serious. The boys were tall, ill-shaven, and looked intent on walking. Dr. Gittleman, with her light-orange hair in its loose bun and her darting glance (at school, it was said that she was trying to spot the crazies, to catch them unawares), led us down the hall. She was fond of me, and wrote things like "Sensitive thinking" or "Very original observation" in the margins of my papers. We passed a cafeteria, full of doctors and nurses, then an empty room with a cot and gym mats on the walls—"For cases where isolation is indicated," the guide said. We went in all together and pressed our fingers into the soft walls. Then, through double doors, we went into the corridor of the men's ward. Even in the hall, the light was unnaturally bright: for scrutiny, I imagined. Each door had a window and the day's menu with boxes checked off hanging from a clip. We went by quickly. I saw a check by "hot turkey sandwich" and one by "ice-cream novelty." The guide said we'd be in the recreation room next, where the patients spent their free time.

It was a very large square room, with tables and chairs that, though they weren't actually small, reminded me of kindergarten furniture. There was a television set, with local news on, and two men were facing it, though not really watching. There was a shelf of games—familiar ones, like Monopoly and Clue. Some men played checkers, some looked at magazines, but most just sat—not at tables, not near the edges of the room, just randomly. They all wore pajamas and slippers. The pajamas weren't hospital issue. The pajamas of the man closest to me had a pattern of tiny alternating keys and teacups. Some were plaid or striped. No one looked at us. We stood in our group, and Fritz Hammer, who stood beside me, took my hand for a second, then let it go. I was startled. I was concentrating so hard on the keys-and-teacups man, his short, light hair and maroon terry-cloth slippers. What had he done? How long would he be here? It was as if he had touched me. I thought I might have made a sound, but no one was looking at me. Everyone in the group was blank-faced, waiting to be led away.

Fritz and I had gone to the same school since we were five. If I'd been asked before that moment whether I liked him, I couldn't have said. I had

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VOYAGES

On April 27, 1932, Hart Crane
walked to the taffrail of the Orizaba,
took off his coat, and leaped. At seventeen,
a changeling from among the tire-and-rubber

factories, steel mills, cornfields of the Ohio
flatland that had absent-mindedly produced him,
on an enthralled first voyage he'd looked into
the troughed Caribbean, and called it home.

Back where he'd never been at home, he'd once
watched the early-morning shift pour down South Main—
immigrant Greeks eager to be Americans—
and then tried to imagine Porphyro in Akron

(Greek for "high place"): the casement, the arras,
the fabricated love nest, the actual sleet storm,
the owl, the limping hare, the frozen grass,
Keats' own recurring dream of being warm—

who'd been so often cold he looked with yearning even
into blacksmiths' fires: "How glorious," he wrote
of them, shivering (with Stevens) to see the stars put on
their glittering belts—of what disaster was that

chill, was that salt wind the imminence? The cold-
a-long-time, lifetime snow man did not know.
Beside the Neva, Osip Mandelstam wrote of the cold,
the December fog-blurs of Leningrad. O to throw

• •

open (he wrote) a window on the Adriatic!—a window
for the deprived of audience, for the unfree
to breathe, to breathe even the bad air of Moscow.
Yet on the freezing pane of perpetuity,

that coruscating, cold-frame fernery of breath,
harsh flowerbed of the unheated rooms of childhood,
even from the obscurity that sealed it off, his breath,
his warmth, he dared declare, had already settled.

The dream of being warm, its tattered cargo
brought too late to Italy, a mere dire fistful
of blood (*the sea had soaked his heart through*)—
the voyage, every voyage at the end is cruel.

In February, 1937, from exile to flatland
Voronezh, a kind of twin of Akron, Mandelstam
wrote, in an almost posthumous whisper, of round
blue bays, of sails descried—scenes parted from

as now his voyage to the bottom of a crueller
obscurity began, whose end only the false-haired
seaweed of an inland shipwreck would register.
Untaken voyages, Lethean cold, O all but unendured

arrivals! Keats' starved stare before the actual,
so long imagined Bay of Naples. The mind's extinction.
All night, sleepless beside the Spanish Steps, the prattle
of poured water. Letters no one will ever open.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

that tolerance for him you have for people you've always known. We went to the same dentist. He was sometimes a character at the edge of my dreams. He was slightly smaller than I and wore round, gold-rimmed glasses, and was the sort of boy who not only knew facts in English or history but was famous for having theories. At that moment, I couldn't look at him, but I knew his face, its bony, vulnerable shape, and though I knew I shouldn't be, I was entirely happy for a moment, knowing that he was as bothered as I was, that there was something wrong about standing and watching these men. I moved closer, without actually touching him, and then, finally, we moved on to a conference room, where we were allowed to ask questions.

I was afraid that Fritz would say what we both thought, and that spoken aloud it would be brash, typical, self-righteous. He said nothing. Someone asked about the success rate of drug therapy. Moira asked something about high- and low-security facilities in such a way that I could tell that she wanted to be reassured that the men we'd seen were nice, calm crazies, not going anywhere. The prissiness of her voice made it possible to look at Fritz for the first time. Neither of our faces changed.

On the bus going back to school, we sat together. I couldn't stop shaking. I had imagined haggard women, distant screaming, the sad things being instantly apparent. The side of Fritz's head was against the window, his hands awkwardly on his knees. He said, "Are you depressed?" and then he looked at me. "You're trembling."

"I know," I said. The bus went by a stone wall at the edge of a park. Other people were talking normally again. "But in a way I feel as if I'm not quite as sad as I ought to be."

"We're too far away from it, or maybe we don't know enough."

"Sort of." I could remember Fritz a long time before, wearing corduroy overalls, sitting with his hands pressed together between his thighs, listening to stories. Even then he had had that intent forward tilt of his head. My favorite book then had been "The Five Chinese Brothers." I'd liked its black-and-yellow drawings and the way each brother escaped death through his extraordinary strength. It was calming, somehow, to think of it now, and so I asked Fritz if he could remember the talents of the five Chinese brothers.

"Having legs that could stretch to any length," he said. "And one had an iron neck, one could hold his breath forever, one could swallow the entire ocean—or were those the same one? I'm stuck. I used to wonder what would happen if I had to do any of those things and I couldn't."

I liked him for not asking why I'd said what I'd said. I could feel happiness mounting the way you feel the pressure the longer you hold your breath.

"Have you seen 'Yellow Submarine'?" he asked.

"Yes. I sort of liked it."

"I just wondered if you still liked stories about people who can do amazing things."

"*They* don't do amazing things. You never really believe in cartoons that the characters are doing things. It's too whimsical. Did you like it?"

"Against my will," he said. "I love things like that." He had a wonderful bright smile as he said this, and that intensity which made people laugh in class when he talked about Angel Clare's injustice to Tess or the Second World War. I liked watching him. My own thinness seemed brittle and inelegant to me—I'd judge it in the mornings as I got dressed. But in Fritz thinness seemed clever and flexible, like one of the talents of the five Chinese brothers. Then we were back at school.

We pulled up near the old gray stone building with red wooden doors and a cast-iron spiked fence in front that looked like a cross between a church and a fire station. It was three in the afternoon, and the street was empty, except for my mother, walking toward the entrance in her beige raincoat, and then turning toward the bus. I couldn't remember when I'd last seen her at school. "It's my mother," I said to Fritz.

When Fritz and I got off the bus, my mother rushed toward me and crouched down near the pavement, so that her arms were around my hips. I felt off balance, as if everyone who had got off the bus was looking at us. Fritz stood a few feet away, and I could feel him coming slowly unattached from me.

"Darling, your father is dead," my mother said.

He had died in the hospital while

they were operating on his gallbladder; his heart had stopped.

I felt very tall with my mother crouched at my feet. I looked around me, at faces, parked cars, the blue bus we'd just been on. I felt the cool gray air of the day on my neck. Nearly everyone had gone into the school by then, but Dr. Gittleman was still outside, talking to a few stragglers, and my mother went to tell her what had happened. I didn't move, and neither did Fritz. I knew I should tell him, but it seemed too hard. Instead, I thought about the place on the sidewalk where I was standing, to the left of the red doors, by a locust tree at the curb. Every time I walked by, it would be the spot where I'd found out that my father was dead, and, odder than that, from now on he would always be dead.

Fritz waved and went inside. Dr. Gittleman came over and hugged me. I stood rigid, waiting for her to let go. "Come and talk to me when you get back to school," she said, and I said, "O.K.," so that I could escape. And then my mother and I walked home.

At home, I didn't know what to do. Everything in my mother's apartment was calm, the way it ordinarily was. I couldn't read or do homework or draw or eat. I lay on my bed, not thinking of anything, feeling sick, but not like crying.

For dinner that night my mother heated up cream-of-celery soup from the can, and we had those octagonal crackers that go with seafood. It was a long time since she had been married to my father, and I couldn't gauge what she felt. I looked across the kitchen table at my mother holding a spoonful of soup at chin level. She had already offered to call my friends, so that I wouldn't have to, and she had said that I could go back to school whenever I was ready. These were the easy things to talk about. Ordinary things—the events of the day until we had found out—seemed irrelevant, like telling jokes during the intermission of a very serious play. My mother kept looking at me, and I could feel her waiting for me to talk, so that she'd know I was all right.

"What did you have for lunch?" I said.

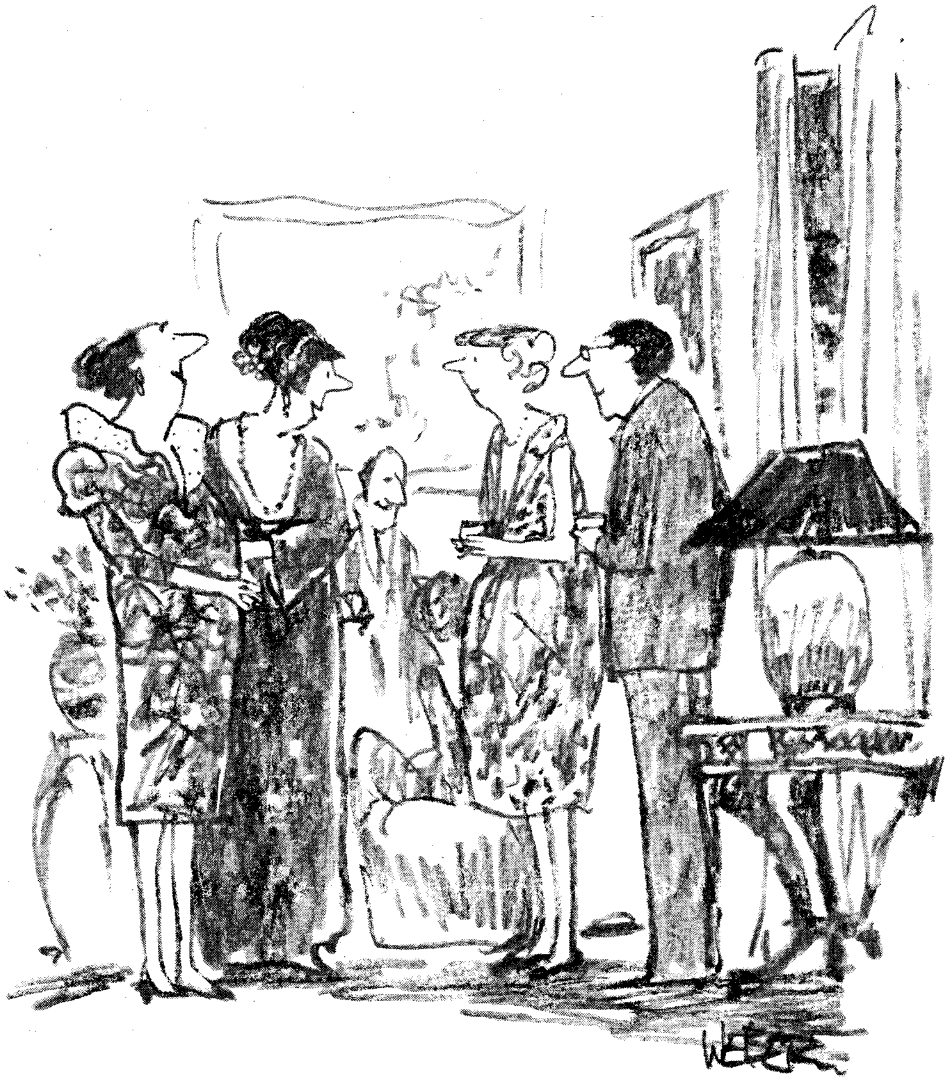
She went on looking at me; it wasn't the sort of thing we discussed. "I was eating at my desk when they called from the hospital."

I stopped myself from asking "What?," though for some reason I wanted to know. I wasn't doing well on my soup, but I kept eating the little crackers, one by one, while I thought of what to say next. I imagined, but quickly, since I wasn't really sure that this was what I wanted, a mother who treated me like a small child, holding me in her arms, urging me to cry. But we were separate, upright, and I treasured the idea of seeming strong. I went to my room again right after dinner.

"Do you have something to read?" my mother called from the living room, then came to my door with four books to choose from. I took "The Heart of the Matter," for no reason. When I was ready for bed, I knocked on my mother's door. She was at her desk, her room dark except for the reading light, working on a manuscript, with a yellow pad full of notes. The folder for the manuscript was on the floor by her shoes. She worked sitting cross-legged, leaning forward into the light, so that her profile was sharply, beautifully lit.

"Good night, Mummy."

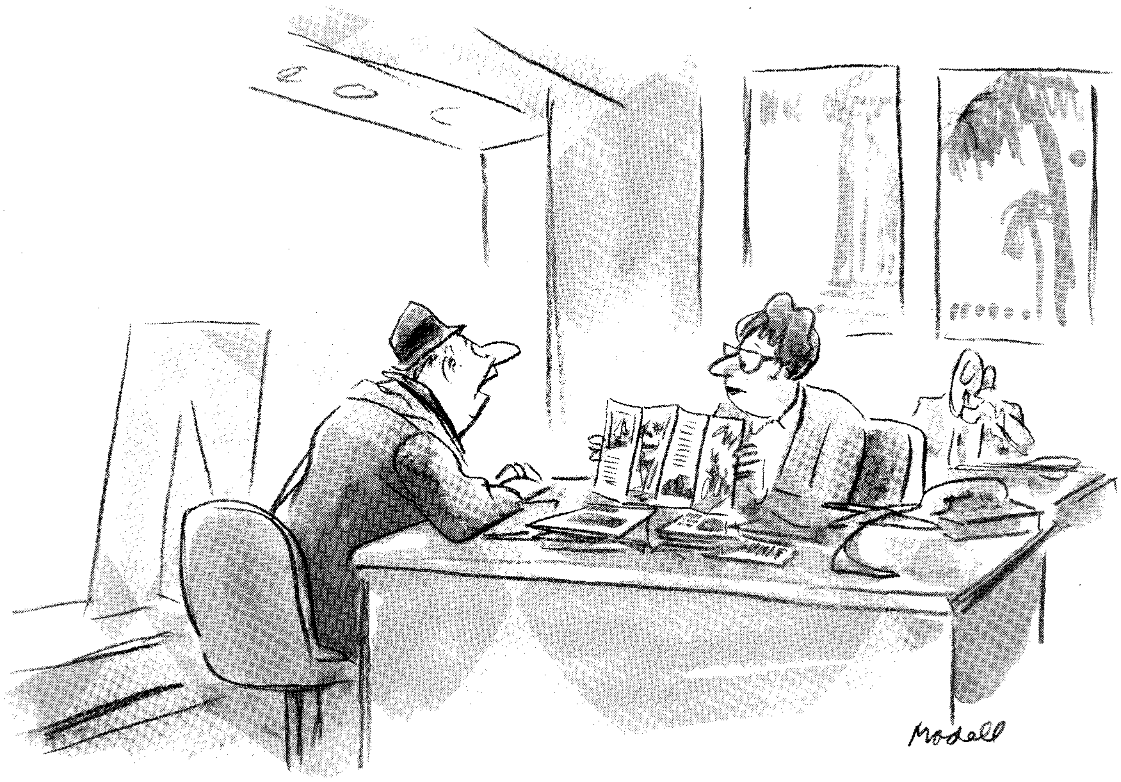
She kissed me, and I crossed the dark living room and shut the door of my room. I sat on the edge of my bed and began to cry with the tension of trying to be silent. Tears made wet spots on my knees, so that they were pink through my nightgown. I got up, pulled down the shade, and went on crying. I had a fear of missing my chance. This was the only night I could cry and be comforted; any kind of behavior would be all right. My mother could rescue me, and I knew that she would do it wonderfully; it would work. I thought she might come now, as she often did, to say one more thing to me before bed. I went on crying, faintly self-conscious now, and then I turned off the light and lay



"Laura Broderick is the eighth wonder of the world."

still for a long time, not crying, not falling asleep.

ON Monday, I went back to school. My friends knew what had happened, and there was no reason to tell anyone else. But I felt conspicuous, as if everyone knew. My homeroom teacher said he was sorry. A few friends asked how I was, and I couldn't think of the right answer. I needed time to practice saying "My father is dead" without that internal wriggle of embarrassment. I wanted it to be as easy as "My father is in Egypt," which, after all, sets you apart from other people, too.



"All I want to know is how far away from here I can get for under two thou."

I saw Fritz in the hall before psychology class. "I heard about your father," he said.

"Yeah."

"I'm really sorry."

We'd never actually been friends; he didn't have to say anything. In class we sat next to each other, and I was aware of the glare of his eyeglasses and the tilt of his head as he listened. All through class I felt like a living illustration of Psychology—that people were watching me, and later on would say, "I know this girl, and when her father died she hardly seemed to notice. I mean, she seemed completely normal."

After class Fritz asked if I'd like to go to the Bronx Zoo with him on Saturday. It was because my father had died. Now even Fritz's taking my hand in the ward of the hospital seemed to be because of that. I knew that I was scrambling the sense of things, but I didn't talk about it with anyone, and that made it less dangerous. "I'd like to," I said.

THE day at the Bronx Zoo was the first day that didn't seem completely empty. Fritz and I walked along the paths, stopping for a long time by whatever we came to: yaks, zebras, elephants. "What do you like best?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said.

I couldn't imagine not knowing, and this seemed like a gift from my father. We stood in the sun, by a fence, drinking root beer, and I laughed. We were shy of each other, and it seemed self-conscious to talk about the animals—too easy. We sat on a bench and ate pizza that had been heated in a microwave oven. I had no idea what Fritz was thinking when he didn't speak, but I felt that he knew exactly what was in my mind. "Can you tell what I'm thinking about?" I asked.

"Your father?" This was the first time either of us had mentioned him.

"No. I don't know," I said, and looked out at the ostriches.

"What was he like?"

"That's an impossible question."

"I know."

This talk made me angry and full of energy. "Come on," I said. "Let's walk around some more."

"I didn't mean to annoy you," Fritz said in a timid way that was even more annoying. I didn't say anything, and he put a heavy arm around my shoulders, not quite high enough, because I was too tall. We walked yoked together like this for a while. I looked down at his running shoes, at my brown leather sandals. There was one of those green wooden signs that said "TO BEARS," and to break the silence I said, "My father liked polar bears best."

I tried not to mind Fritz's arm as we stood looking at the polar bears: their sleek, heavy lunges in and out of their pool, their spiky, yellowed fur. It felt exactly like one of those "moments of silent prayer" in a school assembly. I wished I hadn't told about my father's liking polar bears. It was my own fault.

We headed back to the subway station, not even stopping when animals were right up near their fences or antic in their cages. The subway was too noisy for talking unless you desperately wanted to. I read the ads for employment agencies and aspirin and thought how I had spoiled the day. In my head I composed the note I'd write to Fritz to apologize. He was looking straight ahead at the reflections of our faces in the window opposite. I leaned toward him and kissed his cheek. He turned, startled, and we jerked away from each other. I got off the train first and waved to him from the platform.

For the next week, I dashed away after psychology class to avoid my talk with Dr. Gittleman. But then on Friday I felt safe, and stood outside the classroom talking to Fritz. Dr. Gittleman put her disarranged orange head out the door and said, “Margaret, may I talk to you for a moment?”

I hadn't been in Dr. Gittleman's office before. Everywhere there were manila folders with odd-sized pieces of paper hanging out. There were primitive paintings on the walls—men, canoes, and fish, on some dry-looking animal skin. Behind her desk there was one window facing the building next door. You could see it from the psychology classroom, too, and generally someone's maid was there, ironing and folding. Sometimes I'd see the lady of the house, dressed to go out, leaving instructions. All this was riveting, and there was a lot of discussion of it after class. Now there was no one in the apartment, but I looked beyond Dr. Gittleman out the window anyway.

She smiled her I-know-exactly-how-you-feel smile at me. “How are things going?”

“Fine,” I said for the thousandth time.

“Are you sleeping at night?”

“Mostly.”

“Good. Is there anything you'd like to talk about?”

I thought how easy it would be to be someone else, to say: I feel bewildered all the time; everything is perfectly ordinary.

The maid came into view and began ironing.

Dr. Gittleman said, “This is quite a normal reaction to a very disturbing event. You succeed in assimilating it only to have it hit you all the harder later on.”

“When?”

“It depends on the circumstances.”

We both stood up then, and she came around the desk and hugged me for the second time. I thought a psychologist should know when someone didn't want to be hugged. Then she took a small box from one of the filing-cabinet drawers. “I want you to have this.”

“Thank you,” I said. It was an ordinary rock, white and shaped like a small potato, with a green-and-brown grasshopper painted on it next to an orange flower. I thanked her again. “It's a very comforting rock,” I said.

Dr. Gittleman gave me a quick, quizzical look, but I got away with it. I put the rock in its box in my book bag.

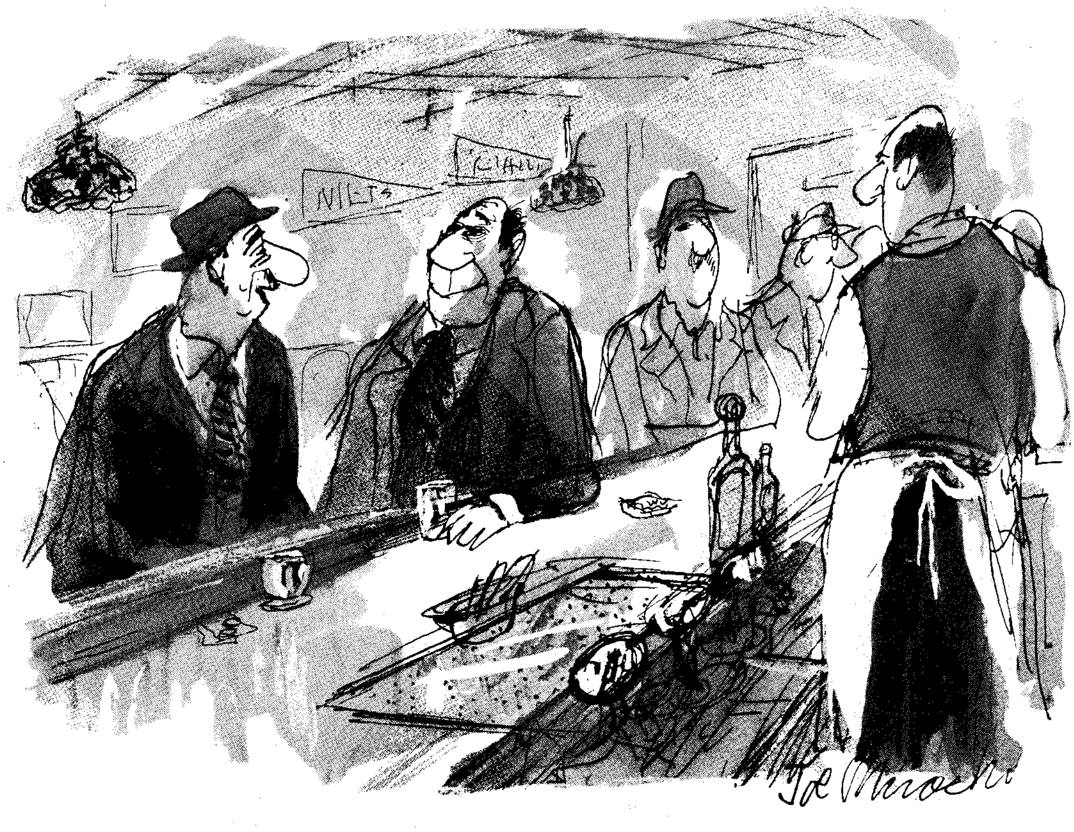
Afterward, I had drawing class. It was in a big, white-painted studio, and mostly you were just left alone to draw. Today, there was a slender, fair-skinned model, lying on her side with her back to the class. There was the clean, sharp smell of paint in the room, and it was quiet. It was a ten-minute pose, and I was aware of other people's charcoal scratching against the paper. But I didn't have the perspective right; the shoulders were huge, the feet tiny, and I had no patience. I was exhausted. Though you weren't allowed to, I untacked my drawing, put away my board, and left the class. I went and sat at the foot of Fritz's locker, waiting for him to get back from gym.

“How was it?” I asked when he got there.

He leaned over, untied his blue-and-gold running shoes, and stood in his gray socks. “Softball,” he said. He didn't have to say terrible; hardly anyone who was smart liked gym.

I was hoping he'd ask me to do something on Saturday. Though so far there had only been the trip to the zoo, I'd let myself imagine walks, movies, tea in my living room. After we'd talked awhile, he said, “My mother is taking me shopping for pants tomorrow morning. Can we do something in the afternoon?”

We agreed to meet outside the Metropolitan Museum at two, and then I said, “I couldn't draw today.”



“Do you believe in booze on other planets?”

“What do you mean?”

“I was drawing and I couldn't get it right, and I just quit.”

“It doesn't matter. You'll be fine next time.”

“Maybe,” I said. I couldn't explain about feeling nearly dizzy with the effort to get the curves of the model's body in the right places on the paper. I didn't want to risk crying.

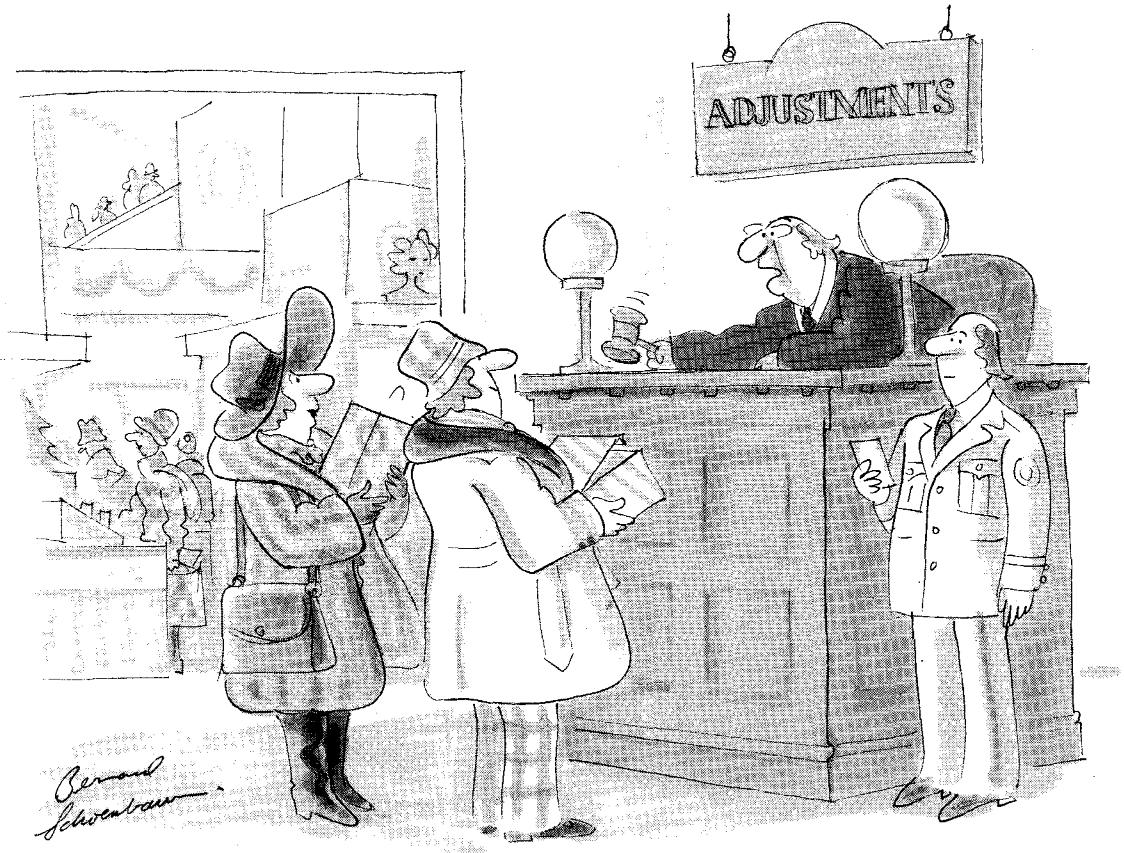
Fritz had put on his desert boots, and now he knelt, putting books into his knapsack, spines facing up. He sat down next to me, and our thin legs stretched out into the hallway. He patted my shoulder and said, “It's really O.K.” We were both so thin and awkward that any touch seemed to come too close to the bone. So when his hand touched my shoulder I did begin to cry, looking across at the green lockers on the other side of the hall. Then, with a funny, abrupt strength I wouldn't have imagined he had, he pulled me around so that my face was against his yellow shirt. The last class was about to let out. People would be coming to their lockers. But I felt heavy and inert and kept thinking, Another minute and I'll sit up.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't plan this." I saw that I'd made a dark spot on his shirt. His face was worried: it had a bony, unguarded look. I was beginning to get better and said, "Do you know what your favorite animal is yet?"

"I've given it some thought," he said, "but I need to weigh and consider a little longer."

People were in the hallway. We stood up and were unnoticeable again. I wanted to throw my arms around Fritz, but the irrational happiness scared me, because I knew it wouldn't last.

We went downstairs. Fritz smiled and said, "See you tomorrow," and I watched him walk off, adjusting his knapsack on his narrow shoulders.



"Adjustment granted. Next."

THE next day, Saturday, my mother went to her office, and I had the whole morning. I got up, dressed, and left the house before I realized that I didn't really have a purpose. I began walking. I didn't want to go to a museum or a movie, so I walked up Fifth Avenue on the Park side, past children and their mothers, Good Humor men, people sitting on those benches along the wall. When I was hot and beginning to be tired, I turned east, then down Lexington. At a quarter of one, I was outside the Japanese restaurant where I'd been with my father three weeks before. It took me by surprise. I stopped as if it were a person I recognized. I looked in the window, past the plastic pieces of sushi and the wood-and-paper screens, and then, without thinking, I went in and sat down. I'd never eaten in a restaurant alone and I half expected someone to come to the table and very politely, for an unexplained reason, ask me to leave.

I was across the room from the table where I'd sat with my father, and I saw now for the first time the Hiroshige print on the wall above that table: people holding umbrellas, crossing a curved bridge in heavy rain. I wished with an ache that I had seen it before. If I had, I'd have specific cause to love it or, perhaps, to want never to see it again. But there would be no danger of its fading into the flatness that dulled the edges of everything now.

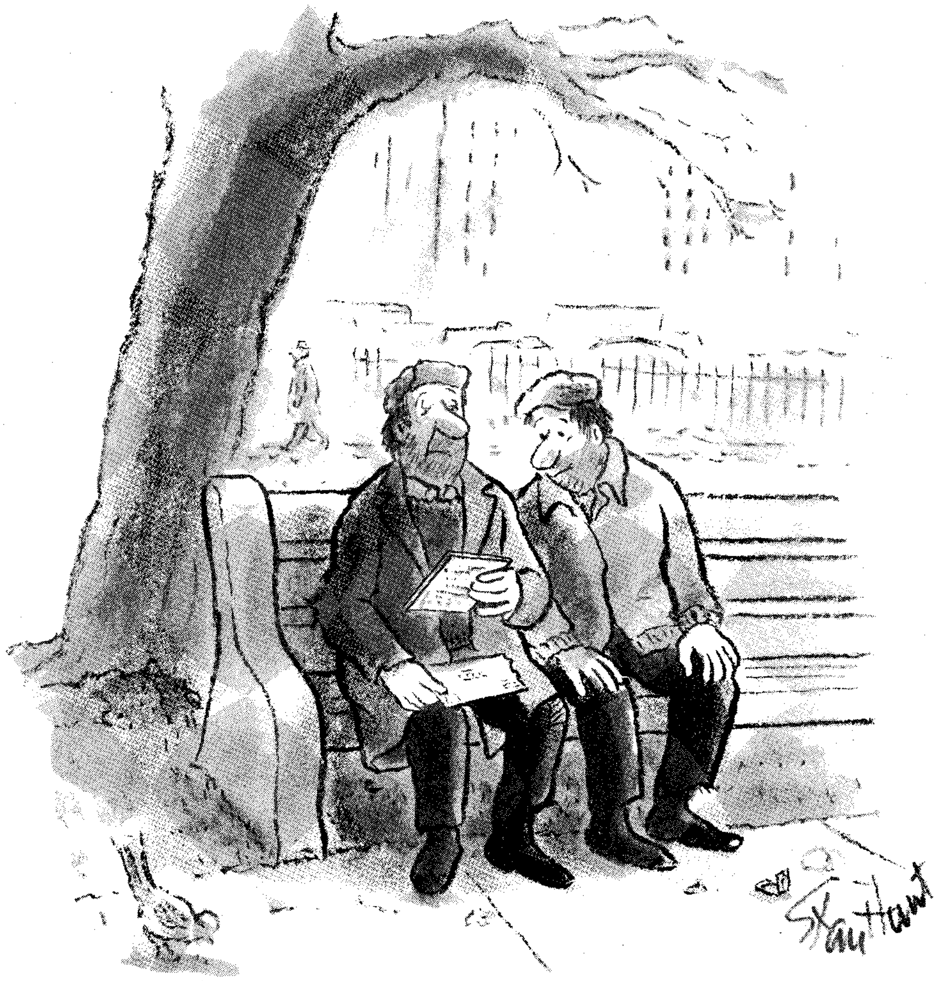
A waiter, the same one, came with the menu and a bronze-colored teapot. I tried to decide if it was a smaller size or exactly the same. I looked at the menu and checked to see if I had enough money. I wasn't especially hungry, but I had gotten used to my small square table, to being there and listening to the tinkling, repetitive music. I was sure the waiter would ask, "Where is your father?" He must have known we were father and daughter, and I must look wrong to him there by myself. I was deciding whether to say, "He's in Egypt, looking at the pyramids," or "He died." To the one, the waiter would say, "How nice;" to the other, "How sad;" or maybe, "Lunch is on the house." He only asked what I'd like to eat, and I said, "Sashimi and rice, please."

I kept looking over at the print: the deep blue of the water, the rain in slanting black lines. I thought about drawing things that were connected to each other instead of just things: The people carried umbrellas because it was raining. They were crossing the bridge to get to the other side. My saying this would have made my father smile. But then I thought: I wouldn't have been able to explain my way to it. I might not have thought it, even if I had craned my neck and seen the picture.

The food came, and I ate very slowly, looking back and forth from the picture to my plate and sometimes out the window.

After lunch, I went over to the museum. Fritz was there already, sitting on the steps, polishing his eyeglasses with a handkerchief. "Did you get pants?" I asked.

"Khakis," he said. Then, in what must have been an imitation of his mother, " 'Such nice quality, and per-



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fect with your gray jacket.' What do you want to do?"

"Whatever you'd like." But I'd realized that today, three weeks after the fitting, was the day my father had arranged to pick up the blue corduroy suit.

It seemed wrong to let the day slide by, after the tailor had hurried. "I have an errand," I said, since Fritz hadn't suggested anything right away. I imagined Fritz in the suit, drowned in blue corduroy.

I didn't explain until we were right outside the store.

"What are you going to do with it?" Fritz asked.

"I'd sort of imagined having it at the back of my closet for the rest of my life."

It was odd to be in the shop again. I said I was picking up the suit for my father, and the man said it was all paid for and if there were any problems with the fit, just to bring it back. I said, "I'm sure there won't be."

Outside, with the suit in its black plastic carrying case, neither of us could stop laughing, but I saw from Fritz's face that he wasn't sure if it was the right thing. "But what are you going to do?" he said.

"Search me," I said.

"Come on," he said, and we walked toward Third Avenue. We stopped at the corner, and I stood, holding the suit against my legs. There were mostly small stores on this block—a shoe-repair, a delicatessen, and not too many people. Fritz stood very straight, a little away from the curb. Then suddenly he took the suit from me and held it out to a man turning the corner toward us. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "We're delighted to inform you that you are the winner of this handsome suit."

The man was sandy-haired, and he was close to my father's size and carried a bag of groceries under one arm. He looked annoyed. He held the suit back toward Fritz. I said, "This isn't a practical joke, really," and Fritz said, "We're with a very reputable firm. You'll find us in the telephone directory." He had his hands in his pockets, so that the man couldn't give him the suit. I said, "Wear it in good health." Then Fritz grabbed my hand, and we ran down the block. I looked back once, and the man was still standing there, but he had folded the suit bag over his arm.

I felt as if I needed both hands to catch my breath properly, but Fritz still held one. Of course, now was the time to laugh, but neither of us did.

As we walked toward the river, I imagined the man arriving home with the suit and telling his wife what had happened. He'd say he'd been perfectly innocent, practically assaulted by these two skinny, fast-talking kids. "What could I do?" he'd ask. He'd put the suit on, and they'd decide that it wasn't exactly his style but really quite nice. The wife would suggest lengthening the trousers, taking the jacket in at the waist.

"You're not mad?" Fritz said, because I wasn't talking.

"No." But I was still wondering if there was any reason in the world why it might have been better to keep the suit. We were walking slowly now, down a quiet street of dark apartment buildings. I could see the green of the lawn of the United Nations.

It was nearly summer, and the man would put the suit away. In the fall, now and then, he'd tell people how he'd got it. They'd nod and smile, but it wouldn't be much of an anecdote; there was too much missing from it. But for me it was whole, without the weight of a solid thing. "It was brilliant," I said to Fritz, and he swung my arm. —KATHARINE ANDRES

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the police log in the Wichita Falls (Texas) Record News*]

Buster Carr of 1815 8th reported someone stuck Oreo cookies on his GMC pickup, between 10 p.m. Thursday and 9 a.m. Friday. Some of the cookies applied on the back window spelled "Hi," police reports said.

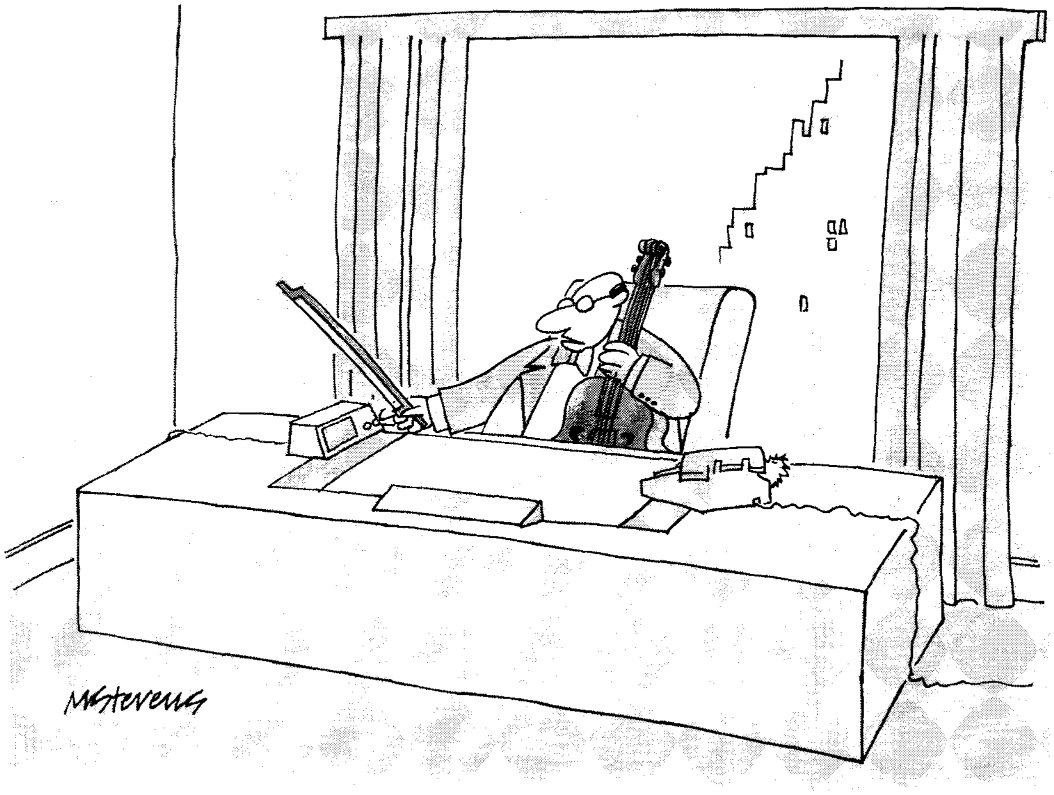
REFLECTIONS

THE ABOLITION

II—A DELIBERATE POLICY

THE consensus, among so many of those who have thought deeply about the nuclear predicament, that nuclear weapons cannot be abolished unless world government is established seems to find support in traditional political theory: in the distinction between the so-called state of nature, in which men live in anarchy and resolve their disputes among themselves, with war serving as the final arbiter, and the so-called civil state, in which men live under a government and submit their disputes to its final arbitration. In reflecting on the formation of states out of warring tribes or principalities, political thinkers have often observed that the transition from the state of nature to the civil state is usually radical and abrupt, frequently involving some act of conquest or other form of violence, and admits of no partial or halfway solutions, in which, say, a central authority is given the legislative power to "decide" the outcome of disputes but not the executive power to enforce its decisions. We seem to be faced with the same radical, either-or choice in the world as a whole, in which nations, although each constitutes a civil state within its own borders, have, according to the traditional view, always lived in an anarchic state of nature in their relations with each other. The United Nations, which has been helpful in moderating hostilities in our tense and warlike world but has not been empowered to resolve basic disputes among nations, appears to exemplify what halfway measures toward entry into the civil state lead to in the global arena. The reason that halfway measures toward the civil state never seem to amount to very much is straightforward and basic. Human beings, existing on earth in large numbers and possessed of separate and independent wills, inevitably get into disputes, and government and war are the two immemorial means by which the disputes have been bindingly resolved. Nations do not dare to give up war and disarm until world government, or some equivalent, is in place, because if they did they would be left without any final arbiter for settling disputes. This situation would be inherently unstable, because as soon as a serious dispute arose—concerning, for example, who was to control a certain piece of territory—nations would reach for the instruments of war, and the impotent, halfway civil measures would be ignored or swept aside (as happened, for example, to the League of Nations in the nineteen-thirties). That is why the political thinkers of our time have, with rare unanimity, declared that either total disarmament or full nuclear disarmament is impossible without the simultaneous establishment of world government—and we are left with the unfortunate choice between living with a full balance of nuclear terror, which we would like to get away from, and instituting a full global state, which we would like to avoid. (Mere nuclear disarmament is seen as impossible without world government because among the instruments of war nuclear arms overrule all the others. They have the final word.)

The key event in the transition from the state of nature to the civil state is the centralization of power, in which the individual nations (or people) renounce their right to resort to force at their own discretion, yielding it to the central authority, which is then empowered to make and enforce final decisions. Unfortunately, the centralization of power does not necessarily require a shift from "lawlessness" to "law," as advocates of world government sometimes seem to suggest. The central authority can be, in a moral sense, as "lawless" as any individual. When the central authority in question is a world government, this possibility assumes terrifying proportions, which have no precedent in the annals of politics. Moreover, the establishment of a central authority does not necessarily entail a reduction in the levels of



"Miss Benton, give me an A."

The New York Times
PETER PAN
Opie

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violence, as the record of the totalitarian regimes in the first half of our century makes clear (and as the record of the Pol Pot government in Kampuchea has made clear more recently). Governments, we are forced to acknowledge, are fully as capable of slaughtering huge numbers of people as war is. And if a lawless government were to assume control of the world and such slaughter were to be carried out in the global darkness of the oppression of all mankind the horror of the situation would be beyond all imagining.

What the world's entry into the civil state would accomplish however, is, as everyone acknowledges, an end to war—or, in our time, an end to the possibility of "mutual assured destruction" and human extinction. In war, the level of force used is bid up to the maximum, because victory (if any) goes to the side that keeps on fighting longer. War is, in Clausewitz's words, a form of "reciprocal action" that "must lead to an extreme" in order to reach a conclusion. And for that reason nuclear weapons spoil war as a final arbiter of international disputes: the extreme they run to is total annihilation. Central governments, on the other hand, don't need to run to any extremes of force to carry out even the most extensive slaughter. One bullet for each "subversive," fired into the back of the head, will suffice. In fact, strictly speaking, no active violence at all is necessary. Vast populations can be killed off by simple deprivation. If you place a multitude of people in a camp, force them to work hard, and cut back their rations, you can kill as many of them as you want to. Certainly no nuclear bombs will be necessary to kill them. In that limited, tragic sense, world government, even at its worst, would be a way out of the nuclear predicament. (Of course, if world government were to break down, and civil war were to arise, the nuclear peril might re-arise with it; but just at the moment the peril of a nuclear holocaust resulting from a breakdown of world government is, I should say, the least of our worries.) Yet even if one regards these worst-case nightmares of world government run amok as unlikely, the prospect of a supreme political power ruling over the whole earth remains chilling. Anarchy is not liberty, yet it could be that in anarchy, with all its violence, the human spirit has greater latitude to live and grow than it would have in the uniform shadow of a global state.

To be sure, for a number of people it is not the attractions of world government that lead them to favor that particular resolution of the nuclear predicament. It is their dismay at what they see as the alternative: an indeterminate period of life on the edge of the abyss, terminated by extinction. The real choice, they say, is not between world government and anarchy but between world government and nothing—"one world or none," as people used to put it. Nevertheless, most people are agreed that the immediate political choice before us is between an anarchic state of nature, in which nations possess nuclear weapons, and the civil state, or world government, in which they would not. (Some people, it is true, have suggested that the world government itself might have to possess nuclear weapons—a prospect that can only increase one's misgivings about this institution.) This definition of the actions open to us is at the heart of an impasse in which the world has been stuck throughout the nuclear age. It specifies world government as the only possible route to full nuclear disarmament, but the world did not want world government and was stuck therefore with the balance of nuclear terror. In a speech at Hiroshima in February of 1981, Pope John Paul II said, "In the past, it was possible to destroy a village, a town, a region, even a country. Now it is the whole planet that has come under threat. This fact should fully compel everyone to face a basic moral consideration: from now on, it is only through a conscious choice and then deliberate policy that humanity can survive." But as long as world government was seen as the only alternative to the balance of terror, and as long as the world rejected world government, no deliberate policy that could secure human survival could be framed. In "The Nuclear Revolution: International Politics Before and After Hiroshima," of 1981, the political scientist Michael

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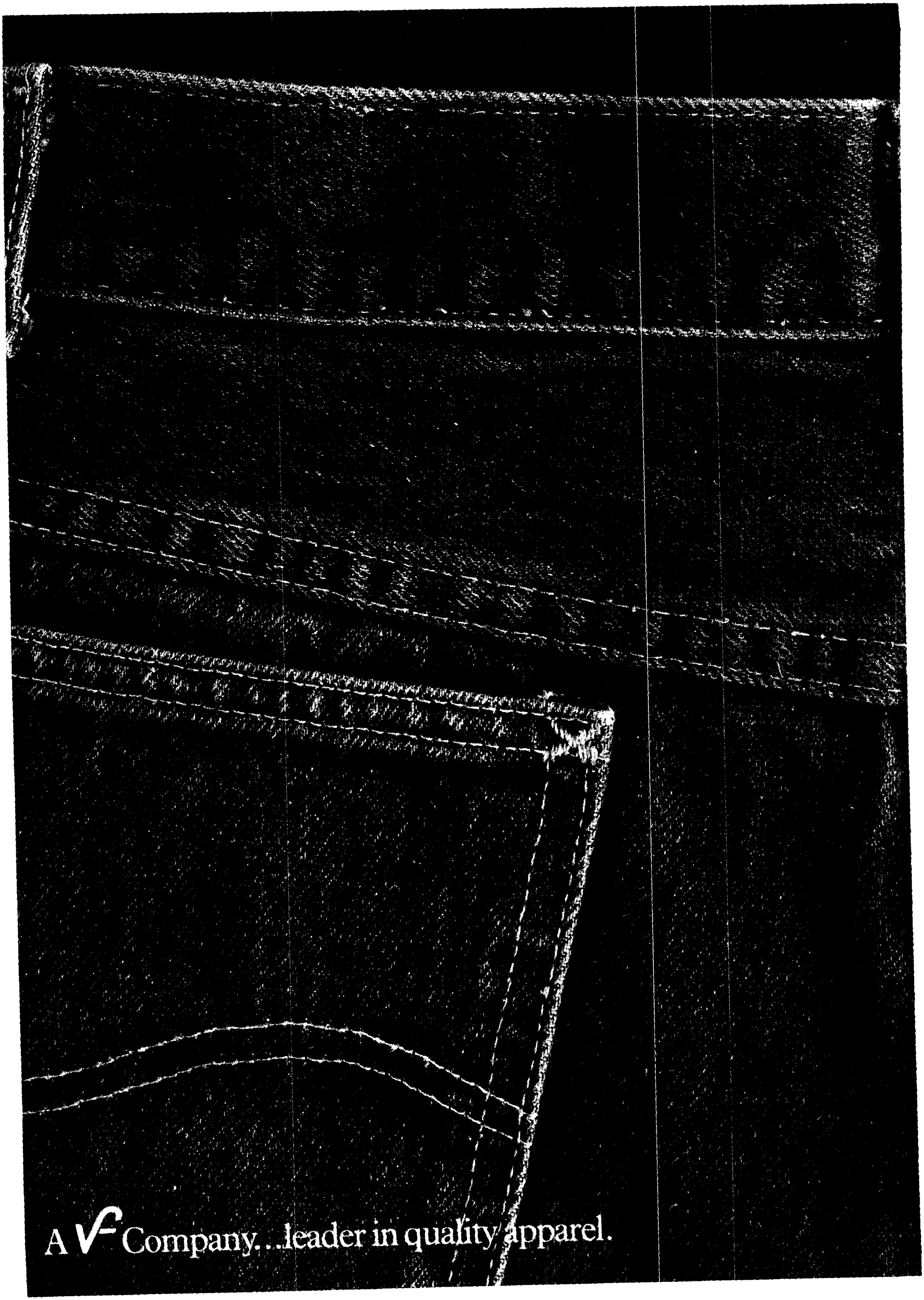
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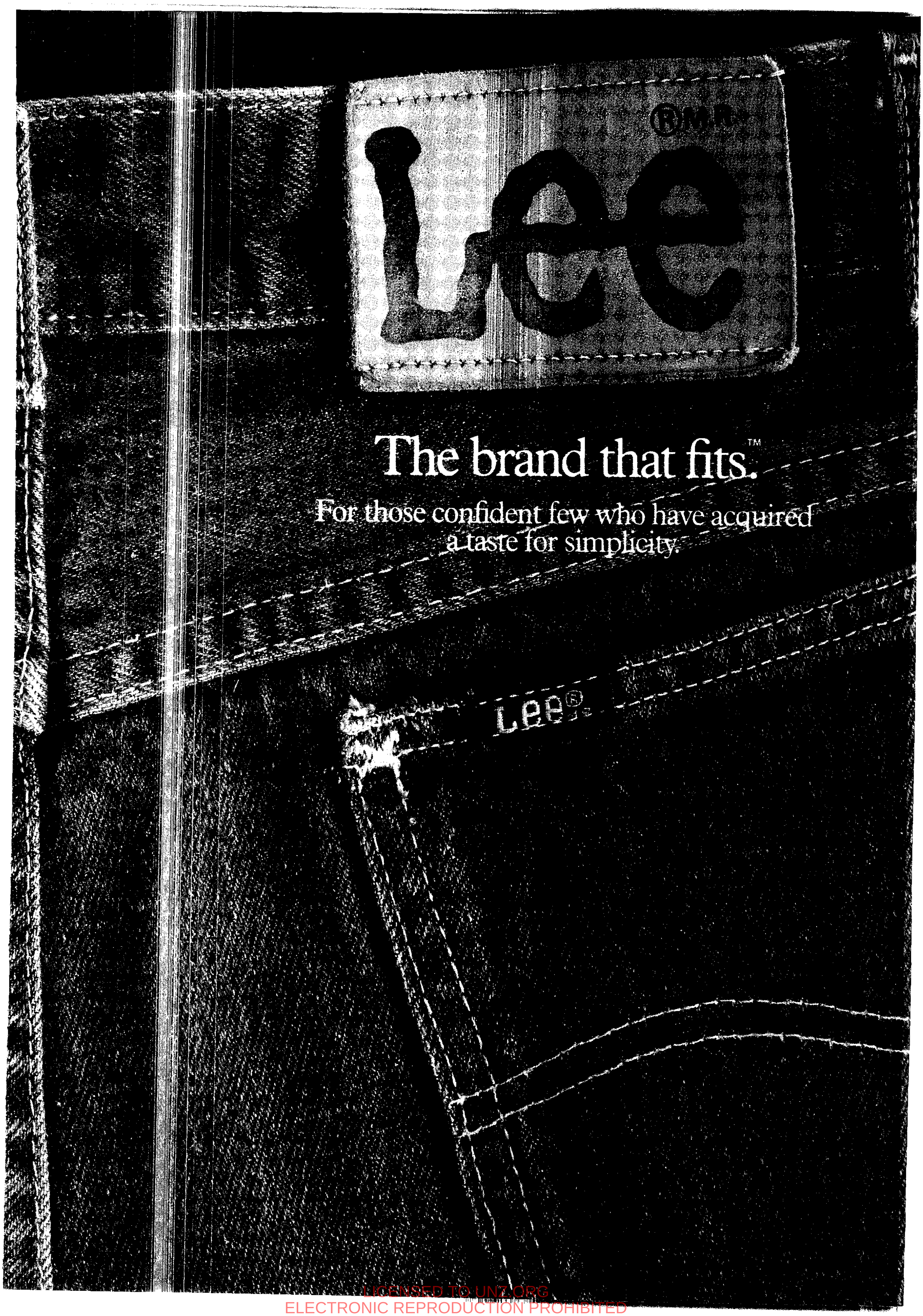
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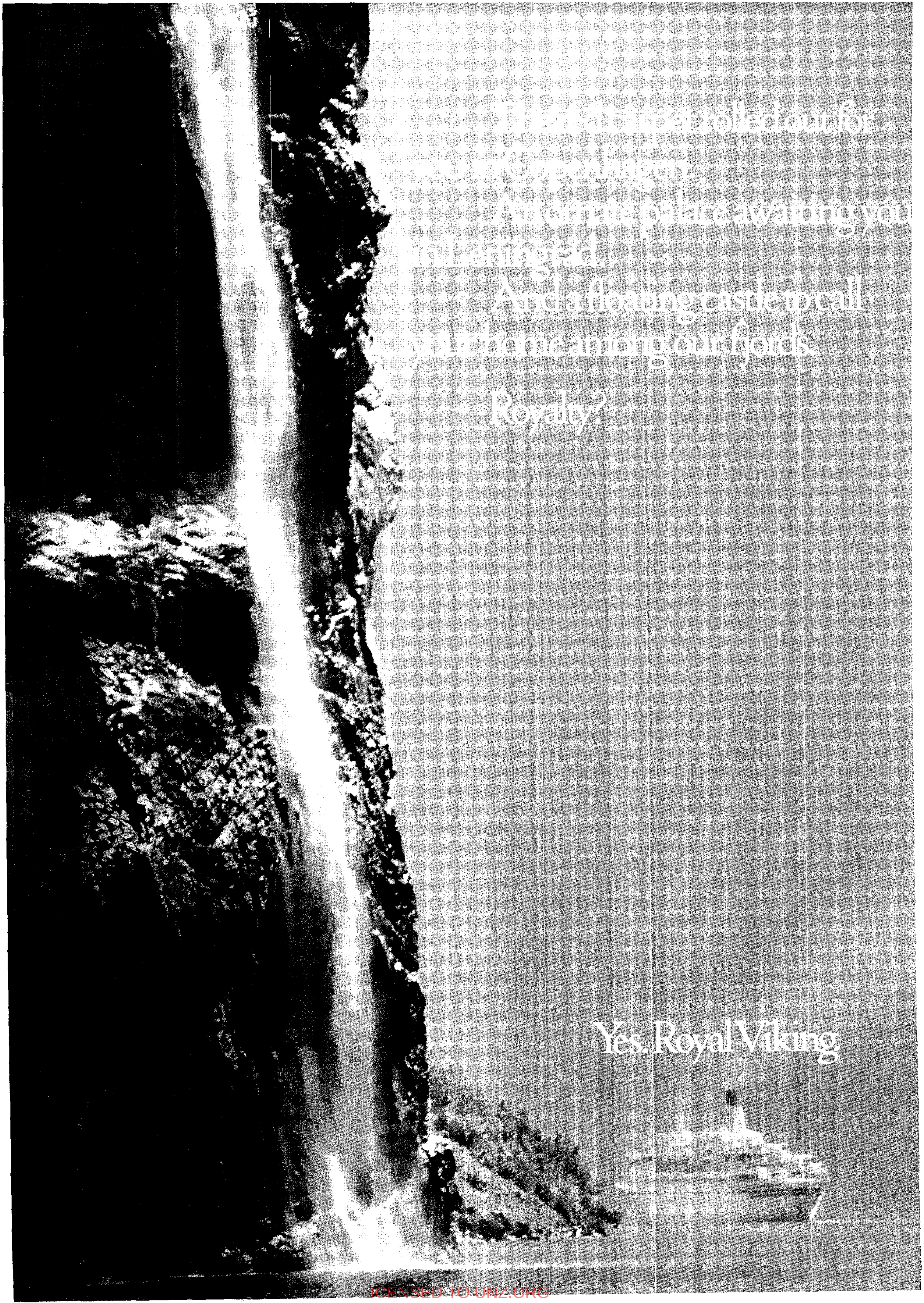
The red carpet rolled out for you in Copenhagen.
An ornate palace awaiting you in Leningrad.
And a floating castle to call your home among our fjords.
Royalty?
Yes. Royal Viking.

Mandelbaum, reflecting the opinion of the consensus—which includes both the advocates of world government and the advocates of our present-day policy of nuclear deterrence—writes, "Relations among sovereign states are still governed by the principle of anarchy. War is still possible," and "A logical way to do away with war among nation-states is to abolish national armaments altogether. This, in turn, requires abolishing the incentives for states to have armaments. They have them because of the insecurity that arises from the anarchical structure of the international system. So the requirement for disarmament is the disappearance of anarchy, in favor of an international system organized along the lines of the state in domestic politics. States must give up sovereignty. This is the political revolution that some anticipated in 1945 but that has not come to pass." In this view, evidently, our world of nuclear-armed deterrence remains in the traditional anarchic state of nature. I should like to argue, however, that inasmuch as nuclear weapons have spoiled war—the final arbiter in the state of nature—we are mistaken about this, having been misled by the habits of pre-nuclear political thought, which so often lead us astray in the new and strange nuclear world. A deterred world, I believe, is no longer in anarchy—in the traditional state of nature. Nor, of course, is it in the civil state. It is not even quite in between the two but, rather, is in a new state altogether—the deterred state—which has been brought into being by the all-pervasive, deeply rooted, man-made reality of a nuclear-capable world. It was, I believe, an unacknowledged change of this kind that Einstein was referring to when he made his famous remark "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking, and thus we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe." But if our world, because of the invention of nuclear weapons, has already departed from the traditional state of nature, then the possibility seems to open up that our choices may not be restricted to the either-or one between nuclear-armed anarchy and world government. New and more promising alternatives may be available. I believe that they are. In particular, I believe that within the framework of deterrence itself it may be possible to abolish nuclear weapons. But to understand how this might be so we need to examine deterrence more deeply—its mechanisms, its scientific and technical foundations, and its political goals.

A SIMPLE analogy may help to clarify the full novelty of the deterred state. Let us suppose that one day my neighbor comes into my house and starts to carry off my furniture. If he and I live in the civil state, I will call the police, and some organ of government will eventually decide what is to be done. If he and I live in a state of nature, there are no police or organs of government, and it is for me alone to try to stop him—by persuasion, if possible, or, if that fails, by force. Force is my last resort, the final arbiter of my dispute with my neighbor, and what then ultimately decides our dispute is whether it is he or I who lies dead on the ground. It's worth noting, though, that there is nothing inherently violent in the fact of a dispute. My neighbor may have quietly carried off my furniture while I was out. It is as a solution to the dispute that violence—or some alternative—enters the picture. In the civil state, my dispute with my neighbor is arbitrated by government, and in the state of nature it is arbitrated by the fight between him and me (if it comes to that). But when one turns to deterrence one finds that neither of these things is happening. Deterrence arbitrates nothing. Underlying the traditional belief that my neighbor and I must resolve our dispute either by violence or by government was the unstated assumption that the dispute must *be* resolved. Deterrence, however, discovers another possibility—that disputes can be suspended, can be kept in abeyance, without any resolution. It uses terror to prevent disputes from ever coming into being. Under deterrence, I neither call the police nor shoot my neighbor—or even lay hands on him—because he doesn't enter my house to begin with. For under deterrence I have, in anticipation of my neighbor's depredations, filled my house with explosives, wired them to go off the moment any unauthorized person crosses my threshold, and (an essential step) informed my neighbor of what I have done—hoping, of course, that he will then have the good sense to give up any plans he might have for stealing my furniture. Deterrence intervenes at a point in the action quite different from that at which either force or an organ of government intervenes. Force or an organ of government steps in after the dispute has arisen and has reached an impasse, to settle it, whereas deterrence steps in

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before anyone has made a move, to keep the dispute from taking place.

The mechanism of deterrence is as different from the mechanism of war as its end result is from the end result of war. Deterrence is essentially psychological in its action. It uses terror to produce a mental result—the decision not to act. In the international sphere, its aim is to make government leaders *reflect* before they engage in aggression. When its action is effective, no one lies dead on the ground (although if it fails all do). It relies for its success not on the corpse of the fallen soldier but on the prudence of the live, thinking statesman. War, by contrast, while it has its psychological elements, including an element of deterrence, is in essence physical in its action: it blasts the opponent out of the way, as though he were a thing rather than a person, and his soon to be darkened psyche is of purely secondary interest.

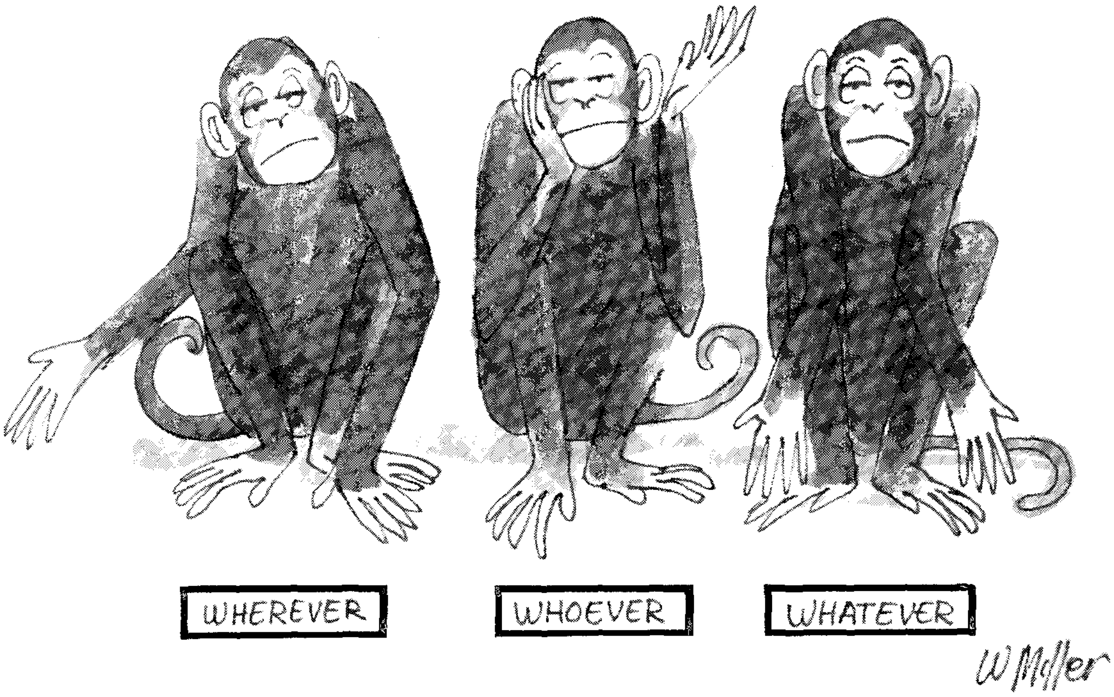
In making deterrence possible, nuclear weapons have thus offered a new answer to the question (which lies at the heart of the nuclear predicament) of how disputes among nations are to be handled—an answer in which the disputes, instead of being arbitrated either by government or by war (or by anything else, for that matter), are kept out of "court" altogether. Because both government and war were ways of settling disputes, the civil state and the state of nature were both states of change. The deterred state, by contrast, is a stalemate. In the sphere of international politics, all is held stationary, in a sort of global-political version of "the freeze"—a version in which it is not arms that are frozen in place but national boundaries—and change is relegated to other spheres, such as the economic, the cultural, and the spiritual, and to domestic turmoil, including revolution. (Revolutionary war escapes incapacitation by nuclear weapons because the enemies—often belonging to the same families—are too closely intertwined to be able to kill one another by such indiscriminate means. Furthermore, while people have shown themselves willing to consider precipitating the annihilation of their own countries by antagonizing another nuclear power they have yet to show themselves willing to threaten their own countries with nuclear weapons.)

WHATEVER may be the advantages or disadvantages of the state of deterrence, its foundations are solid. They are deeply lodged in the nature of things. They lie, in the last analysis, in the structure of matter, which we are powerless to return to its former, Newtonian state—a feat that would require us to forget twentieth-century physics. We are used to thinking of deterrence as a policy, but before it is a policy it is a simple fact of life for nuclear-armed nations. Hand two nations the wherewithal to dip their buckets into the bottomless pools of energy that lie in the heart of matter and a state of deterrence springs up between them, whatever their policies may be. For their leaders, if they are rational, will grasp without the help of theory that if they drop nuclear bombs on their nuclear-armed foe, the foe may drop nuclear bombs on them in return. In the last analysis, victory is ruled out in the nuclear world because the adversaries are matched not against reserves of power that belong in any basic way to either of them individually but against the unlimited, universal power of nuclear energy, which is now more or less available to all. And what human power can hope to defeat the universe? The role of deterrence *policy* is to acknowledge, codify, and shore up this situation, and then seek certain advantages from it.

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that the deterred state has been added to the two traditional ones, as though we were now free to choose among three states. Rather, the foundations of the traditional state of nature have themselves been altered, so that now we must distinguish between two states of nature—the pre-nuclear one and the nuclear one. The idea of an alteration in nature comes as something of a shock to us, as the very word "nature" suggests that it might. The word suggests the *given*—all that exists, has always existed, and always will exist, independent of human power to alter it. It was not in this realm that we expected alteration. We looked for alteration, on the whole, in the civil state, where our efforts and our will were supposed to make a difference. Whatever else might change, "anarchy" appeared to be a constant—stable, if you will. But we failed to reckon with modern physics (one of the "natural" sciences), which proved capable of transforming nature. Anarchy rested on a shaky base. When the atom was cracked open and its vast energy was spilled into our human world, anarchy's underpinnings were washed away. Thanks to physics, the supposedly changeless physical world was unexpectedly changed, and nations were simply obliged to adjust as best they could. (One of the ironies of our situation is that the natural world has proved to be more changeable than the supposedly flexible political world.)

Of course, the phrase "altering nature" is not literally accurate. In literal fact, nature remains just as it was before we pried into its secrets (as far as we know, neither the detonation of a few tens of thousands of nuclear weapons on our planet nor our disappearance as a species would have the slightest effect on any of the hundred billion or so galaxies in the universe), and what we really mean by the expression is that the physical world in which human beings live and conduct their affairs has been altered. We are not the inventors but only the discoverers of the energy in matter. The universe has always been built this way, and human beings, belonging to a rational and inquiring species, were bound to discover the fact. And then we were bound to try to figure out—as we are now doing—how to survive in such a universe. Nothing now seems more "unnatural" to us than the nuclear peril, and yet in reality nothing is more "natural," inasmuch as the peril is rooted in the basic structure of nature itself.

Whether or not one subscribes to the policy of nuclear deterrence—the threat to strike back with nuclear weapons if one's country is attacked with them or if it starts to lose a conventional war—one has to recognize as an objective fact, that the equations of war and peace have had to be rewritten in our nuclear world, and that in those rewritten equations war comes out a suicidal proposition. Not only has war been taken away from us by physics—been "spoiled"—but we can't get it back. Some have tried. Among them are the devotees of "nuclear-war-fighting," who believe that it is possible to fight and survive, and even prevail in, a nuclear war, and who are now in the ascendancy in Washington. But their efforts inevitably founder in the boundless destruction of the more than a million Hiroshimas that are waiting to happen in the world's fifty thousand-odd nuclear weapons. What these strategists can never explain is how anyone can "prevail" in a "war" after which no one would be left. Their "victories," or restorations of the peace "on terms favorable to the United States," are apparently of an extra-human sort—"victories" in which, after all the people have been killed, our bombs triumph over the other side's bombs. And the strategists' sometimes intricate and ingenious scenarios of nuclear-war-fighting are testimony only to the ability of the human mind, transported by pure abstract theory, to take leave of reality altogether.



In short, under deterrence the passage to a world in which the use of force is given up as the means of settling international differences *has already begun*. In a way, it has been accomplished. In the first days of the nuclear age, it seemed to some "idealists" that the task facing mankind was to abolish war, but "realists" replied that this was impossible—at least, in the short run—because it required the establishment of world government; instead, they proposed the policy of deterrence. However, when one looks at deterrence closely it turns out that war has not been preserved by it. Isn't this what the political scientist Bernard Brodie was getting at when he said, in 1946, in "The Absolute Weapon," that in the nuclear world the only purpose of military preparations was to avert wars, not to win them? And isn't this what countless statesmen of our time have been telling us in saying that the purpose of their nuclear policies is only to prevent the use of nuclear and other weapons? The statement "War has been spoiled," which stands in such sharp contrast to Mandelbaum's "War is still possible," thus refers not to an idealistic aspiration but to a fait accompli. We cannot abolish war, because nuclear weapons have already done the job for us. What we can and must abolish is mutual assured destruction and the possibility of human extinction, the threat of which we now trade on to keep the peace. Our ambivalence toward this threat, which we try simultaneously to renounce and to exploit for our political ends, defines our new predicament. Just by thinking a little harder, and by looking a little bit more closely at both theory and practice in our nuclear world, we seemingly have already accomplished this "impossible" thing of abolishing war (among nuclear powers, anyway). This is not a mere phrase but a bedrock reality of our time, on which we may rely as we seek elements with which to build the edifice of our future safety. All the debates, carried over from the pre-nuclear age, about whether or not war is moral, and whether or not world government might be preferable, are no doubt extremely interesting, but they are anachronistic, for the world to which they have reference has gone out of existence.

Nuclear weapons, we see, have knocked the sword of war from our hands. Now it is up to us to decide what we will pick up in its place. The question before us shifts from how to abolish war to how to get along in a world from which war has been abolished. And we can start by seeing the first alternative that we have hit on—deterrence—in a new light: not as a continuation of international "anarchy," in which "war is still possible," but as *one* possible system for getting along in a world without war. Without quite recognizing it, we have taken the first steps toward global agreement. It is true that force, while it is no longer the final arbiter, or any sort of arbiter, still plays the central role, as it did in the pre-nuclear state of nature, for a by-product of force, terror, is what holds everybody immobile. Yet it is also true that, as in the civil state, each individual's force, in a kind of tacit agreement, is supposed never to be used. And, as in the civil state, the whole system depends on the recognition by each individual actor of a common interest—survival—that must take precedence over individual interests. Since everybody knows and acknowledges that the use of force by any party may push everybody toward a common doom, all make efforts together to insure that the "first use" never occurs—although at the same time each side, paradoxically, must constantly bristle with resolve to use force to repel any aggression, should it somehow occur. Moreover, right at the heart of deterrence there is an element of coöperation and consent—a crucial ingredient of every civil state, no matter how oppressive. This is the "psychological" element in deterrence, on which all else depends. For while it is true that sheer terror is the operative force in deterrence it is also true that the statesman on whom it operates must give his consent if it is to work. To be sure, his freedom of action is no greater than that of someone who is being told to do something at gunpoint; nevertheless, he remains a free

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If you sit at a desk all day...

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> "It's this damned belly that gives a man his worst troubles . . ."
> —Homer, *The Odyssey,* XV, 344 (W. H. D. Rouse translation)

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Some years ago, we published a report on pot-belly and double-chin, containing the soundest information then available. Since, there have been significant new insights into those problems — and into right ways and wrong ways of combatting them. And we bring you this updated report you'll find helpful if you already have — or are concerned you may be heading for — either pot-belly or double-chin or both. Some helpful information here, too, on simple exercise-easing of neck pain and many tension headaches.*

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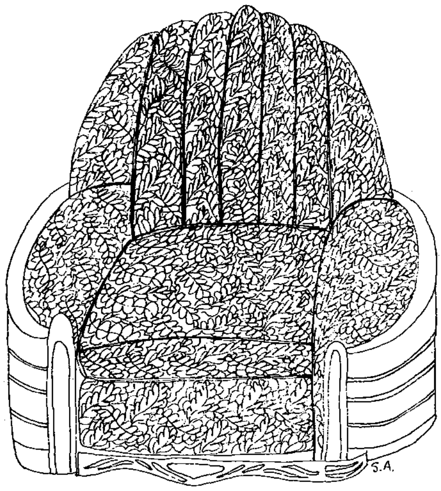
agent in extremely important ways. His state of mind—his self-interest, his sanity, his prudence, his self-control, his clear-sightedness—is the real foundation of his country's and everyone else's survival. In short, he must *decide* that the world he lives in is not one in which aggression pays off. In all these respects, a deterred world is not a state of anarchy awaiting the imposition of a world order but, rather, already a sort of world order, albeit one that is in many ways contradictory and absurd.

In a deep sense, unless the species does destroy itself our world will remain a deterred world. By this I do not mean that we shall forever maintain nuclear weapons and threaten one another with mutual assured destruction. I mean that whether we possess nuclear weapons or abolish them the terror they inspire will dominate our affairs and dictate the character of our political decisions. Even if mankind were now to enter formally into the civil state, and found a world government to replace war, deterrence would, in a way, still be in effect. In the pre-nuclear world, entry into the civil state would have been a free act, arising out of an abundant faith in humanity and confidence in its betterment. For us, however, who live surrounded by doom, like people in a town at the foot of a rumbling volcano (it is our peculiar distinction not to have built our town next to Vesuvius but to have built Vesuvius next to our town), entry into the civil state would be a compelled act: a measure taken not so much to better life as only to hold on to it—not to bring heaven to earth but only to preserve the earth. Being inspired by terror, entry into the civil state would be a variant of the balance of terror under deterrence—a variant in which nations, instead of deterring each other from starting a nuclear holocaust, would all join together to deter the species as a whole from extinguishing itself. While the shift from multiplicity to unity would require a global political revolution—it would be some equivalent of what Einstein, in 1945, called for in his public statements—even that revolution would not suspend the underlying transformation of human existence which was brought about by the development of nuclear weapons. We can never recover war. We will always be at risk, somewhere down the road, of extinguishing ourselves. We will always live in a state of deterrence. These changes mark a transformation of our world. And it is this transformed world, not the vanished, pre-nuclear one, that is our true starting point as we face the nuclear peril.

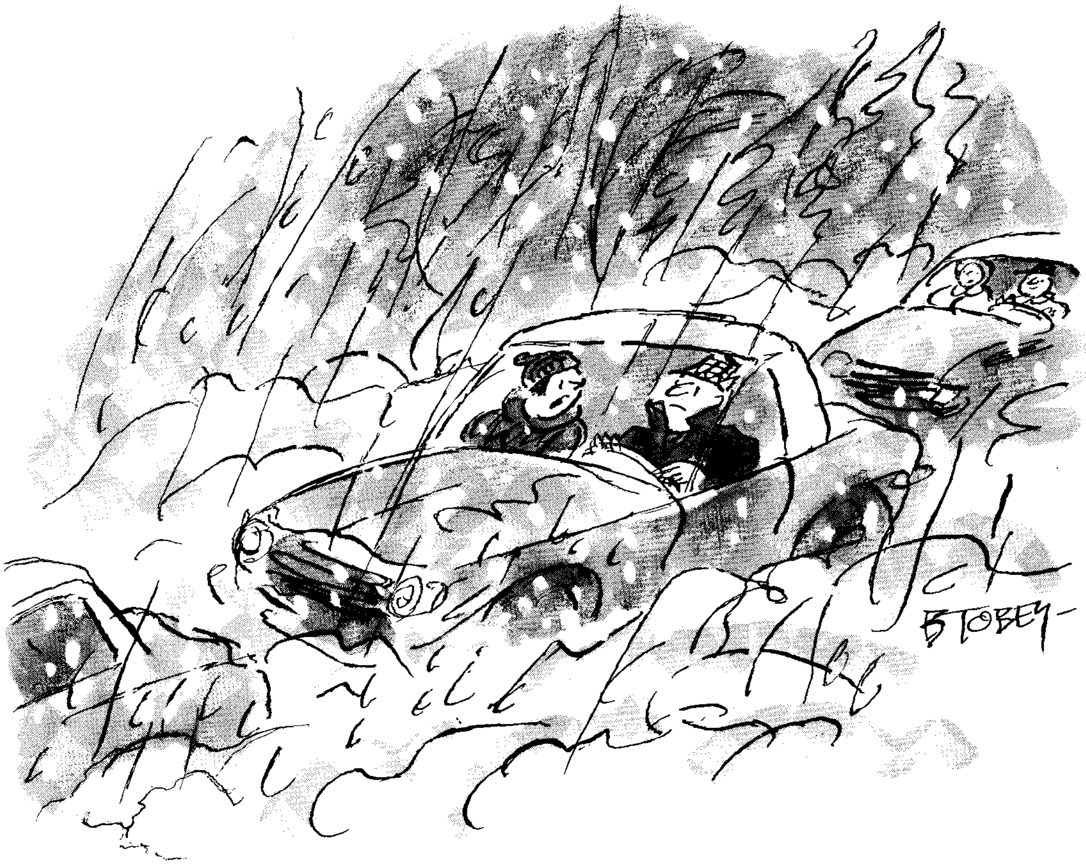
THE great aim—the supreme good—that we seek through deterrence is "stability." However, this aim, to which we often refer as though it were single and indivisible, actually comprises two separate and conflicting aims. The first is to preserve the political stalemate—to freeze the status quo. The status quo in question is the one that was more or less fixed in place (at least in the central theatres of superpower rivalry, where the influence of nuclear weapons made itself felt most keenly) in the years immediately following the Second World War. What recommended this status quo as the one in which to freeze the world was not the virtue of its particular arrangements—in fact, terrible injustices, including Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, were institutionalized by it—but only the fact that it *was* the status quo when the nuclear age began, and was thus the logical starting place for a system whose essence was going to be that no changes through military action were permitted. In a broader sense, however, the status quo was the system of independent states, which had existed throughout history but whose continued existence was called into question by the nuclear peril. The second aim is to avert a nuclear holocaust, which the great powers hope to head off by the paradoxical, jujitsulike means of threatening one another (if only in retaliation) with that same holocaust. In other words, the policy seeks to give satisfactory resolutions of the two great issues that were raised by the development of nuclear weapons—*how* man should live (in nation-states or in some other way; under capitalism, Communism, or something else; and so on) and *whether* he would live.



The principle that binds these two aims of deterrent policy together, and whose observance would make them obtainable simultaneously, is the principle of nonaggression. This principle embodies no millennial dreams, yet its realization has been much sought (through the League of Nations and the United Nations, among other organizations), and rarely achieved. Nuclear weapons lend tremendous support to the principle of nonaggression. Traditionally, victory—the light at the end of the tunnel of war—has been the great incentive for aggression; but nuclear weapons have killed this hope in the breasts of all realistic government leaders and have thus robbed aggression of its point. Confusingly—and regrettably—they have robbed defense of *its* point, too, since in a nuclear "war" the defender is as thoroughly annihilated as the aggressor. For both parties, the tunnel of war now leads only to eternal darkness. The development of nuclear weapons has therefore, at least in theory, laid the foundation for a world at peace. And, in fact, ever since the balance of terror was established the great powers have enjoyed the stability promised by deterrence. They have never used military force against one another, although the air has been filled with threats (which are of the essence of deterrence), and although they have felt free to use their forces against non-nuclear powers. No one has liked this stalemate very much, yet people have made do with it. It is "acceptable": we have accepted it.

No one knows what any of the statesmen of our day would really do if, in the moment of truth, they were forced to choose between the two goals of deterrence policy, and either suffer military defeat or launch a nuclear holocaust. But there can be no doubt about which course the doctrine of deterrence specifies: it specifies the holocaust. If it doesn't specify the holocaust, then it isn't deterrence but something else. In that sense, deterrence gives a clear priority to national defense over human survival (although government leaders, of course, hope never to have to make the choice). If this weren't so, the resolution of the nuclear predicament would be easy. We could simply "ban the bomb," and let political matters sort themselves out however they might. If human survival had been the world's overriding goal from the time the nuclear threat first presented itself, and *not* to use nuclear weapons had really been the dominant consideration in nuclear policy—that is, if people had been ready to risk or sacrifice their particular ways of life for the sake of life itself (not their individual lives but the survival of the species)—then they would have at least seriously considered either disarming unilaterally or establishing world government, or doing both. Sometimes it is suggested that unilateral disarmament might itself lead to the use of nuclear weapons, because by creating a military imbalance it would invite the very aggression that the disarmers were hoping to head off. This argument, however, holds true only for halfhearted, faltering unilateral disarmament, which would be reversed as soon as an enemy attack materialized. Thoroughgoing, resolute disarmament would not lead to any use of nuclear arms, because the enemy could get what it wanted from the now militarily undefended country simply by walking into it. What unilateral disarmament might really lead to is not a nuclear holocaust but military defeat and foreign occupation. If by "stability" we meant only the absence of war, then unilateral disarmament would be a matchless way of achieving it. Defeat could be entirely "stable." In the present context, however, the point is not to advocate or oppose either unilateral disarmament or world government but only to make it clear that the rejection of both by just about everybody in favor of a policy of deterrence shows that the principal goal of deterrence is to preserve national sovereignty and everything that goes with sovereignty. At the very heart of the riddle of deterrence sits sovereignty, whose preservation the policy achieves by subjecting mankind to the risk of extinction. Whatever final judgment one might make on this bargain—and it is extreme dissatisfaction with it that has fuelled the new peace movement—the arguments in its favor are substantial enough not to require obfuscation by the misleading claim that we possess nuclear arms chiefly in order to avoid using them. National sovereignty *in itself*—the full political control by local people of their own territories—is, most people would agree, highly desirable. Certainly most people treasure the independence of their own countries. And probably very few even of those whose countries are not defended by nuclear arsenals would like to see either the establishment of a world government or the collapse of the balance of terror through unilateral disarmament. Furthermore, liberty in the world at large may depend on the political survival of a certain number of countries, including, above all, the democracies of the West. The strongest and most honest argument in favor of the possession of nuclear weapons, then—for those who believe in liberty—is that upholding liberty is worth the risk of extinction. (For the Soviet government, of course, the justification would be that socialism is upheld.) The argument is strengthened if one maintains—as the Catholic bishops, in their pastoral letter, and Brodie do but "Living with Nuclear Weapons," the treatise written at Harvard in 1982, does not—that deterrence is a temporary, emergency arrangement, soon to be replaced by some better system, in which we no longer secure our safety by threatening our doom.

Nevertheless, it remains true that, within the limits imposed by the fundamental decision to defend national sovereignty with nuclear arsenals, the mutual-assured-destruction strategists do, as an additional goal, seek to deploy the weapons in such a way as to reduce to a minimum the chance of a holocaust. They do their best to see to it that the threat of annihilation by which sovereignty is preserved also prevents the execution of the threat. Above all, they seek to adopt strategic policies that add to stability—by, for example, building retaliatory rather than first-strike weapons, forgoing attempts at civil defense, establishing hot lines and the like with the adversary, and, of course, entering into arms-control agreements. (It is regarding these measures, which assume the existence of nuclear arsenals, that the sometimes arcane disputes between the advocates of mutual assured destruc-



"Will you stop telling me how 'The Farmer's Almanac' always hits it right on the button!"

• •

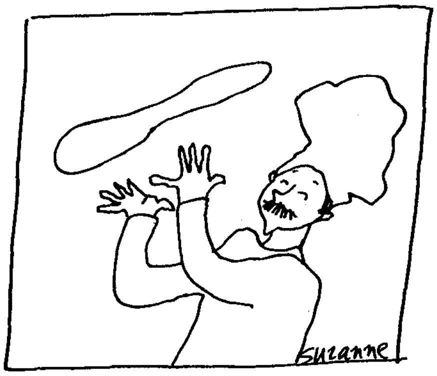
tion and the advocates of nuclear-war-fighting take place, with the mutual-assured-destruction school, on the whole, favoring measures that will stop the holocaust from ever occurring in the first place and the nuclear-war-fighting school favoring measures that would supposedly enable the United States to get some advantage over the Soviet Union if a holocaust did occur.)

SUCH *are the means and ends of the* doctrine of deterrence, on which we rely today for the safety of the nuclear world. They present us with a striking disparity. The over-all end—the military stalemate—is modest and conservative. The means, however—two nations' threats to annihilate one another and, perhaps, all mankind—are extreme in a way that gives new meaning to that word. The problem with deterrence is not that it doesn't "work"—it is, I am sure, a very effective (though far from infallible) way of restraining the superpowers from attacking one another, should they be inclined to do so—but that we must *pay an inconceivable price if it fails.* Regarded as a sort of world order, deterrence is a regime in which every crime is punished by the severest possible penalty, as though the ruler of a state had decreed that if just one of the citizens commits a burglary all the citizens must be put to death. This radical disproportion between ends and means invites us to inquire whether we might not be able to achieve our modest ends by less extreme means—a means by which we did not threaten ourselves with doom. This definition of our task is, of course, quite different from the one in which we were invited to found world government in the midst of "anarchy" or else accept a life lived perpetually on the edge of extinction. Now we would be working within deterrence defined in its broadest sense—as the new "state of nature," brought into being by the very peril that we wish to alleviate. This could come about because deterrence offers us elements to work with that were not available in the pre-nuclear age. Two stand out. The first is the stalemate itself, which was made possible only because of the fearsome destructive power of the military invention that backs it up. The second is the unlosable nature of the knowledge that underlies the invention, and prevents us from ever wholly expunging the possibility of nuclear destruction from our affairs.

Our first step would be to accept the political verdict that has been delivered by deterrence, and formalize the stalemate. The achievement of the stalemate was, in the broadest sense, accidental: conceived as a makeshift for coping in the short term with a sudden peril that the world lacked either the imagination or the will (or both) to tackle head-on, it gradually took shape, over a period of decades, through trial and error. Its creation *was the principal work of a generation.* The question for that generation (once world government and full nuclear disarmament were jointly ruled out) was whether, given the presence of nuclear weapons in the world, stability could be achieved. It could be. It was. But now, with the answer to that question in hand, we can start with the stability—the stalemate—and invert the question, asking whether, within the new context of our transformed world, there might not be a better means of preserving that same stability: a means with less extreme risk attached. What for the people of the earlier generation was the end point of *their efforts can for us be the starting* point. For even as we see that deterrence is possible we know, and have felt in our hearts, that the bargain now struck by it is unworthy of human life, because it turns us into potential mass slayers of our species. This lesson, too, is a fruit of our experience in the nuclear age, and it drives us to seek to dismantle the doomsday machine at the earliest possible moment. A deepening awareness of the full meaning of that bargain—frequently and rightly described as "Faustian"—for strategy, for the state of our civilization, and for the state of our souls is what now inspires the world's gathering protest against nuclear arms.

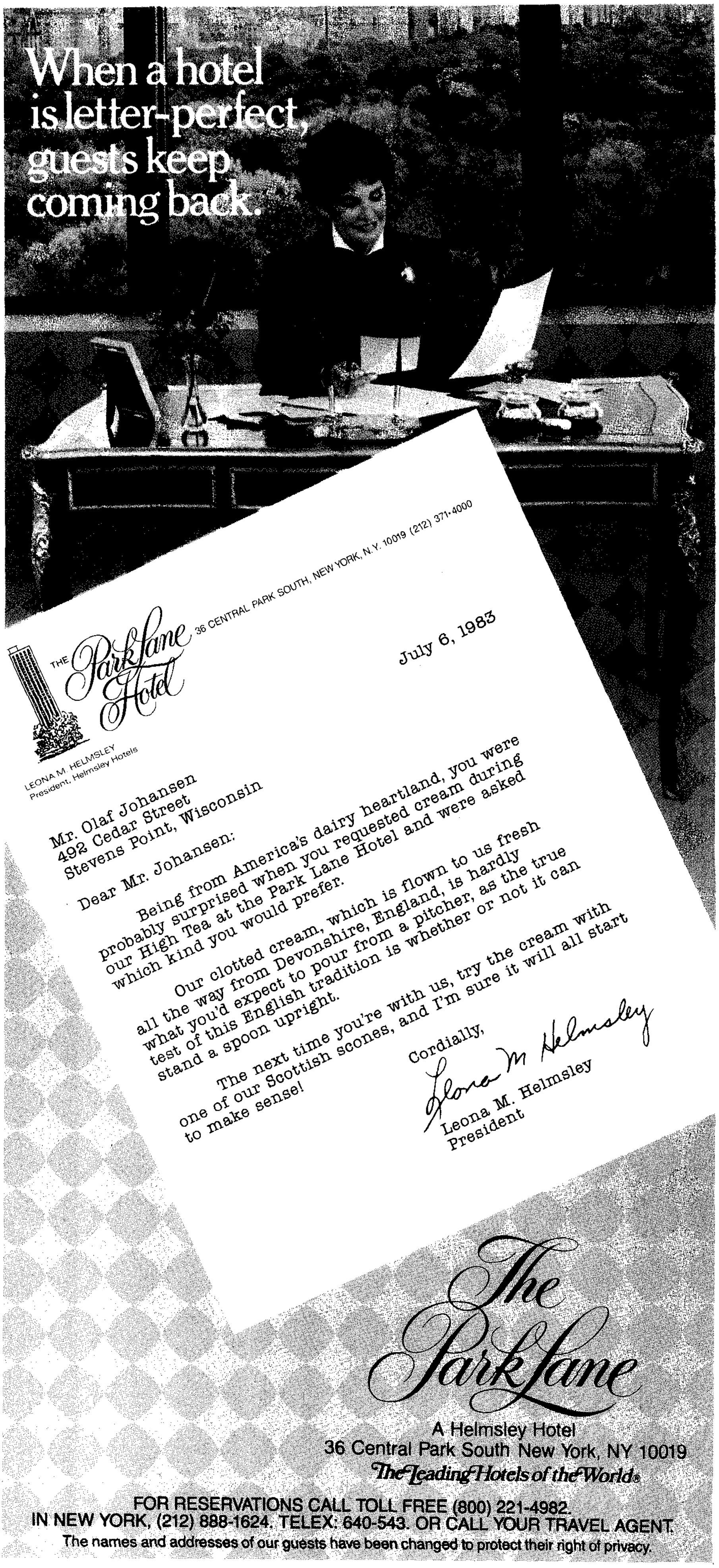
Our method can be to convert into a settlement in principle the settlement of political differences which we have achieved in fact under the pressure of the nuclear threat. We can, in a manner of speaking, adopt our present world, with all its injustices and other imperfections, as our ideal, and then seek the most sensible and moderate means of preserving it. This effort is consistent with the spiritual task that nuclear weapons have put before us, which is at bottom to awaken ourselves to a new appreciation and gratitude for the world that is given to each of us at birth. For the time being, instead of asking ourselves how, in the light of the peril to all life, we must transform all life, we ask what the best way is to keep everything just the same. Not improvement but mere continuation is our dream. This, of course, is a deeply conservative aim, but then the nuclear peril seems to call on us to be conservative, inasmuch as *conserving* ourselves and our world is the challenge that we now face. To many peoples, the idea of freezing the status quo might seem discouraging, especially if for them the status quo includes intervention in their affairs by a great power. The peoples of Eastern Europe are a case in point. They cannot wish to formalize Soviet domination of their *countries.* The *formalization of the* status quo envisioned here, however, would not do that. It would permit those peoples every means to liberate themselves that they now have at their disposal, and would remove only means that they now already lack—Western military intervention in their struggles.

The next question is whether, after formalizing the status quo, we can reduce our reliance on the extreme means by which we now uphold it, and how far a reduction can go. The invaluable lesson of deterrence theory is that in the nuclear age the use of force is self-cancelling. This is the profound truth that the statesmen of our day are struggling to articulate when—expressing, no doubt, their fervent desire, though it is not the actual case—they tell us that they possess nuclear weapons only in order *not* to use them. At first, the simple and almost irresistible implication of that truth for policy seems to be that we can take the whole hateful machinery of force—conventional and nuclear—and clear it out of our lives. The moment we did that, all the paradoxes, contradictions, absurdities, and abominations that we live with under deterrence would evaporate. If the whole doomsday machine is intended only to paralyze itself—to do nothing—why do we need it? Can't we accomplish nothing without threatening suicide? But the very question reveals that after



all—semi-covertly and somewhat shamefacedly—we actually rely on the doomsday machine to serve another end: the preservation of our sovereignty. We still exploit the peril of extinction for our political ends. And we don't know how to wean ourselves from that reliance without taking radical steps, such as unilateral disarmament or world government. But while some of us may be ready for radical steps the world as a whole, it is clear, is not, and demands that we preserve the sovereignty of states, even though it requires a risk to our survival. Given this political reality—which shows no sign of changing soon—it appears that, in one form or another, our reliance on the nuclear threat cannot be broken. Nevertheless, even under these terms we have far more flexibility than we have thought. It is a flexibility that, I believe, extends all the way to the abolition of nuclear arms.

ON the face of it, there appears to be a contradiction between the two goals we have set for ourselves. It appears that we want to keep the stalemate but to abolish the weapons that make it possible. Yet this contradiction exists in present policy—taking the form of our threatening to use the weapons in order *not* to use them. Either way, paradox is our lot. We seek to preserve a stalemated, purely defensive world but must apparently make use of—or at least make provision for—purely offensive weapons to do it. Indeed, one way of looking at the nuclear predicament is to see it as the final outcome of a competition between offense and defense which has been going on throughout the history of war, in a sort of war within war. The invention of nuclear weapons gave the victory once and for all, it appears, to the offensive side. Although the unpredictability of science prevents a truly definitive judgment, the chances that the defense will ever catch up look vanishingly dim. The entire history of warfare supports this conclusion: although the balance between offense and defense has swung back and forth, the general trend has been unvaryingly toward the increasing destructiveness of offensive war. It is this rising general destructiveness, and not the recent success of one particular offensive weapon in eluding destruction by a defensive counterpart, that has now culminated in the whole planet's being placed in mortal peril. The ultimate vulnerability of human beings is the result of the frailty of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July 6, 1983

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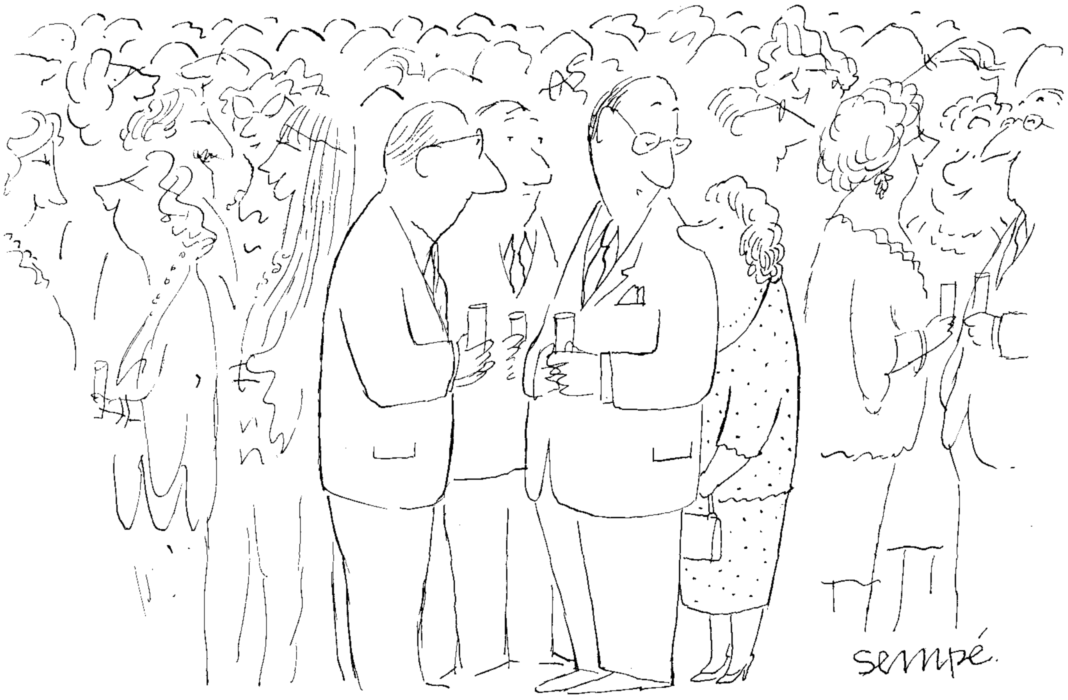
nature itself, on which we depend utterly for life; as is now clearer to us than ever before, nature cannot stand up to much nuclear destruction. Given this flood tide of offensive power, which was rising steadily even before nuclear weapons were developed, and has continued since their development (in the fields of chemical and biological warfare, for example), the hopes for defense are not so much slight as beside the point. Most of these hopes rest on weapons that counter not the effects of nuclear weapons but, rather, the nuclear weapons' delivery vehicles. Yet a delivery vehicle is simply anything that gets from point A to point B on the face of the earth. A horse and cart is a delivery vehicle. An army battling its way into enemy territory is a delivery vehicle. A man with a suitcase is a delivery vehicle. There seems little chance that all existing vehicles —not to mention all the vehicles that science will dream up in the future— can be decisively countered. And it is even more unlikely that the devices designed to attack all the delivery vehicles would remain invulnerable to devices that scientists would soon be inventing to attack *them*. The superiority of the offense in a world of uninhibited production of nuclear weapons and their delivery vehicles therefore appears to be something that will last for the indefinite future.

The contradiction between the end we seek and the means of attaining it becomes even clearer when we try to imagine the situation we would have if in 1945 the scientists, instead of handing us the ultimate offensive weapon, had emerged from their laboratory with an ultimate defensive weapon— perhaps one of those impenetrable bubbles with which science-fiction writers like to surround cities. Then a thoroughgoing, consistent defensive world would be possible. Aggressively inclined nations might hurl their most lethal weapons at their neighbors, but the weapons would all bounce off harmlessly, and no one would be hurt. Peoples would then live safely within their own borders, suffering only the torments that they managed to invent for themselves. Under our present circumstances, by contrast, we have not perfect defense but perfect vulnerability.

It was in addressing this contradiction that the strategists came up with the doctrine of deterrence in the first place. Their chief discovery was that the threat of retaliation could substitute for the missing defenses. But



"Why don't you go talk to some other people a little bit?"

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while defense and deterrence have the same ends the way they work is nearly opposite. In a defensive system, you rely on your military forces actually to throw the enemy forces back: the swung sword falls on the raised shield without inflicting damage; the advancing foot soldier falls into the moat; the warhead is pulverized by the laser beam. But in a system of deterrence you have given up all hope of throwing the enemy back, and are hoping instead, by threatening a retaliatory attack that *he* cannot throw back, to dissuade him from attacking at all. Deterrence thus rests on the fear of a double offense, in which everyone would destroy everyone else and no one would be defended. The crucial element in deterrence is the foreknowledge by the potential aggressor that if he starts anything this is how it will end. Offensive means are made to serve defensive ends. But in the process the continuation of our species is put in jeopardy.

Inasmuch as the goal we have chosen is to shore up a stalemated, defensive world, one way of defining our task would be to ask whether, having agreed to live with the status quo, we might by further agreement accomplish what we are unable to accomplish through technical efforts; namely, to snatch the victory away from offensive arms and hand it, at least provisionally, back to defensive ones. The question is whether as political and diplomatic actors we could rush into the fray on the side of the defense and turn the tables. I think that, within certain all-important limits, we can. The key is to enter into an agreement abolishing nuclear arms. Nations would first agree, in effect, to drop their swords from their hands and lift their shields toward one another instead. They would agree to have not world government, in which all nations are fused into one nation, but its exact opposite—a multiplicity of inviolate nations pledged to leave each other alone. For nations that now possess nuclear weapons, the agreement would be a true abolition agreement. For those that do not now possess them, it would be a strengthened nonproliferation agreement. (A hundred and nineteen nations have already signed the nonproliferation treaty of 1968.) Obviously, an agreement among the superpowers on both the nature of the status quo and the precise terms of abolition would be the most difficult part of the negotiation. The agreement would be enforced not by any world police force or other organ of a global state but by each nation's knowledge that a breakdown of the agreement would be to no one's advantage, and would only push all nations back down the path to doom. In the widest sense, the agreement would represent the institutionalization of this knowledge. But if nuclear weapons are to be abolished by agreement, one might ask, why not go all the way? Why not abolish conventional weapons and defensive weapons as well? The answer, of course, is that even in the face of the threat of annihilation nations have as yet shown no willingness to surrender their sovereignty, and conventional arms would be one support for its preservation. While the abolition of nuclear arms would increase the margin of mankind's safety against nuclear destruction and the peril of extinction, the retention of conventional arms would permit the world to hold on to the system of nation-states. Therefore, a second provision of the agreement would stipulate that the size of conventional forces be limited and balanced. In keeping with the defensive aim of the agreement as a whole, these forces would, to whatever extent this was technically possible, be deployed and armed in a defensive mode. There is also another reason for retaining defenses. One of the most commonly cited and most substantial reasons for rejecting the abolition of nuclear arms, even if the nuclear powers should develop the will to abolish them, is that the verification of a nuclear-abolition agreement could never be adequate. And, as far as I know, it is true that no one has ever devised a system of verification that could, even theoretically, preclude significant cheating. Like defense, it seems, inspection is almost inherently imperfect. When arsenals are large, the argument runs, a certain amount of cheating on arms-control agreements is unimportant, because the number of concealed weapons is likely to be small in relation to the size of the arsenals as a whole. But as the size of the arsenals shrinks, it is said, the importance of cheating grows, and finally the point is reached at which the hidden arsenals tip the strategic balance in favor of the cheater. According to this argument, the point of maximum—indeed, total—imbalance is reached when, after an abolition agreement has been signed, one side cheats while the other does not. Then the cheater, it is said, has an insuperable advantage, and holds its innocent and trusting co-signer at its mercy. But if anti-nuclear defenses are retained the advantage in cheating is sharply reduced, or actually eliminated. Arrayed against today's gigantic nuclear forces, defenses are helpless. Worse, one side's defenses serve as a goad to further offensive production by the other side, which doesn't want the offensive capacity it has decided on to be weakened. But if defenses were arrayed against the kind of force that could be put together in violation of an abolition agreement they could be crucial. On the one side would be a sharply restricted, untested, and clandestinely produced and maintained offensive force, while on the other side would be a large, fully tested, openly deployed, and technically advanced defensive force. Such a force might not completely nullify the danger of cheating (there is always the man with a suitcase), but no one can doubt that it would drastically reduce it. At the very least, it would throw the plans of an aggressor into a condition of total uncertainty. Moreover, as the years passed after the signing of the agreement the superiority of the defense would be likely to increase, because defensive weapons would continue to be openly developed, tested, and deployed, while offensive weapons could not be. Therefore—probably as a separate, third provision of the agreement—anti-nuclear defensive forces would be permitted.

President Reagan recently offered a vision of a world protected from nuclear destruction by defensive weapons, many of which would be based in space. The United States, he said, should develop these weapons and then share them with the Soviet Union. With both countries protected from nuclear attack, he went on, both would be able to scrap their now useless nuclear arsenals and achieve full nuclear disarmament. Only the order of events in his proposal was wrong. If we seek first to defend ourselves, and not to abolish nuclear weapons until after we have made that effort, we will never abolish them, because of the underlying, technically irreversible superiority of the offensive in the nuclear world. But if we abolish nuclear weapons first and then build the defenses, as a hedge against cheating, we can succeed. Abolition prepares the way for defense.

However, none of these defensive arrangements would offer much protection if the agreement failed to accompany them with one more provision. The worst case—which must be taken into account if nations are to have confidence in the military preparations for thwarting aggressors—is not mere cheating but blatant, open violation of the agreement by a powerful and ruthless nation that is determined to intimidate or subjugate other nations, or the whole world, by suddenly and swiftly building up, and perhaps actually using, an overwhelming nuclear arsenal. This possibility creates the all-important limits mentioned earlier. As soon as it happened, the underlying military superiority of the offensive in the nuclear world would again hold sway, and the conventional and anti-nuclear defenses permitted under the abolition agreement would become useless. (Just how soon in this buildup the offensive weapons would eclipse the defensive ones would depend on the effectiveness of the defenses that had been built up.) The only significant military response to this threat would be a response in kind: a similar nuclear buildup by the threatened nations, returning the world to something like the balance of terror as we know it today. But in order to achieve that buildup the threatened nations would probably have to have already in existence considerable preparations for the manufacture of nuclear arms. Therefore, a fourth provision of the abolition agreement would permit nations to hold themselves in a particular, defined state of readiness for nuclear rearmament. This provision would, in fact, be the very core of the military side of the agreement. It would be the definition, in technical terms, of what "abolition" was to be. And it would be the final guarantor of the safety of nations against attack. However, this guarantor would not defend. It would deter. The most important element in this readiness would simply be the knowledge of how to make the weapons—knowledge that nations are powerless to get rid of even if they want to. This unlosable knowledge is, as we have seen, the root fact of life in the nuclear world, from which the entire predicament proceeds. But, just as the potential for nuclear aggression flows from the knowledge, menacing the stability of the agreement, so does the potential for retaliation, restoring the stability

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of the agreement. Its persistence is the reason that deterrence doesn't dissolve when the weapons are abolished. In other words, in the nuclear world the threat to use force is as self-cancelling at zero nuclear weapons as it is at fifty thousand nuclear weapons. Thus, both in its political ends—preservation of a stalemate—and in its means—using the threat of nuclear destruction itself to prevent the use of nuclear weapons—the abolition agreement would represent an extension of the doctrine of deterrence: an extension in which the most terrifying features of the doctrine would be greatly mitigated, although not finally removed.

The agreed-upon preparations would be based on the knowledge. In all likelihood, they would consist both of inspectable controls on nuclear reactors and on other facilities producing weapons-grade materials and of rules regarding the construction of delivery vehicles. One question that the policymakers would put to the scientists would be what precise level of technical arrangements would permit some particular, defined level of armament to be achieved in a fixed lead time to nuclear rearmament—say, six weeks. Possible lead times would be defined in such terms as the following: an eight-week lead time to the production of two hundred warheads mounted on cruise missiles, or a six-week lead time to a hundred warheads mounted in military aircraft. The lead time would have to be short enough so that the would-be aggressor, seeking to make use of the interval as a head start, would not be able to establish a decisive lead. "Decisive" in this, or any, nuclear context refers to the ability to destroy the victim's retaliatory capacity in a preëmptive first strike. Preëmption is the spectre that haunts the deterrence strategists, for if one side can destroy the retaliatory capacity of the other side in a preëmptive strike, then deterrence dissolves. This is the point at which victory looms up again as a possibility, and force stops being self-cancelling. (At least, it does in the short run. It's much more difficult to see how a nuclear aggressor could escape retaliation over a longer run.) So it is today, and so it would be in a world of zero nuclear weapons. The task for strategy in a nuclear-weapon-free world would be to design a capacity for nuclear rearmament which could not be destroyed in a first strike by a nation that took the lead in rearmament by abrogating the abolition agreement, secretly or openly. Retaliatory capacity would have to be able to keep pace with aggressive capacity—to the extent that a disarming first strike would be excluded. If that requirement was satisfied, possession in a nuclear-weapon-free world of the capacity for rebuilding nuclear weapons would deter nations from rebuilding them and then using them, just as in our present, nuclear-armed world possession of the weapons themselves deters nations from using them. Today, missile deters missile, bomber deters bomber, submarine deters submarine. Under what we might call weaponless deterrence, factory would deter factory, blueprint would deter blueprint, equation would deter equation. In today's world, when the strategists assess one another's arsenals they see that every possible escalation in attack can be matched by an escalation on the other side, until the arsenals of both sides are depleted and both nations are annihilated. So the two sides are deterred from attacking one another. With weaponless deterrence in effect, the strategists would see that any possible escalation in rearmament by one side could be matched by an escalation on the other side, until both were again fully armed and ready to embark on mutual assured destruction. So they would be deterred from rearming.

It has often been said that the impossibility of uninventing nuclear weapons makes their abolition impossible. But under the agreement described here the opposite would be the case. The knowledge of how to rebuild the weapons is just the thing that would make abolition *possible,* because it would keep deterrence in force. Indeed, the everlastingness of the knowledge is the key to the abolition of nuclear arms within the framework of deterrence. Once we accept the fact that the acquisition of the knowledge was the essential preparation for nuclear armament, and that it can never be reversed, we can see that every state of disarmament is also a state of armament. And, being a state of armament, it has deterrent value. In pointing out the deterrent value of preparations for nuclear rearmament, and even of the mere knowledge of how to rebuild the weapons, we make the reply to the present opponents of abolition which Bernard Brodie made

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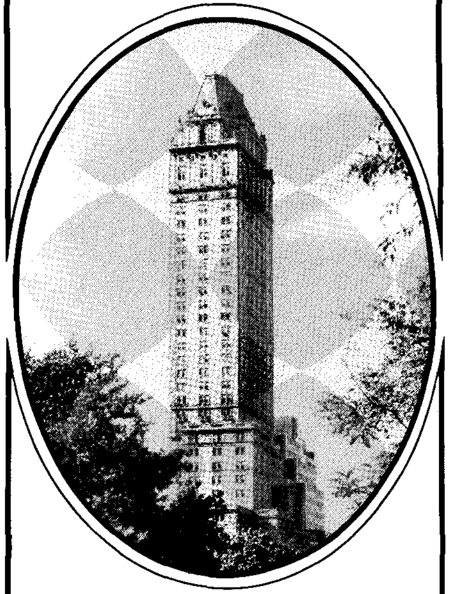

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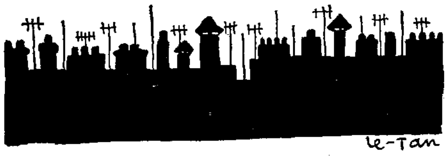
to Robert Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer, rightly observing that nuclear weapons could not be defended against, called them inherently "aggressive" weapons and predicted that they would inevitably be used in lightning-swift aggressive war. In such a world, of course, there would have been no stability whatever. But to this Brodie responded that the would-be aggressor would not be the only one possessing nuclear weapons, and that when the aggressor saw that its foe possessed them—and was ready to retaliate with them—its aggressive fever would be cooled down. Now we are told that aggressors will take advantage of the abolition of nuclear weapons to rebuild and use nuclear weapons, and to this the answer again is that the intended victims will have the same capacities, and these will act as a deterrent, saving the world's stability.

The notion that abolition is impossible because uninvention is impossible appears to stem from a failure to distinguish clearly between these two things. The confusion is exemplified in "Living with Nuclear Weapons," a recently published book by six authors associated with Harvard University, in which, in support of their conclusion that a world without nuclear weapons is "a fictional utopia," the authors write, "The discovery of nuclear weapons, like the discovery of fire itself, lies behind us on the trajectory of history: it cannot be undone. Even if all nuclear arsenals were destroyed, the knowledge of how to reinvent them would remain and could be put to use in any of a dozen or more nations. The atomic fire cannot be extinguished." The authors fear that "the knowledge of how to reinvent" the weapons will upset any abolition agreement. But if one has "the knowledge," there is no need to "reinvent" anything, because one can go ahead and rebuild the weapons right away by using that knowledge. If, on the other hand, reinvention is really required, then one must have somehow lost the knowledge, but this is impossible. Of course, if one speaks of the knowledge of how to rebuild the weapons rather than "the knowledge of how to reinvent" them, the inconsistency disappears; but then one is speaking of rearming after abolition rather than after uninvention. By inadvertently blurring the distinction between the two, the Harvard authors, like many other proponents of deterrence, make abolition appear to be, like uninvention, impossible, and confer upon the world's nuclear arsenals a durability and irremovability that in fact only the knowledge of how to make them possesses. Though uninvention is impossible, abolition is not. Or if it were true that both were impossible it would have to be for completely different reasons—in the case of uninvention because we don't know how to rid the world of basic scientific knowledge, and in the case of abolition because we lack the necessary political will. If the distinction is kept clear, then the hope opens up that the impossibility of uninvention, which is the fundamental fact of life in the nuclear world, makes abolition, which is just one of the conceivable ways of organizing that world, possible. For it was the invention, not the buildup, of nuclear arms that irreversibly placed mankind within reach of its own self-slaughtering hand, ruined war as the final arbiter in global affairs, and set mankind adrift in a new and unfamiliar political world.

The stages of nuclear escalation are often pictured as a ladder reaching from a peaceful but nuclear-armed world up through various levels of nuclear attack and retaliation to the end of the world. Deterrence calls for the ability of each potential adversary to match the others at each rung of the ladder. The levels of nuclear armament, from zero up to a full-scale doomsday machine, can be pictured as lower rungs on that same ladder, and the levels of technical and industrial preparation for the production of nuclear arms as still lower rungs. On this extended ladder, the bottom rung is not zero nuclear weapons but the bare knowledge of how to make them, unaccompanied by any preparations to rebuild them. In actuality, however, this lowest rung can never be reached, because every general level of technical proficiency, whether geared to weapons production or not, is a state of readiness for nuclear armament at one level or another. That is why there can be no such thing as a return to the prenuclear world but only increases in the lead time to nuclear armament and from there to a holocaust. At present, the lead time is virtually the shortest possible: we might say that it is seven minutes—approximately the time that it would take for forward-based strategic missiles on each side to reach targets in the opposing country. If world government, or some equivalent political solution, were in place, the lead time might arguably be centuries, but there would still *be* a lead time, because the knowledge of how to build nuclear weapons would remain in the world. Under the abolition agreement described here, our modest but invaluable achievement would be in increasing this lead time from its present seven minutes to weeks or months.



The technical choice available to us, then, is not whether to possess or to eradicate nuclear weapons but what should be the state of readiness—or, if you want to look at it that way, of unreadiness—for nuclear hostilities in which, by international agreement, we would hold the world. The either-or character of the choice between deterrence with full-scale nuclear arsenals and world government without them no longer has to paralyze the world, for we find that within deterrence itself there are endless gradations, leading all the way down to zero and beyond, as the state of readiness is reduced and diplomatic and political arrangements are improved. Deterrence has more extensive possibilities than we have yet acknowledged. It is our curse—a kind of second fall from grace—that the knowledge of how to extinguish ourselves as a species will never leave us. And it is perhaps only modest compensation that that same knowledge, by ruining war—a lesser but more ancient curse under which our species has labored—has laid the foundations for a world at peace. Nevertheless, to throw this advantage away would be a monumental mistake, since it is one of the few elements that work in our favor as we seek to avoid extinction. The durability of the invention and the collapse of war which has come with it provide a strong foundation on which to begin to build our safety. But on this strong foundation we have so far built only a rickety, improvised shelter. We suffer the danger that flows from the fact that the fateful knowledge is inexpungible from our world, but we have so far turned down the advantages that flow from that fact. We arrange to terrorize one another with annihilation, but we have so far failed to achieve the full measure of safety obtainable from the terror. It is a paradox fully worthy of this elaborate doctrine that if we were to permit ourselves to recognize clearly the breadth and depth of the peril—to assure ourselves once and for all of

[Regrettably we still don't have a New Zealand advertisement for January. But this time, we do have a rather fetching excuse.]

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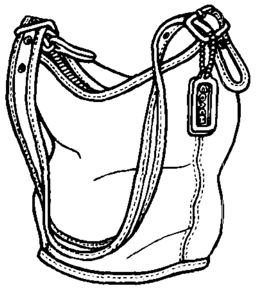

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In chess, when skilled players reach a certain point in the play they are able to see that, no matter what further moves are made, the outcome is determined, and they end the game without going through the motions. This is also our situation in the nuclear world—with the difference that the predetermined outcome is not the victory of one side or the other but the destruction of both. The difference between our present world and a nuclear-weapon-free world would be only that people had all learned to see a few steps farther ahead than they do now—as though the chess players, having gained in experience, were to call off their game four moves before checkmate rather than two. Every statesman would see, just as he does today, that aggression leads inevitably to annihilation, and would feel no need to test the proposition in action. This does not seem too much for people to have learned after thirty-nine years of staring oblivion in the face.

The great advantage of our present situation is that by actually having built a doomsday machine we have played all the moves in this game except the last, and so know from experience, as people in the first years of the nuclear age could not, where the moves lead. We've played the game this far, and the result of the final moves is before our eyes—not the victory of one side over the other but doom. If mankind were ever to lift the nuclear peril, one saying that people might employ to keep themselves from backsliding would be "Remember 1984." (But if we use 1984 to turn the nuclear-arms race around we might give this year, prospectively slated for infamy by George Orwell, a place of honor.) It seems likely that, to an extent that we today can hardly begin to imagine, future generations, if there are any, will look back on our recent history with unutterable horror. They will recall incredulously a generation that, bowing down abjectly to a technical device of its own invention, set up the machinery for the destruction of humanity. They are likely to look back with particular incredulity, it seems to me, on us in the West. The world must count on us in the West to take the lead in resolving the nuclear predicament, because we enjoy freedom here, including the freedom to examine the nuclear predicament in a creative and unfettered way. But of what avail will our freedom have been to us and to the world if by making use of it we arrive only at fatalism? Perhaps it will be concluded in defense of our generation as a whole that it was *necessary* to build the doomsday machine, so that, like a child that makes a mask to frighten itself with, we could make the nuclear peril real to ourselves—real enough so that we would finally do something about it. If that is so, we could regard the nuclear-arms race of the last several decades as a gigantic educational device—a sort of classroom aid designed to teach us all about nuclear weapons and the doom they portend. (Such a role would be consistent with the "psychological" role which we now assign to the weapons in strategic doctrine.) The result offered by this perilous exercise, at any rate, is the advantage that we have over people who faced the question in 1945. But if we fail to avail ourselves of the advantage—if we fail to learn the lesson that our indirect experience offers—then there will be little to be said in our favor, and perhaps no one to say it.

BEFORE we examine in greater detail how an abolition agreement might work, a cautionary word seems in order concerning hypothetical constructions of future events—or "scenarios," as they are called—and, in particular, scenarios involving deterrence. We want to arrive at a judgment about the general workability of an abolition agreement under which an ability to rebuild nuclear weapons would serve as a deterrent. The key word is "judgment." It is emphatically not "prediction." Judgment never claims certainty; it never pretends to *know* what the future holds. It is not a science, and in a world dominated by the relative certainties of science and the pseudocertainties of pseudoscience its admittedly fallible claims often fail to command respect. Judgment does not rely on reason alone; it also summons into play intuition, emotion, experience, temperament—in a sense, our whole being. But in the nuclear field judgment has a competitor—strategic "theory," which tries, like science, to proceed by reasoning. Strategic theory, however, lacks an element that is crucial to science: empirical verification. There is always the dan-

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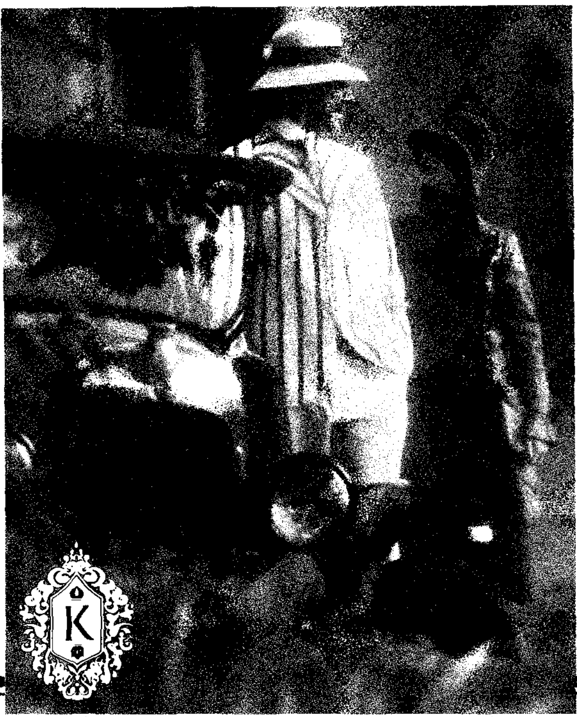

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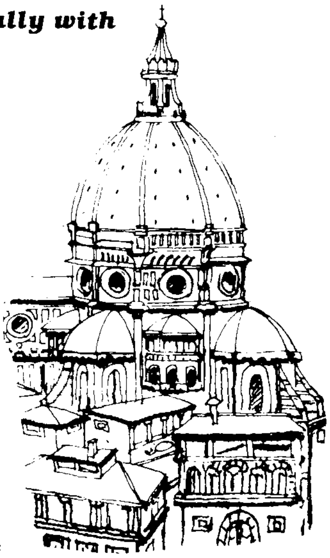

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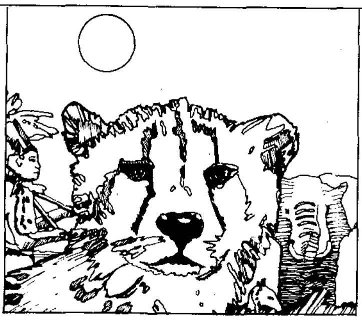

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ger with theory that it will come to supplant reality in the minds of the theorists; and in nuclear-strategic theorizing the danger is especially acute, because, fortunately, mankind has had no direct experience of "nuclear war"—of two-sided nuclear combat—against which to measure its hypotheses. Strategic theory is in that respect like a physics without the benefit of experimentation, or a social science without the benefit of a society to observe. Never, perhaps, has pure deduction, uncorrected by empirical knowledge, been given freer rein or assigned a more important role in the regulation of human affairs.

When experience is replaced by theory, the possibility always exists that the theory's assumptions will be generally accepted as conclusions. One particularly harmful assumption of this kind in the theory of deterrence is that only the balance of terror counts in the decision-making of statesmen, so that if your adversary gets the slightest opening to do his worst to you he will do it. The effect of making this assumption is to introduce into policy an extreme reductionism, in which moral and psychological, and even diplomatic and political, influences on governmental conduct are ruled out of consideration. And since deterrence is not merely a theory but a policy there is a further danger that this reductionist assumption can take on the quality of a self-fulfilling prophecy. Two nations, starting by assuming unmitigated enmity between them, and proceeding on both sides to build their military forces accordingly, can soon find that the unmitigated enmity has become real. It has become a fact that each side menaces the other with annihilation, and this fact has emotional and psychological consequences of its own, independent of any prior, underlying enmity. At this point, the assumption, which may at the beginning have masked a more complex and subtly shaded reality, has become "true." The British historian E. P. Thompson has pointed out, in his book "Beyond the Cold War," "By conditioning military and political élites, on both sides, to act in accord with the first premise of adversary posture—to seek ceaselessly for advantage and to expect annihilating attack upon the first sign of weakness—[strategic doctrine] could tempt one side (if a manifest advantage should arise) to behave as theory prescribes, and to seize the opportunity for a preëmptive strike. And what would the war, then, have

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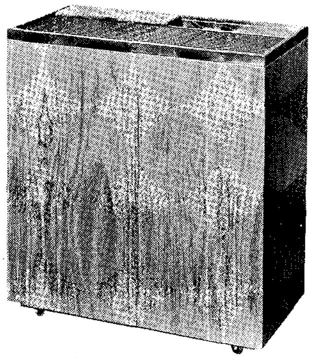

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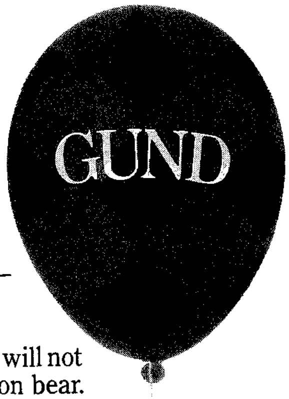
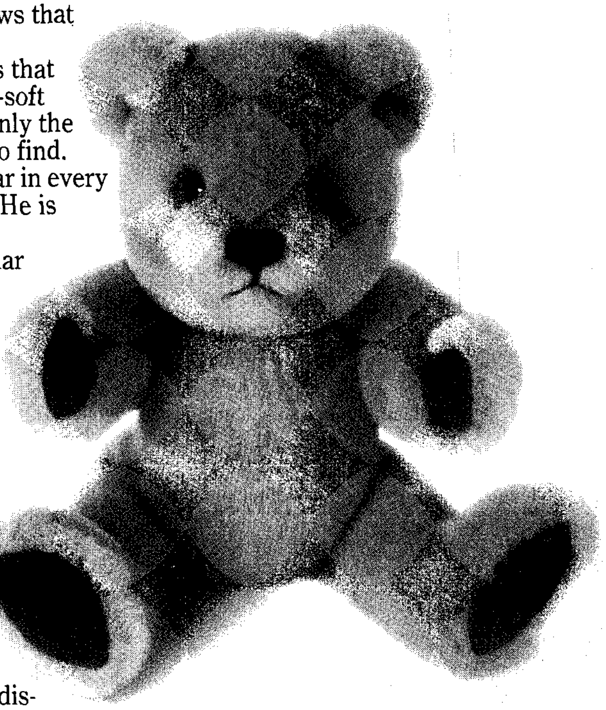
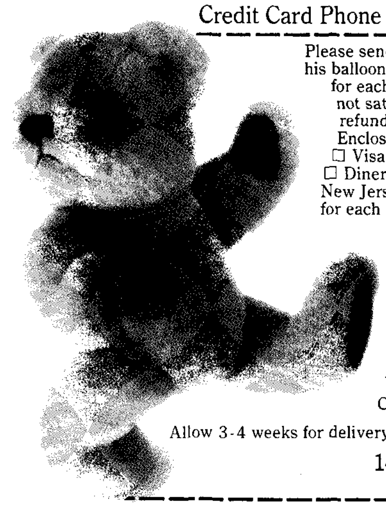
been *about*? It would have been about fulfilling a theorem in deterrence theory." It's a striking historical fact, and one that should make us reflect, that the severest crisis of the nuclear age, the Cuban missile crisis, was *about* the weapons themselves.

In truth, there is much evidence that contradicts the pessimistic chief assumption of deterrence. Three historical episodes, among many that could be mentioned, can serve as illustration. The first is the behavior of the United States between 1945 and 1949, when it possessed a monopoly of nuclear weapons. The United States not only did not immediately annihilate the Soviet Union but did not even seek any drastic change in Soviet policy—by, for example, using nuclear blackmail to force the Soviet Union out of Eastern Europe. The second episode is the behavior of the Soviet Union between roughly the mid-nineteen-fifties and the present, during which time it has had complete nuclear superiority over China and has also been in a state of hostility toward China as least as intense as its hostility toward the United States. According to purely theoretical considerations, the Soviet Union has had every reason to launch a preëmptive strike against China, for in all likelihood it could destroy China's nuclear forces entirely. Yet it has not launched a preëmptive strike. This restraint is all the more telling because it involves a totalitarian country, which is relatively immune to public opinion. The third episode is the behavior of Britain in its recent successful war to regain the Falkland Islands from Argentina. Argentina, which is not a nuclear power (although it is now able to become one), seized territory that was claimed by a nuclear-armed Britain. According to present theory, Britain should at that point have used its absolute nuclear superiority to force Argentine withdrawal. Britain could, for example, have begun with threats; then backed these up by stationing a nuclear-armed submarine within range of Argentina; then set off a demonstration nuclear explosion, perhaps over the sea, or over an unpopulated part of Argentina; then destroyed an Argentine military base with a "small" (Hiroshima-sized) bomb; then destroyed a small city or two; and, finally, blown Argentina off the map (a feat well within the capacity of Britain's nuclear forces, comparatively small though they are). But, as far as I'm aware, the British government did not breathe the merest







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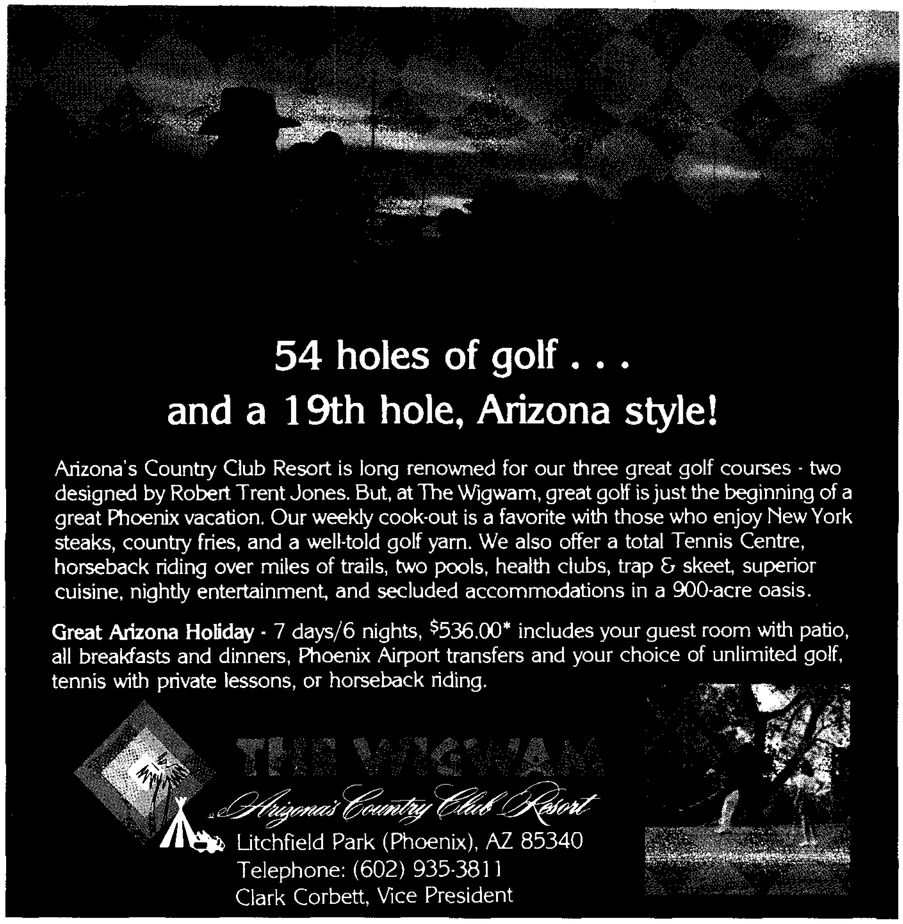
suggestion that any of these things were remotely possible. What it did do was launch and win a conventional war, at a high cost in lives and in money. It is interesting to speculate on what Britain might have done if it had faced conventional defeat, but the complete lack of any mention of nuclear arms by government spokesmen, during the war or afterward, allows us to suppose that it would have suffered the defeat rather than resort to nuclear weapons. What was equally striking was the failure of outside observers of the war—columnists, diplomats of other countries, and the like—to mention Britain's nuclear arsenal. Somehow, its complete irrelevance to the situation was intuitively assumed by everybody.

These lessons of experience are of great value to the world—especially since they are hopeful. They prove to us, as we try to shape a safer future, that we have more—much, much more—to work with than terror. In our world, there is also courage, trust, prudence, imagination, decency. There is even love. Can it be "realistic" to exclude these proved good qualities of our species from our calculations? To do so would be to libel mankind and cripple our efforts. Indeed, the whole abolition agreement suggested here can be seen as a mere holding operation, giving us time in which these good qualities can be brought to bear on the vast political work that alone can lead to a true and fully satisfactory resolution of the nuclear predicament.

The theorists correctly justify their resort to pure theory on the ground that no experience of a nuclear holocaust is available, but this justification has been stretched too far, for while post-Nagasaki history does not show what starts nuclear hostilities it shows many examples of what does *not* start them. We should become careful students of negative history, inasmuch as the chief aim of our political efforts in the nuclear age must be to see to it that something does *not* happen—that we do *not* blow ourselves up. High-school students are required to study the "three causes," or the "four causes," of the First World War, or the Second World War, or whatever. We must study the causes of the lack of war—the causes of peace. Leaving the study of "nuclear war" to the theorists, we as historians can study its prevention. One of the first things our study shows us is that, while in theory even slight imbalances in nuclear forces lead to instability and war, in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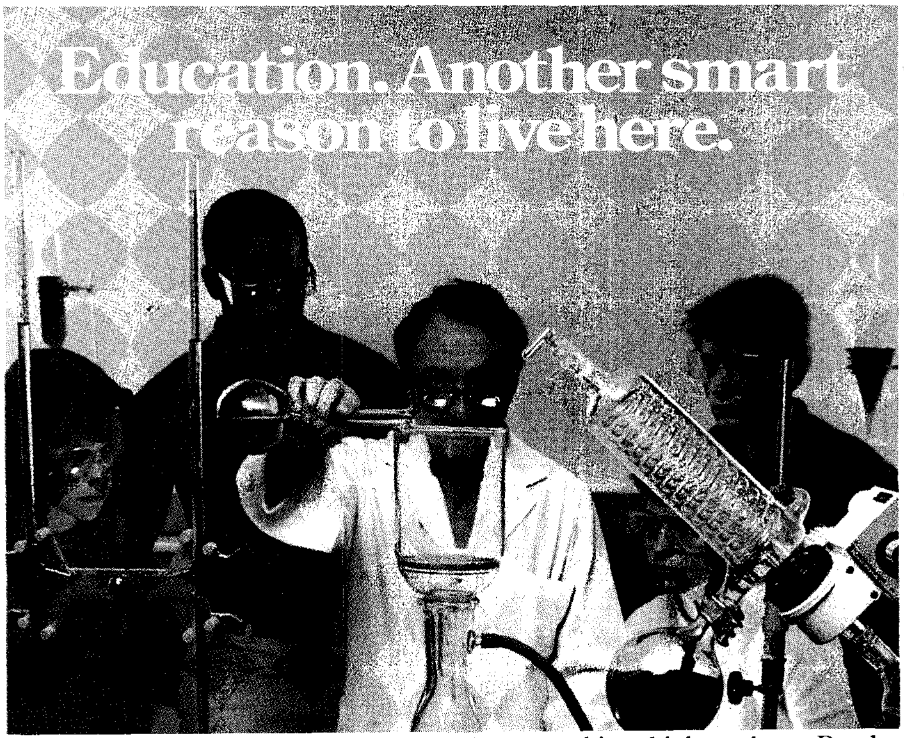
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actuality they have not done so. Another thing it shows is that with a war in progress a power possessing a monopoly of nuclear weapons may choose not to use them, or even to remind the world that it possesses them. The statesmen of the nuclear age seem to act with a sobriety not credited to them by our theorists. Some of the assumptions of deterrence theory can never be tested in action (not if we hope to survive), but others can be and have been. Among them is the assumption that nuclear powers will seek out and exploit any nuclear imbalance to obtain political or military advantage. This assumption has now been put to the test of experience many times, and has proved each time to be false. Why did the United States not preëmptively attack the Soviet Union in the nineteen-forties? Why has the Soviet Union not preëmptively attacked China? Why did Britain choose to expend the lives of its soldiers in the Falkland Islands rather than even rattle its nuclear sword at Argentina? We can only guess at answers. Perhaps in the back of the minds of the leaders of these nations was some notion that what you do to others will one day be done to you. Perhaps they felt that even to threaten a nuclear attack would shame them before the world and history. Perhaps they feared that a nuclear attack of any sort would engulf the world in a chaos in which their own nations would suffer. Or perhaps their consciences stayed their hands. It would be self-defeating folly to deny the common sense of the central axiom of deterrence—that the fear of nuclear retaliation provides nations with an overwhelming incentive not to launch nuclear attacks—but it would also be folly if, granting that, we concluded that the fear of retaliation was the only sentiment at work in holding the world back from nuclear destruction. So it is not meaningless, after showing that no country could expect to profit by violating an abolition agreement, to point out that even if some statesman mistakenly concluded that his country could profit from aggression he might be restrained for any number of reasons, including the sense of shame and repugnance that almost every human being feels at the thought of murdering millions, and possibly billions, of innocent people in cold blood.

IT is in the spirit of seeking to reach a broad judgment, not of trying to produce a whole new crop of scenarios, that I want to address the question of

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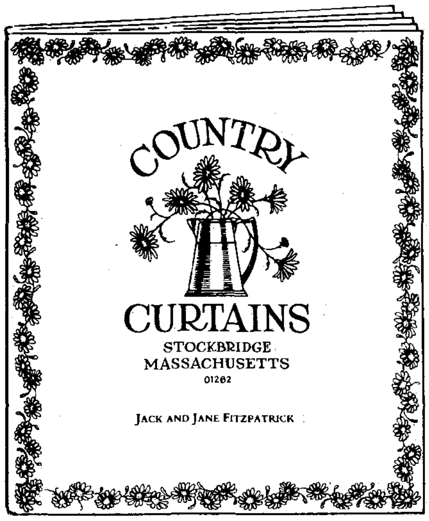

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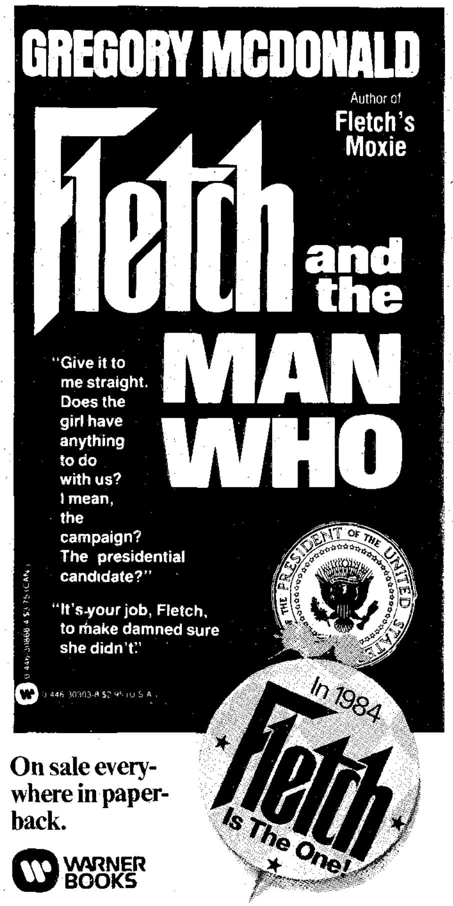
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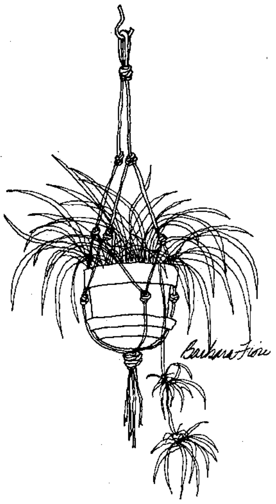
whether or not an abolition agreement would be workable. In the years ahead, a profusion of plans and ideas defining not just steps but whole stairways to nuclear disarmament will, in all likelihood, be put forward as people seek instruments for their newfound will to save the species. At the same time, people will be seeking to understand more profoundly what it means to live in a world in which we have the power to exterminate ourselves. And out of a deepening understanding will come still further thoughts about what we should be doing. For no single plan can guide us. And no single person can possess the wisdom to chart our course. It is in the very nature of things that the effort will be collective. The world is not to be approached, blueprint in hand, as if it were so much raw material waiting to be fashioned to someone's design. *We*—the people of the earth, each of us possessing an independent will—are that material, and it will be only out of the combined resolve of all of us that, probably at unexpected times and in unexpected ways, our will, the will of the world, will make itself known and felt. If the remarks in these pages are not predictions, neither are they would-be blueprints for the future. Rather, they, and the whole proposal for abolition described here, are an attempt to make a contribution to the broader discussion out of which, we must hope, will come the actual steps that lead us away from the abyss.



As the examples of nuclear restraint I have cited demonstrate, there are more motives acting in favor of military restraint in the nuclear age than a simple fear of nuclear retaliation. Strict deterrence theory recognizes only this fear, and disregards all other factors, and it is in that respect like an insurance policy—it deals with the worst case. It offers assurance that even if an aggressor were to disregard all other constraints and try his worst he could not hope for victory. It does not tell us that our adversary *will* try to burn our house down, or even that he necessarily wants to, but only that if this thought ever crosses his mind, and he is rational, he will have cause to dismiss it. Therefore, to whatever extent we fear that the adversary will do his worst, including his nuclear worst, and to whatever extent we are willing in return to do our worst, including our nuclear worst, the assurances offered by credible deterrence are important. To some people, they are all-important. But to someone who, like me, feels that he cannot find a justification for even threatening to use, to say nothing of using, nuclear weapons, in support of either armed or weaponless deterrence, any proposal that relies on a threat to use them, including the proposal for weaponless deterrence, raises an ethical question. I oppose any use of nuclear weapons, whether in a first strike or in a second strike or in any strike at all. But, as I have said, I believe that in dealing with the nuclear predicament we must support interim measures—measures such as the establishment of a Soviet-American control center for the exchange of information in a crisis; SALT or START agreements; a policy of no first use of nuclear weapons; the freeze; reductions in the nuclear arsenals; or the abolition of nuclear arms coupled with weaponless deterrence—that will help steer mankind away from its extinction, even though in the meantime we go on depending on morally obnoxious means. Today, mankind is like a person who lies bleeding to death on the street after an accident. Eventually, this person will require major surgery. But right now he needs to be rushed to the hospital in an ambulance, and given first aid on the way. It is pointless to say at this moment, "This person doesn't need an ambulance, he needs major surgery." The passage from our nuclear-armed world to a nuclear-weaponless world would be that ambulance ride. Once the life of mankind is out of immediate danger, we will have the time—we will have won it for ourselves—to address the radical and sweeping measures of global political renovation which alone can fully deliver us from the evil.

AS we consider whether deterrence could remain in force under an abolition agreement, the work of present-day theorists of deterrence is helpful, because under the agreement the requirements of deterrence would be exactly what they are today. Deterrence would require stability, which would mean that under the system every statesman in his right mind would see that the almost certain result if he launched aggression would be the pointless destruction of all concerned, including, most definitely, his own country; that is, it would require that the hope of military victory vanish from his mind. It would require credibility, which would mean that the ability to visit devastation on an aggressor would have to be secure. It would therefore require a retaliatory nuclear capacity that would survive any first strike the adversary could mount. In connection with these requirements, the most important question to ask about a nuclear-weapon-free world is whether it could be arranged in such a way that no nation, by sudden or surreptitious rearmament, or by military action, could defeat an adversary or blackmail it into submission. (Obviously, the ability to defeat and the ability to blackmail are linked, since no country is going to allow itself to be blackmailed unless the prospect of defeat is virtually certain.) This question is far more complicated than is commonly acknowledged. Usually, it is disposed of in a few sentences that are prefatory to the author's getting down to his real interest, which, typically, is either to discuss the mechanics of armed deterrence or to set forth the provisions for world government. (The near-total lack of interest of each of these schools in the details of the other's thinking is remarkable.)

If the abolition of nuclear weapons were the same as their uninvention, a sudden violation of the agreement (by a nation that had somehow invented them again) would really constitute an insuperable advantage. The violator would then be in the position that the United States was in vis-à-vis Japan in July of 1945. But since abolition is not uninvention, and the intended victim of nuclear blackmail would be able to retaliate in several weeks' time, the imbalance between the violator and his victim would be much less than it at first appears to be. In 1946, as I have mentioned, Brodie pointed out that if the aggressor "must fear retaliation," then "the fact that it destroys its opponent's cities some hours or even days before its own are destroyed may avail it little." A delay of a month or so would make equally little difference. The unimportance of delays is one more of the differences between deter-

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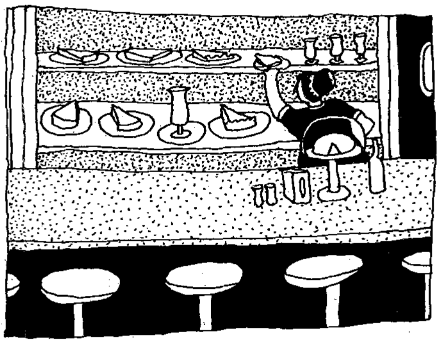
rence and defense. In defense, the shield has to be raised at the moment the sword falls, not a few days later. But the avenging sword of nuclear retaliation is not dulled by a wait. There is, indeed, something awful—something "deterring"—about the prospect of delayed retaliation. It's interesting to ponder whether the United States would have used the atomic bomb against Japan if Japan had been known to be a few weeks away from having one itself (as in fact it was not). Would the United States have been ready to risk New York and Chicago for Hiroshima and Nagasaki? I doubt it. The point in the present context is that the imbalance between a country that has invented the bomb and one that hasn't is categorically greater than the imbalance that exists between two nations that have both developed the bomb but one of which has dismantled its arsenal.

As deterrence theory teaches us, to have a really decisive advantage in a first strike the violator would have to possess forces sufficient to erase the victim's capacity for retaliation. To be really worth anything, therefore, a first strike delivered out of secrecy under an abolition agreement would have to be utterly devastating to the victim's nuclear capacity and be followed up by the immediate and total occupation of the victim's country with conventional forces, in order to prevent its nuclear rearmament. It is perhaps imaginable that if the defenses of the capacity for retaliation were left to chance a determined aggressor could, with the use of concealed arsenals only, so thoroughly devastate and then so swiftly occupy its victim that the victim could not retaliate. However, the defenses of the retaliatory capacity would not be left to chance. Rather, under the abolition agreement not only would the readiness to rebuild nuclear weapons be in place but so would the anti-nuclear defenses and the defensively arrayed conventional forces. The violator's aggression would fail, because the abolition agreement would have been *designed* for it to fail. Under this agreement, whatever is necessary to defeat such aggression would be built in, probably redundantly, for the sake of everyone's peace of mind.

The question of the state of readiness for nuclear rearmament is complex. It would have to meet two basic requirements. First, it would have to permit a lead time long enough to be of real benefit to the world. (Yet any increase would be beneficial. For example, if the nuclear powers today did nothing more than remove the nuclear warheads from their missiles and store them nearby, so that it would take, say, six hours to put them in again, the gain would be great. It would increase the lead time by several thousand per cent.) Second, it would have to provide a smooth and assured path back to nuclear armament, in order to fulfill the need, as it is defined by deterrence theory, for the retaliatory force to be invulnerable. In all likelihood, the best way of providing such a path while at the same time lengthening the lead time would be to establish controls on fissionable materials. Since these are produced through a technically elaborate process in which the by-products of nuclear reactors are "enriched" to create weapons-grade material, one possible measure for regulating the state of readiness would be to ban enrichment plants. A more radical measure would be to ban nuclear reactors in general (probably with certain narrowly defined exceptions), or else to place them—as the Baruch Plan, proposed by the United States to the United Nations in 1946, did—under the control of an international body. Banning reactors would carry a higher economic cost, but it would provide a longer lead time, and it might be more easily verifiable, since nuclear reactors and the industry that builds and maintains them are a great deal more difficult to hide than bombs or delivery vehicles. Another set of provisions could cover delivery vehicles. Since any vehicle, whether it is a missile or the suitcase carried by a pedestrian, can be a delivery vehicle for nuclear weapons, removing delivery vehicles for nuclear weapons from the world forever is impossible, just as removing forever the ability to build the weapons themselves is impossible. The important, attainable goal would be to restrict national capacities for deploying delivery vehicles, much as nuclear-arms-control agreements attempt to do today. Clearly, the complexity of the



nuclear balance at the level of zero weapons would be great—though not, perhaps, as great as the complexity is today, with thousands of weapons and their varied delivery systems in existence. The decisions to be made would have to deal not only with the state of readiness to rearm but also with the extent of the technical means permitted, its deployment, and so on. For example, it would be an advantage to the agreement as a whole if the technical means were decentralized to begin with and, in addition, were further dispersible in the event of the agreement's breakdown. (In the agreement, a nation's right to rearm if an adversary had done so would, of course, be recognized.) Dispersibility, in particular, would be invaluable. It could suffice in itself to defeat nuclear blackmail by a violator of the agreement. Blackmail requires that a threat be openly made and that time be allowed for compliance with its demands. But that time could be used to disperse the technical means from their known and inspected places to secret places. Once dispersal had occurred, it would be impossible for the small, secretly assembled nuclear force of the violator to threaten the retaliatory capacity of the victim. The question of what to do if the abolition agreement should be violated would be analogous to the question today of what to do "if deterrence fails." But whereas today we cannot think of one single thing that it would make sense to do if deterrence fails, there would be many sensible things to do if the abolition agreement broke down, including beginning to rearm. To be sure, if the violations continued to grow, and the world began to return to full armament, the actions in response would start to make less and less sense. Yet, even as they continued, the world would have time—as it would not today "if deterrence fails"—to see where it was heading, to reflect, and to pull back.

The principal mission of the antinuclear defensive forces set forth in the agreement would be not to protect their nations—a task that in the long run they could perform no better than they can today—but to protect the retaliatory capacity as it was being mobilized for action. They would thus have the limited role of a hedge against cheating. For the defensive superiority that was arranged for in the abolition agreement would last only as long as that agreement did—or, rather, as long afterward as the defensive retained the upper hand. And this would

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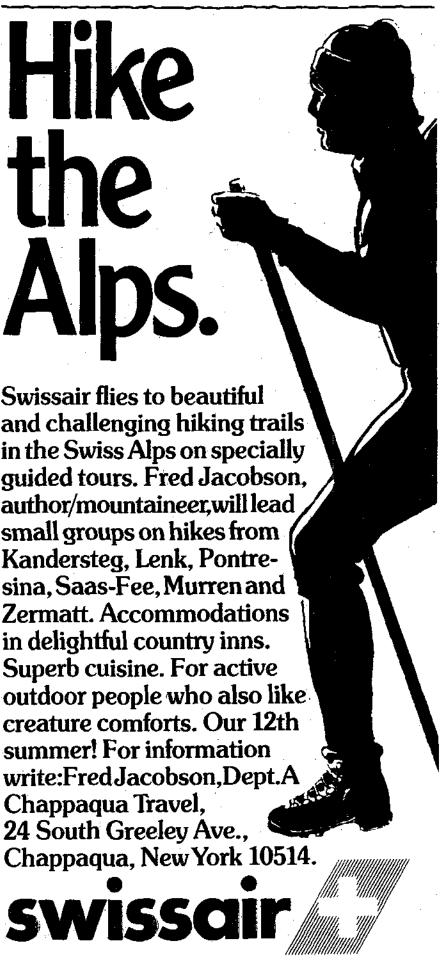

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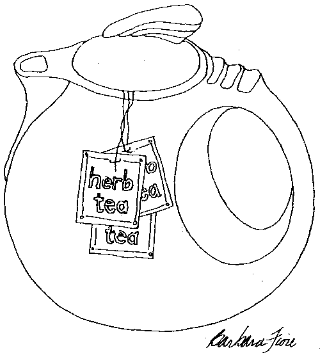
not be indefinitely. It would be only long enough for the attacked nation to assemble its retaliatory force, at which point the balance of terror as we know it today would be restored. But, of course, just as today we keep our retaliatory force at the ready in the hope that its very existence will prevent the attack that would cause us to use it, so in a world of zero nuclear weapons we would preserve our well-defended readiness to rearm in the hope that it would prevent the rearmament that would lead us to rearm. Thus, although we would be relying provisionally on defense we would still be living in a deterred world. Defense would provide protection while the deterrent forces were assembled, but then deterrence would take over. The underlying facts of life in a nuclear-weapon-free world would be just what they are today—that defense is impossible and deterrence inescapable. And under deterrence, armed or unarmed, our hope is that deterrence itself would gradually become obsolete while the conditions for a real, full peace were being established. Our chief protection, then, which would operate before either defenses or deterrence was called into play, would be whatever political will we had mustered to institute, and then to uphold, the abolition agreement.



None of this is to say that defense of the population should be ruled out. The question of whether or not to deploy civil defense, as a further hedge against cheating, is debatable. It could be argued (as it is today by the advocates of deterrence) that civil defense, if it could be made to work (as it can't today, in the face of our giant nuclear arsenals), would be destabilizing, because it would erode the "effectiveness" of the foe's retaliatory capacity. With an abolition agreement in force, however, the world would not be *counting* on cheating; it would be trying to discourage it, and in that effort protection of the population would be helpful, because it would reduce the effectiveness of blackmail. In general, defensive measures would constitute a sort of obstacle that would-be aggressors would know that they had to overcome before their aggression began to pay off. But since they would also know that before that moment came their intended victims would have armed themselves with nuclear weapons, in preparation for retaliation, the moment would actually never come, and they would abandon their aggressive plans.

A provision for a balance in conventional forces would be essential to the agreement as a whole, because it would prevent the nuclear-arms race from being replaced by a conventional-arms race. "Conventional" arms today are in fact anything but that. Though they are overshadowed by nuclear weapons, they have increased in destructive power to a point at which the doctrine of mutual assured destruction might be maintained by them alone—especially when biological and chemical weapons are taken into account. The principal strategic mission of these limited and balanced conventional forces would be to do their part in deterring a disarming first strike by a violator of the agreement. Since to be successful in preventing nuclear rearmament and retaliation such a strike would require full occupation of the attacked country, the conventional forces would be deployed to prevent invasion. But this would be so in two senses: they would be armed in such a way that they *could* repel an invasion by another country, yet they would be armed in such a way that they *could not* themselves invade another country. These armies would, for example, be loaded down with anti-tank weapons but low on tanks; well equipped with anti-aircraft weapons but ill equipped with aircraft. The present Swiss Army, which bristles with weapons to repel invaders but itself never invades anybody, might serve as a model. Equipping those armies would admittedly be a novel military task but not an impossible one, especially when we remember that all the military planners would be on the same side: the side of defense. Their aim would be to equip every army with steel shields and rubber swords. It is only a little bit facetious to suggest that the two sides might establish a joint "defense department" (properly named, for once), devoted to the development of defensive weaponry. A new "arms race" would begin, between offensive and defensive arms, but, fortunately, all the nations of the world would be working together to support the defense.

The preservation on both sides of an ability to rebuild nuclear weapons, arrangements for inspection on whatever level was necessary to provide a safeguard against cheating, and the presence of limited and balanced conventional forces defensively arrayed would, it seems to me, be more than adequate to provide for the requirements of deterrence in a world without nuclear weapons. Each of these elements would exist in a balance with the others. For example, an estimate would be needed of how much cheating might be possible under a particular level of inspection. When the estimate was given, the deployment of the capacity for rearming would be adjusted to meet, or more than meet, that potential threat. As more inspection was made possible, the less ready the capacity for rearming would have to be, and the less extensive the defenses would have to be (although it seems that there would be little to be lost in making defenses redundant). Every advance in inspection, then, would permit a lengthening of the world's nuclear fuse, and an increase in the world's safety. For example—to pick arbitrary figures—if the estimated amount of conceivable cheating associated with a particular level of inspection was a hundred bombs on a hundred commercial airliners, then the level of readiness could be quite low and the needed defenses quite thin. If, however, the estimated amount of conceivable cheating was two hundred bombs on two hundred cruise missiles, then the readiness would have to be higher and the defenses stronger. Conversely, the better the defenses were, the less strict the inspection would have to be. And, of course, the precise technical form of the agreed-upon readiness to rearm would have a bearing on how effective the defense of it could be. The important point in the present context is that the levels of inspection, of readiness, and of defense are interdependent and adjustable, with considerable room for margins of safety to be built in when the abolition agreement is designed.

THE difficulties facing a violator of an abolition agreement only multiply when one turns from purely technical considerations to strategic ones. Let us suppose that a violator of the agreement has assembled a clandestine nuclear arsenal. But an arsenal is not in itself a policy. How to gain a military or political advantage from it

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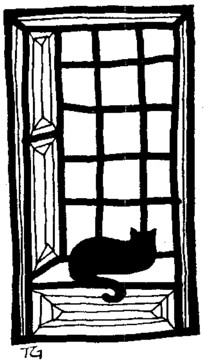
remains to be figured out. To begin with, the cheater has to take into account the possibility that its intended victim has cheated as well. The possibility of cheating cuts two ways: it permits violation of the agreement, but it also sows suspicion in the mind of the would-be cheater that the other side may have cheated, too. Those who cheat know from their own action that cheating is possible, and are likely to suppose that others have done it also. If that has happened, the cheater, when he pulls back the curtain of secrecy, reveals the hidden arsenal, and starts making demands, will find himself facing an opposing arsenal right away, and the exercise will be fruitless. In short, *uncertainty* about cheating can have a deterrent as well as a destabilizing effect. (Uncertainty, it seems, is in all circumstances the most steadfast ally of deterrence.)

A cheater might have either of two possible aims: to hedge against suspected cheating on the other side or to engage in aggression. If the aim was to secure a hedge, then the cheating, while dangerous and undesirable, would remain clandestine and without disastrous consequences. (This would be so even if it had occurred on both sides, because then, although nobody would know it, a nuclear balance would have been created, at very low levels of armament.) There is reason to believe, however, that nations would not find it in their interest to cheat even as a hedge. The protective benefit of the hedge would be offset by the extremely serious cost of being caught in a violation. When one considers that in order to act as a hedge a violation would have to continue indefinitely, and therefore discovery would be likely sooner or later, it is hard to imagine that a nation would find it worthwhile—especially if it knew that in the event of a violation by another nation its legitimate capacity to rearm was secure. If, on the other hand, the aim was aggression, then the violator would face all the defensive and retaliatory penalties that are built into the agreement to deter aggression. And yet, even without considering these, the government leader weighing the costs of cheating would have to reflect that his victim, or one of his victim's allies, might have cheated, and that in that case his plans would be aborted right there. In other words, the violator, after revealing himself to the world as an international outlaw of the most hateful and terrifying kind, might be thwarted immediately, without having a chance even to attempt some mischief in a brief moment of nuclear superiority.



In the event that a government overlooked all these obstacles and decided that it was ready to violate the agreement anyway, it would still need a strategy. It would have to have both an attainable political goal in mind and a plan for reaching it. Neither is easy to conceive of. Just as is true in our present world, the strategy for a first strike, whether only threatened or actually carried out, would have to be, in the jargon terms, either "counterforce" or "countervalue;" that is, the bombs would have to menace or destroy either the foe's military forces, in the hope of achieving a crippling first strike, or the foe's cities and population, in the hope of terrorizing him into submission. A successful counterforce strike would be impossible for all the reasons just mentioned; the entire abolition agreement would have been framed to preclude it. The idea, for example, that the Soviet Union, using a clandestine nuclear force, could destroy the ability of the United States to make nuclear weapons and then, in the space of a few weeks, conquer Europe, cross the Atlantic, and occupy the United States to prevent nuclear rearmament is patent fantasy. And if one adds that the first strike with the clandestine arsenal would be opposed by large-scale defenses, including swift dispersal of the nuclear-weapon-making capacity, and that the conventional forces of the Soviet Union had, under the agreement, been reduced from their present size and deprived of many of their offensive arms, then the idea of such an attack positively enters the realm of the surreal. That would leave the possibility of blackmail against cities or actual attacks on them—a possibility that is often pointed to as the decisive advantage of violating an abolition agreement. Such a threat or attack, however, would be even easier than the counterforce one to reply to. In the first place, the elaborate and technically advanced defenses of the victim might be adequate to actually defend in considerable measure against a threat made with the small, probably technically backward offensive forces

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of the aggressor. But even if the defenses were inadequate the victim's ability to retaliate with nuclear arms in a few weeks' time would erase the aggressor's advantage. The response of the threatened country would be exactly what it is today: it would threaten nuclear attack in return. Deterrence would be fully in force.

IT is not, however, until one turns from the methods of a violator to his possible political goals that the ground for believing in the stability of a nuclear-weapon-free world stands fully revealed. The traditional nightmare of global politics is that some single nation or bloc will grow so strong that it will upset the balance of power and then move to dominate all other nations. The Romans once did it. In more recent times, Napoleon and Hitler came close. This larger possibility, standing in the background of smaller crises, can give even minor aggression, when it is launched by a great power, a momentous importance. It also provides the temptation that lures a statesman with grandiose longings onto the path of conquest. When nations are faced with such aggression, the question that their leaders always have to ask themselves is where it will be stopped if not in the instance at hand. This is the famed "lesson of Munich," learned from the experience of France and England in 1938, when, at a meeting with Hitler in Munich, they agreed, essentially, that, rather than go to war with him, they would let him take over Czechoslovakia—only to find that they had to go to war with him anyway a short while later. It is the lesson, too, that is embodied in the so-called domino theory, of more recent times, which holds that aggression must be prevented at the earliest possible moment or it will run out of control and engulf everything. The wedding of this lesson to the doctrine of deterrence is what has led to the disproportion of means and ends in our current military strategy—forcing us to defend, say, the Persian Gulf by, in effect, risking the end of the world. The reason our statesmen are willing to risk the end of the world to protect the Persian Gulf is not that the Persian Gulf is so important (its oil *is* very important, of course, but not worth the extinction of mankind); it is that they are persuaded that if aggression is permitted there—or almost anywhere—it cannot be stopped later. The leader we fear—the one we build nuclear arsenals to deter—is not the

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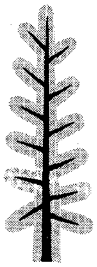

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one who wants to grab a disputed piece of territory from his neighbor but the one whose dreams are filled with triumphal visits to subjugated foreign capitals. (Hitler's early-morning visit to Paris in 1940, captured on film by his propagandists, comes to mind.) Our nation's leaders believe that Soviet leaders are determined to dominate the world and will actually do it if they are not stopped in an early stage. The Soviet leaders have reciprocal fears. It may be that in fact neither nation has these unlimited ambitions, but since each believes that the other has them both base their foreign policies on this conviction.

A precise way of posing the question of the stability of a nuclear-weapon-free world is to ask how such a would-be world conqueror might fare in it. I have argued that even the very first step, in which the aspiring Caesar of our time, having nursed his dream of world conquest behind a veil of feigned peacefulness, whipped back the curtain of secrecy, displayed his arsenal to the world, and demanded some political prize, on pain of nuclear devastation if it was denied, would meet with failure—and not for just one reason but for many, redundant reasons—and that, furthermore, he would know this before he started, and would not start. But what is even surer is that if this first act of aggression somehow occurred and was successful it could have no sequel. For before it had been completed it would have set in motion all over the world the countermeasures that would prevent any repetition: not only the victimized nation but every other nuclear-capable nation in the world could rearm with nuclear weapons to confront the violator. And our budding Caesar would know all this, too: if he couldn't figure it out for himself, people would tell him. To an extent perhaps not yet fully appreciated, the development of nuclear arms has provided a surefire antidote to the world's ancient nightmare of military conquest by a single power. Such grandiose ambitions cannot be realized in our world, nor could they be in the world of an abolition agreement. The reason is not that nations are less ambitious or less ruthless than they were in the past; it is that the world has changed. And in this changed world it is not the physical existence of nuclear arsenals but the knowledge of how to build them that is fundamental. It could be said that this knowledge, which is destined to spread over the whole globe, is like a

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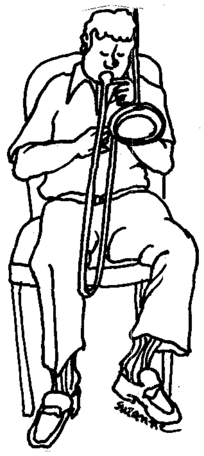
quicksand in which the feet of the armies of the great powers are sunk. And the reason is deterrence, in the broadest sense of the word: no one wants to embark on an obviously self-defeating enterprise. In our strategic thinking, we seem to have become mesmerized by numbers, speaking easily of a thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand nuclear weapons. But in reality just ten of them—which can carry the explosive force of *ten thousand* Hiroshimas—provide a level of destructive power outside all historical experience. What government leader in his right mind, knowing that these weapons are available to his enemies, can dream of the military conquest of the world? At best, the great powers can fight desultory, drawn-out, small wars—often unsuccessful—against non-nuclear-armed local peoples (the North Vietnamese, the Afghans). Never again can they sweep victoriously from nation to nation, as the armies of the great conquerors of the past did. They know what likely fate awaits them if they try: some justly infuriated enemy will let off the E in the m of a few kilograms of plutonium, multiplied by c^2, and their armies will go up in a puff of vapor. You can't conquer the world with vapor armies. Regrettably, none of this means that nuclear weapons will not be used; it means only that they are unlikely to be used in the service of premeditated schemes of conquest or aggression. Their use, if it occurs, is likely to come by accident, or in the confusion and misunderstanding of a crisis, in which neither side is ready to back down. In a way, it is the very existence of the arsenals, rather than any intention to use them, that makes their use possible. As long as they exist, they can be used. And the moment we abolished them the chances of their use, although still present, would become comfortingly small.



Paradoxically, the anachronism of campaigns of world conquest in the nuclear age might emerge into view more clearly in a nuclear-weapon-free world than it does in our nuclear-armed world. Precisely because our present arsenals are so immense and no government leader can be assured that if he sets off one nuclear bomb they will not all go off, a shadow of doubt hangs over the threat of their use as a means of preventing aggression, and it seems conceivable (though very far from likely, once we think about it) that some power might get away with a serious act of aggression. In a nuclear-weapon-free world, however, with no preposterously overstocked arsenals ready to go off the moment a single bomb was used, the threatened nuclear retaliation for aggression would be less irrational and more "credible." To put it in terms of present strategy, "flexible response" would come into its own, for the self-paralysis that results from our natural reluctance to "defend" ourselves by taking steps that might start an unstoppable slide to the end of the world would no longer occur. Because in a nuclear-weapon-free world the path of aggression and rearmament would be broken into steps, we could see with greater clarity than we can today that every escalation of aggression—every crossing of a new national border—could be met with fully commensurate retaliation.

A further bar to world conquest deserves mention, though it is not nuclear in origin. Throughout our century, local people, inspired by an aroused national consciousness and by patriotic feeling, have put up increasingly strong, and increasingly successful, resistance to foreign domination. Whatever other political principles people may subscribe to, they appear to be mightily determined to take charge of their countries. In our world, the "dominoes" have taken on a life of their own and are in rebellion against the players. The classical empires of the West have been effectively dissolved by this force, and so has the somewhat later Soviet aim of a Communist world revolution under Soviet leadership—today it is virtually a dead letter. Whatever atrocities people may suffer, it seems, they want to suffer at the hands of their own monsters and madmen. More and more, we live in a world in which local people rule in their own places. The single great exception to this local takeover from great powers is in Eastern Europe, where the continued Soviet domination is ultimately maintained by occupying armies. But even there local resistance—especially in Poland—though it is not yet intense enough to expel the Soviets, makes one wonder

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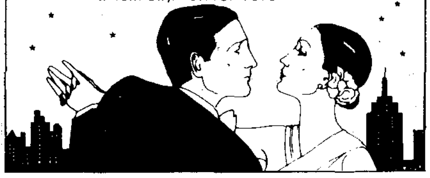

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how long this anachronistic form of political control can last. Today, even the greatest powers must think many times before embarking on a Vietnam or an Afghanistan. For this reason alone, quite apart from the influence of nuclear weapons, world domination by a single power has now become unthinkable. Thus, the ambitions of the great powers are doubly checked: while their nuclear forces are immobilized in the balance of nuclear terror, their conventional armies sink in the swamps of local resistance.

THE abolition agreement might be accompanied by collective-security agreements, designed to make the fate of aggressors still clearer to any statesmen who were having trouble perceiving the realities of the world they lived in. Weaponless deterrence would not require collective-security agreements in order to work, but it would lend itself naturally to them and would be strengthened by them. The abolition of nuclear arms would be a militarily equalizing measure. With a number of the technically competent nations standing at the same starting line (the agreed-upon readiness) in any race to rearm, their power would be more nearly equal—at least, in the short run—than it is today. This relative equality would give added importance to alliances. There would be safety in numbers, for even if the potential violator should think that he could escape retaliation by his immediate victim he would know that he could not escape it from a dozen or so nations to which the victim was allied in a collective-security agreement. In our nuclear-armed world, proliferation is destabilizing. In a nuclear-weapon-free world, proliferation—of capacity, not of weapons—could be stabilizing. It would multiply the reasons for holding back from aggression. (It's interesting that at least one nation that is now nuclear-capable—India—has forgone actual construction of a nuclear arsenal. They may count it sufficient that their adversaries know that they *can* build the weapons if they want to.) Of all the developments occurring today, proliferation of nuclear weapons may well be the most dangerous. It raises the possibility that sooner or later a madman may have everyone's fate in his hands. An abolition agreement would not fully insure against this terrifying prospect, but it would give us incomparably more security against it than we have now.

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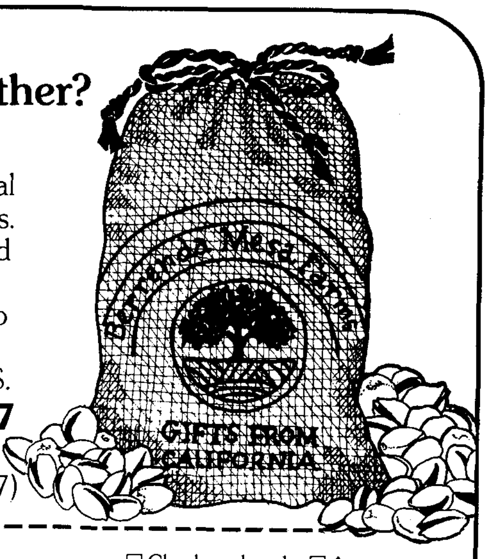

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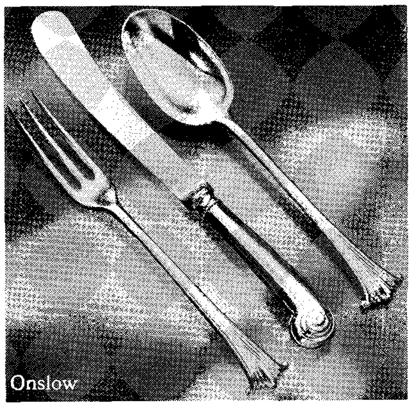

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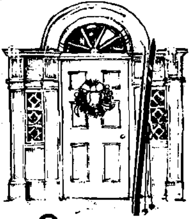
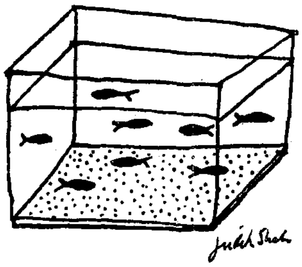


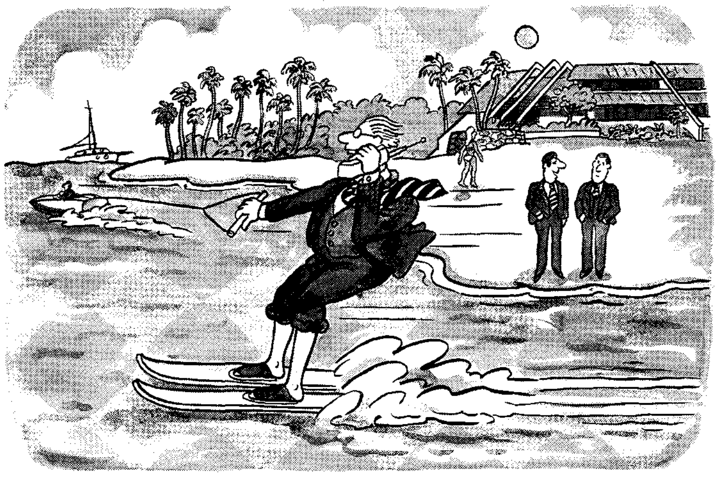
to survive, and we can be sure that, given the opportunity, they will take steps to assure their survival. Today, however, there are few steps that any but the two most powerful nations can take to protect themselves from the worst fate of all—annihilation in a general holocaust. All the others must simply wait and watch as their life or death is decided by a few men in Washington and Moscow. In a nuclear-weapon-free world, a field of action would open to them. In peacetime, they could work diplomatically and politically to strengthen the abolition agreement. A good way to begin would be with collective-security agreements. But even if nuclear aggression or nuclear blackmail should be attempted there would still be time to act. There would be an interval of some weeks between the original act of aggression and any nuclear response, and in that period pressures of all kinds—including the pressure of the threat of nuclear retaliation by any number of nations—could be exerted to resolve the crisis. These courses of action could be spelled out in advance, so that any would-be aggressor would be able to see clearly what was in store for him.

In judging a system of deterrence, one needs to concentrate on the train of thought that one believes would run through the mind of any national leader inclined toward aggression. In a nuclear-weapon-free world of the kind I have described, a would-be world conqueror contemplating the technical, strategic, and political consequences of aggression would see, I suggest, nothing but a vast field of insurmountable obstacles and, at the end of it—or even quite early—the same mutual assured destruction that we see today when we contemplate "nuclear war." The nuclear world is unconquerable. The peoples of the world refuse to be subjugated, and they have the means, including—in a world in which twentieth-century physics is an open book to all comers—the nuclear means, to prevent their subjugation. Where once a smooth plain stretched before the conqueror's eye, a would-be conqueror today looks out over a terrain that, like one of those glaciers high in the mountains which claim the lives of climbers, is crisscrossed with slippery crevasses, any one of which can prove fatal. Every step courts suicide. The tiny split atom yawns to swallow him up. One might just as well try to cross the desert in a sailing ship or cross the ocean in a tank as try to conquer the nuclear world with military force. And the abolition of nuclear arms would not change this outlook in any basic way. In the foreground of the nuclear-weapon-free world would be the victim's capacity for rearming, itself protected by powerful defensive forces. Beyond that would be the nuclear capacity of the victim's allies, and, beyond that, the nuclear and other retaliatory capacities of the whole world, enraged that it had been pushed back toward its doom by the violator, and possessing both the will and the means to resist further aggression. And, finally, there would be the ferocious local resistance of the peoples of the earth to subjugation: fifty, a hundred, two hundred Vietnams. The potential violator would see that even his first step was extremely unlikely to succeed, the second step impossible, the third pure fantasy. And, seeing all that, he would not take the first step. He would be deterred.



We fear cheating under an abolition agreement because we fear aggression; we fear aggression primarily because we fear that it will upset the balance of power; and we fear an upset of the balance of power because we fear that some single nation or bloc will gain irresistible military superiority and, with it, domination of the world. But in the nuclear world, whether armed or unarmed, these things cannot happen—not because cheating is impossible but because the entire military and political organization of the world in which cheating might have been the first step toward world domination has passed away. No balance of power can be upset, because there is no balance of power—only a balance of terror, which is something different. In a balance of power, each side faces the *power* of the other—power to achieve victory in war, to conquer and occupy other countries or the world—but in the balance of terror all *power* has evaporated, and the two sides are impotent in the face of the same oblivion: not anyone's victory or domination but unlimited and universal defeat; not a foe having its way with the world but the end of the world. All human powers are overmatched by the universal power that was unleashed in the world when the atom was split, and that universal power is what, in the final analysis, checks the would-be world conqueror at every step, including the step in which his maniacal dream might crystallize in his brain. When it turned out that *E* equals mc^2, his sort was doomed, as surely as mammoths were doomed by the Ice Age. And fearing him now would be akin to fearing the mammoth. The dreams of world conquest are dead dreams. They belong to a world that has vanished. Its ways and practices—the marching and retreating armies, the contests for "control of the seas" or "control of the air," the long strings of victories and defeats, spanning the continents, and all the rest of the moves and countermoves, the noise and the fire, of those great global pitched battles by which in the pre-nuclear world the political fortunes of mankind were settled—have, like the lances, armor, and escutcheons of feudalism, sunk under the waves of time forever. We cannot get that world back. Yet its loss can be our gain, for we can profit from it as we turn to face the real peril that has been put before us: the featureless, timeless nothingness of our doom.

IN political affairs, it's a great advantage to be able to start with what is in place and improve on it, rather than to have to start over. An agreement freezing the world's boundaries in place and abolishing nuclear arms while keeping deterrence in force by retaining the ability to rebuild them offers this advantage. It would be a logical, evolutionary outgrowth of present-day deterrence. Deterrence is built on the foundation of the world's horror at the idea of either suffering a nuclear holocaust or, for that matter, perpetrating one. The abolition agreement would build a stronger and more effective policy on that same foundation. It would be a more reliable, more rational, and (within regrettably defined limits) more humane way of profiting from our horror. Under it, the rationale that the only sensible role for nuclear weapons is to guarantee that those same weapons are never used would not, it is true, be fully carried through to its logical conclusion, but it would be buttressed and strengthened. The latent agreement among adversaries on which deterrence depends would be made explicit and *acted upon*. Their de-facto acceptance of the status quo would be insti-



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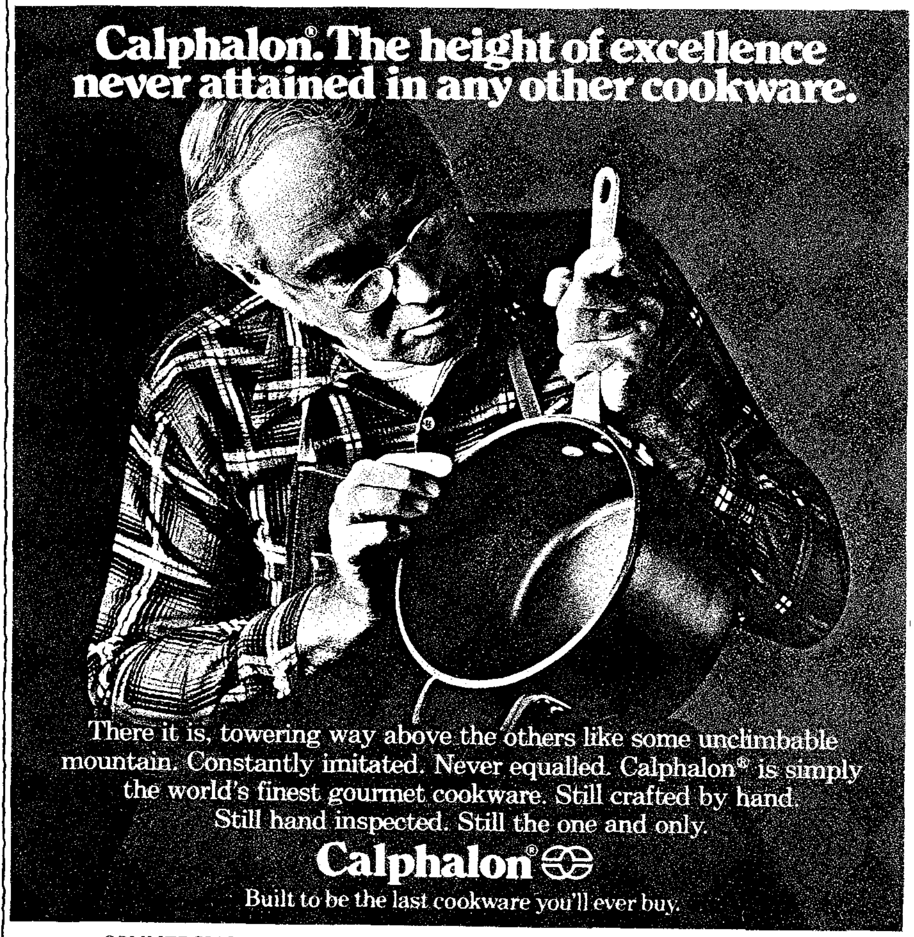

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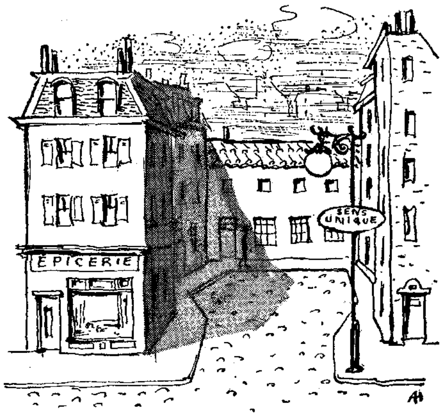
tutionalized. Nations would still, in the last analysis, rely on their own nuclear capacities to preserve their independence. But the grotesque disproportion between the causes and the results of "war"—the threat to end the world so as to prevent every threat to the status quo—would be greatly reduced (although not yet removed).

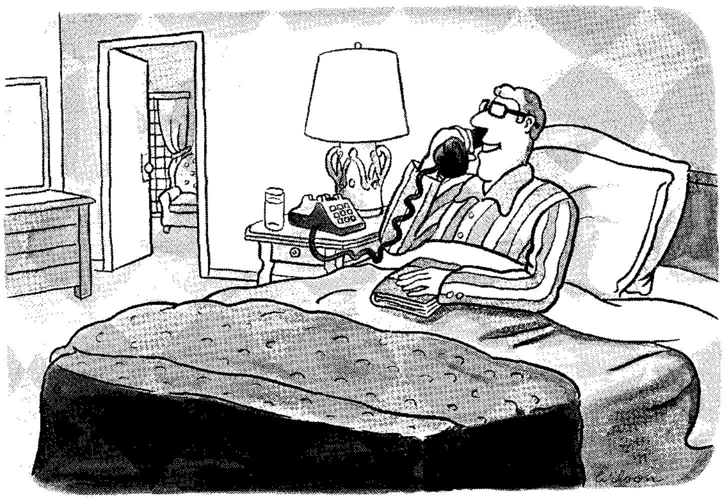
The precise steps by which abolition might be reached would be the product of negotiations, but the most important stage in the great powers' negotiations would consist of an initial formal affirmation and definition, in technical, military, and political terms, of the goal. Agreement on the goal would have to come first because it is impossible to decide on precise steps until one knows where one is heading. At present, strangely, our procedure is the reverse. We concentrate all our energy on the steps (SALT, START, the freeze, and so on), and simply leave unanswered the question of where all this is going. (At the moment, it seems to be going nowhere.) Is our aim the stability of existing arsenals? Is it President Reagan's defensive world, protected from nuclear attack by weapons in space and elsewhere? Is it "reductions"? "Deep reductions"? If so, how deep? Down to "minimum deterrence"? What then? Or do we—as a number of Presidents, including President Carter and President Reagan, have hinted—seek abolition? If we do, what is the world going to look like then, and what are we going to do if trouble starts? Up to now, these questions have somehow been seen as unfit for government to answer. In this matter—the most important matter of all—government has been content to grope along a path that lacks a clearly defined destination. And even the peace movement has been shy about advocating full nuclear disarmament—showing a reluctance as crippling to its cause as hesitation to advocate the abolition of slavery would have been to that of the anti-slavery movement. The answer one gives to the question of the goal determines the character of the steps one takes. And the lack of an answer—of a destination for arms control—means that the steps falter, grow uncertain, cross back over each other, and finally stop. With no consensus in place on where we are going, policy shifts from Administration to Administration; and even within each Administration there is a lack of clarity about what would be desirable. And the general public is left in total confusion, unable to bring its will to bear, or even to form its will, on questions of specific policy. One Administration concentrates on delivery systems, another on throw-weight and numbers of warheads. Two Presidents say that they seek abolition, and Harvard and the *Times* say that abolition is impossible. One President sees anti-nuclear defenses as injurious to stability, and the next sees them as the key to stability. One school of expert thought says that the stabilization of forces, even at something like present levels, should be the goal of arms control, and another school thinks that reductions should be the goal. The point here is not so much to argue that any of these views are right or wrong per se as to suggest that without agreement on a single, clear goal for arms control we have no standard by which to measure anyone's views. A clear goal, once adopted, would serve as an organizing principle for both our steps and our ideas. If after study our government adopted abolition as its goal—not as a rhetorical flourish for the peroration of Presidential speeches but as a practical, thought-out destination—many points currently under discussion would be clarified. The issue of anti-nuclear defenses is a case in point. As we have seen, such defenses are destabilizing *before* an abolition agreement (because they only spur increased offensive measures on the other side) but become stabilizing *after* an abolition agreement (as a hedge against cheating). Thus, until the great powers were well on their way to abolition we would rein in defenses, but once they were on their way we would encourage defenses. The issue of reductions would also be clarified. Reductions become unambiguously necessary. Because they would be the path leading to zero, they would lose the air of pointlessness that they necessarily have as long as it is believed that mutual assured destruction must be preserved, if only "minimally." (Re-



ductions short of abolition, it should be said, might serve one invaluable purpose: they might—though when we consider the nuclear winter we can't be sure—bring the arsenals down to a level still adequate for mutual assured destruction but not sufficient to cause extinction.) The goal of stability, too, would gain a new context.

Once the goal had been studied, defined, and accepted, the steps, it seems to me, would not be hard to find. Without trying to go into detail, I shall mention a few principles by which they might be established. A basic principle governing the whole process would be that deterrence would remain in effect at every stage, including, of course, the final one—abolition itself. Most important, at every step, all the way down to zero, each side would retain a secure retaliatory capacity. The deterrence theory in use, however, would be "existential deterrence," rather than any of the more theoretically elaborate kinds. Instead of being guided by detailed scenarios of possible nuclear wars, we would rely on common sense and the lessons of history, which show that nations are even more reluctant to use nuclear weapons than deterrence theory suggests. Guided by this rough-and-ready version of deterrence, which, though it is less intellectually dazzling than some of the others, corresponds better to our actual, fallible human predictive powers, the negotiating partners would seek a balance at all stages of the reductions but would not get unduly alarmed if imbalances appeared in one area or another now and then.

As reductions continued, the capacity for retaliation would consist less and less of the possession of weapons and more and more of the capacity for rebuilding them, until, at the level of zero, that capacity would be all. Indeed, the more closely we look at the zero point the less of a watershed it seems to be. Examined in detail, it reveals a wide range of alternatives, in which the key issue is no longer the number of weapons in existence but the extent of the capacity and the level of readiness for building more. (At even quite high levels of warheads—say, the hundreds—the importance of capacity might eclipse the importance of stockpiles.) But there would also be the issue of control of delivery vehicles—an issue that at the zero level might well be even more important than the abolition of warheads. Since the man with a suitcase is a delivery vehicle,



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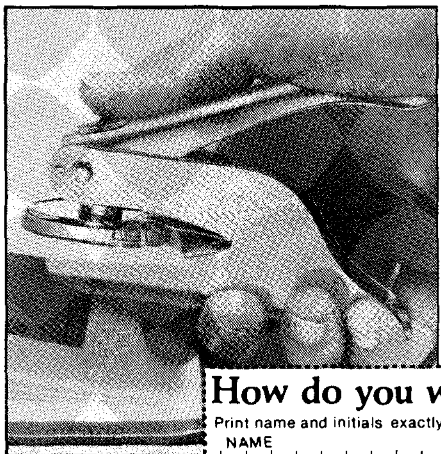

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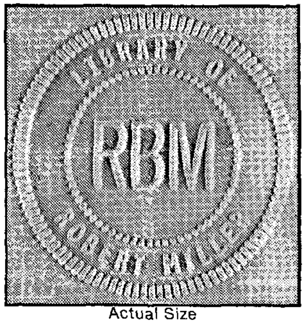

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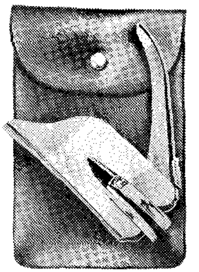

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attaining "zero delivery systems" is in principle impossible. Instead, the task would be to set specifications for those which were allowed and those which were not. Defining the permissible states of readiness for building the bombs and for building delivery vehicles of various sorts would be the first task of negotiations.

One further strategic notion that would gain in depth and meaning in the context of negotiations to establish weaponless deterrence would be the principle of no first use. The value of this concept lies not only in the contribution it makes toward present stability but in its establishment of an almost purely deterrent role for nuclear weapons. (I say "almost" because of the unspoken reservation attached to no first use which specifies that it ceases to apply as soon as one side faces conventional defeat.) If two sides have declared a policy of no first use, then each side possesses its nuclear arsenals only to retaliate in the event that the other side uses them, and since neither side intends ever to strike first neither has any reason to keep its arsenals, and they can be abolished. All that remains is for each side to convince the other that it really *is* abolishing the weapons. When people are persuaded—as so many analysts have been since 1945—that a nuclear-weapon-free world is, in the absence of world government, inherently the least stable of worlds, the opportunity opened up by the two sides' willingness to forswear aggression is lost. But if, as I have argued here, a nuclear-weapon-free world can be stable, with deterrence remaining in effect, then the opportunity can be seized. The no-first-use principle coupled with the principle of achieving weaponless deterrence could provide the foundation for complete nuclear disarmament.

When a person or a society or, as in this case, a whole planet is embarked on a self-destructive and ultimately suicidal course, the first order of business is a decision to *reverse course.* To reverse course is not in itself to arrive at the safe shore, which may still be far in the distance, but it is at least to glimpse that shore and to turn one's craft in its direction. A discussion of what the ultimate aims of the United States' disarmament policy should be, culminating in the actual adoption of a goal, could be the means by which the needed course reversal would take place. The arena in which the debate over the ultimate goals of disarmament takes place should be government, but not government alone. Ideally, it should encompass all of society, but since it is in fact only in the West that free discussion can occur, the debate should begin here. One step in the direction of such a deliberation might be, for example, the appointment of a Presidential commission to restudy the whole issue, from the ground up. Another might be for Congress to hold joint hearings on the question—hearings that would be televised in full before the nation. The press, the universities, and the other independent voices in the society could join in. But it may not be necessary for anyone to take any self-conscious steps to start this discussion. When the time is right, it will be unstoppable. Indeed, it may have already begun.

JUST *as the steps in arms control* need to be placed in the context of the abolition of nuclear arms, so abolition needs to be placed in the context of a full resolution of the nuclear predicament. Abolition would not give us a world from which nuclear weapons had been eradicated forever, which is to say that it would not return us to the pre-nuclear world. Nothing can do that. Even in the realm of the possible, however, abolition would be only a halfway house—an interim solution. We sometimes say that we live on the brink of nuclear destruction. But, with no more than a mechanical or human mistake or two between us and the end of the world, it would be more accurate to say that we are hanging by one arm from a branch that sticks out over the brink. Abolition would get us up onto the brink. It would get us onto solid ground, where we would have the time and the peace of mind to look at the lay of the land and plan our next steps. Or, to change the metaphor, it would be like reaching a base camp, from which we could *reconnoitre* to plan the ascent of the mountain itself. To us now, who are unable to restrain ourselves from heaping up more and more nuclear weapons, until we hardly know where to deploy them, abolition looks like the peak of Mount Everest. But when we got there we would find that we had climbed only a foothill, and that the real Everest—the political challenge of finding peaceful means for handling all disputes in the international sphere—still rose up before us.

It is tempting to suppose that a nuclear-weapon-free world of stalemated sovereign states could be long-lasting, or even permanent. To resort to one more metaphor, nations in the state of deterrence are like trains on the tracks of a roundhouse, all of which converge upon a central point, like the spokes of a wheel. Let us imagine that reaching the central point would give the engineer of any one train, if he rushed forward with his train and seized it, the means to control all the other trains ("world domination"). To prevent this, the engineers resolve that if they see any engineer rushing his train toward the center they will all do the same, destroying the first train and themselves in a single huge collision. But now let us suppose that these tracks extend outward indefinitely, that the trains have all retreated miles into the countryside, and that, furthermore, the engineers have voluntarily entered into a solemn agreement not to come within a defined distance of the center. This, it seems to me, is a fair representation of weaponless deterrence. In recognition of the futility of the resort to force in the nuclear age, nations would have pulled far back from the abyss. The agreement would be their first line of defense against threats both to their national sovereignty and to human survival. They would bend their efforts to preserve it. Yet ultimately they would still rely on the nuclear threat. The engineers are deep in the quiet of the countryside, but if, against all expectation and all reason, one of their number starts rushing toward the central point they are able and ready to do likewise. If we suppose, however, that they manage to stay in their pulled-back state long enough—say, centuries—then we can entertain the hope that something like permanence has been achieved. Theoretically, the trains are ready to rush suicidally to the central point, but actually they have, more and more, been conducting relations along branch lines that they have been building up. The whole business of crashing into each other at the central point has gradually become fantastic and unreal—a nightmare from a barbaric and insane past. The converging tracks fall into disuse and become overgrown. Then one day, perhaps, this paraphernalia of mass destruction can be carted off to village greens, to take its place alongside the naval cannons of the past, and to be played on by small children.

But life is movement and change. No stalemate can be eternal. Differences must arise. They will have to be resolved, and a means of resolving them will have to be found—a means other than violence. And then we are

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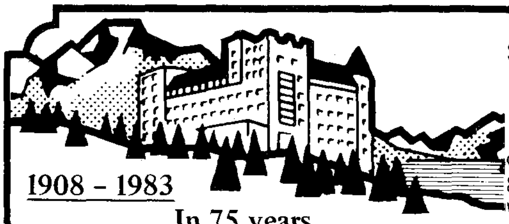

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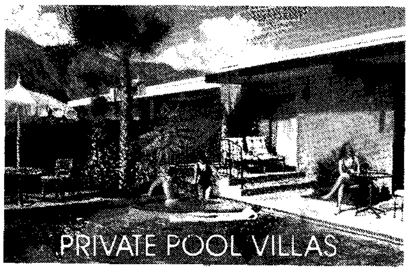

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faced again with the revolution in our political affairs which some called for in the mid-nineteen-forties but which never happened. At issue in this revolution would be not just the outcome of one dispute or another—not even the outcome of the East-West struggle in its entirety—but how all nations were to conduct their political relations with one another from then on. Some observers have suggested that, given the limits of what we can hope to accomplish in the near future, it is meaningless to define the predicament in such broad terms. But it seems to me that even while we recognize these limits it is an essential element of honesty for us to measure our accomplishments not against what we have decided it is possible for us to do at a particular moment but against the objective magnitude of the task that, without our willing it or wanting it, has actually been imposed on us by nuclear weapons. This is the first requirement of realism in the nuclear age, and, I believe, it is in a spirit of realism that we should acknowledge that the abolition of nuclear weapons would be only a preliminary to getting down to the more substantial political work that lies ahead. The size of the predicament is not ours to choose; only the resolution is.

The resolution of the nuclear predicament as a whole, then, would fall into two broad stages. In the first (discussed here), the world would, by agreement, institutionalize the broad global stalemate that we are already in, and abolish nuclear weapons. Political changes would still occur, but no longer by military means. In this stage, the differences between nations would not be taken up and resolved but suppressed and postponed. The nuclear peril would still exist in our affairs, but passively. Nuclear weapons would not, by virtue of this arrangement, have become anachronistic, but to whatever extent we took advantage of the respite by finding diplomatic and political means for conducting the world's business peacefully we would *make* them anachronistic. And that process of invention and construction would constitute the second stage (not discussed here) of the resolution of the nuclear predicament. In it, the frozen world of deterrence would begin to melt and move—peacefully—as new, nonviolent means for decision-making were discovered and instituted. With the critical issue of national security provisionally taken care of, it would no longer be necessary for this political work to take the form of a desperate and unwanted plunge into world government. Instead, the world could deal with its international business step by step—not out of panic that the world was about to end but out of a specific and positive desire to take care of the business at hand. Already the agenda of business calling for such attention is long. It comprises all those matters which come under the heading of "interdependence," including global ecological issues and global economic issues. In these and other areas of international life, "sovereignty" has already dissolved. There is no sovereign power over migratory birds, or over migratory capital, either. The current global debt crisis is a case in point. The world needs to institute a peaceful, orderly means of resolving it and other economic crises of its kind, in which the individual interests of nations can be served only to the extent that the common interest of all is attended to first. The resolution of the current debt crisis will not save the world from nuclear weapons. But if those weapons had been abolished, then the resolution of that crisis would be one of the limited steps along the path of global political changes ultimately necessary if we are to put nuclear weapons behind us once and for all.

Abolition backed up by weaponless deterrence would thus crack the link between nuclear disarmament and world government in not just one way but two: first, it would enable abolition to occur without our having to solve the underlying political problems, and, second, it would provide a foundation on which those political problems could be addressed piecemeal and gradually rather than all at once. In a word, it would resolve not the nuclear predicament—something that does require that we pursue the solution of the political question all the way to its revolutionary conclusion—but the problem of timing that was presented when, one July morning in 1945, our quick-thinking scientists handed our slow-moving politicians a device that simultaneously put our species in peril of self-extermination and made nonsense of the system of international relations with which, for better or worse, we had lived since the beginning of history. Abolition in this form would enable us to move swiftly to rescue our species from its desperate, moment-to-moment peril of self-destruction while allowing the political solution to proceed at the much slower pace that such vast work seems almost in the nature of things to require. When we first snap awake to the nearly unbelievable fact that our species is teetering on the edge of its doom, we are moved, like someone who sees a child wandering near the edge of a cliff, to spring forward immediately and save it. Yet as long as everyone—radicals and moderates alike—believed that we could not do this without first establishing world government our impulse was checked. If that requirement is waived, however, then, although the path ahead of us may still be difficult, we are free to obey our impulse and spring forward. In clearing away this obstacle, we would, for the first time since nuclear weapons were developed, stretch a frail bridge across the gap that opened at the onset of the nuclear age between the demands of the present global political system and the demands of survival. This would be the first major step toward bringing our policies back into some semblance of alignment with our scruples, and making our mortally imperilled, broken life well and safe and whole.

It might be objected that arranging to keep the world immobilized in national units unchallengeable from without would be a step away from, not toward, a world community—a step backward, in which such units, instead of passing from the world scene, would become more firmly entrenched than ever. And it is certainly true that this world of weaponless deterrence is the direct opposite of the "world without boundaries" of which so many have dreamed. In fact, in a world of weaponless deterrence boundaries, far from disappearing, would become virtually sacrosanct. The world would, in effect, be crystallized into units unchangeable from without—units in which peoples were sequestered, unable to conquer others but also safe from conquest by others. Yet, seen in another light, this organization of our global affairs, instead of impeding the eventual peaceful arbitration of international disputes, could set the stage for it nicely. If interna-

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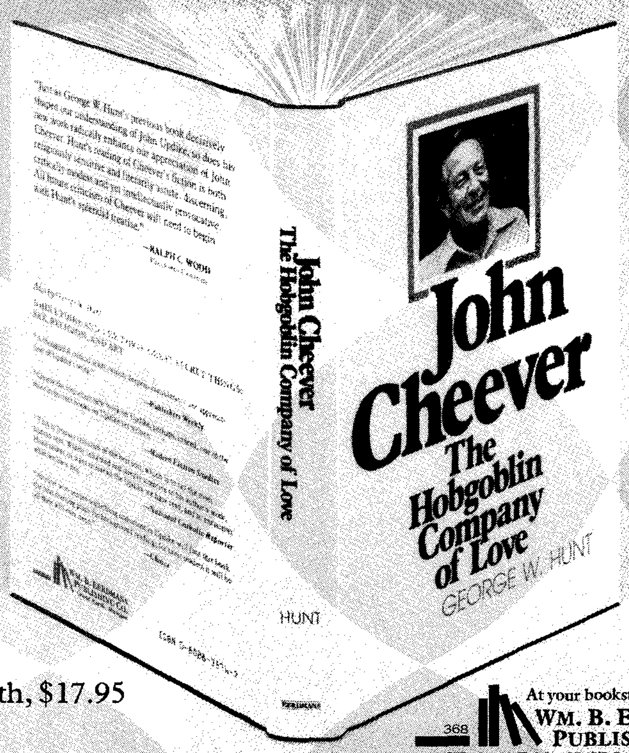

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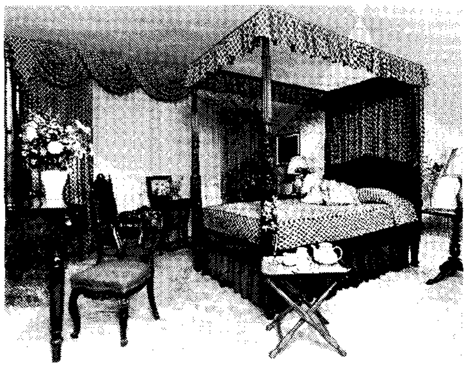

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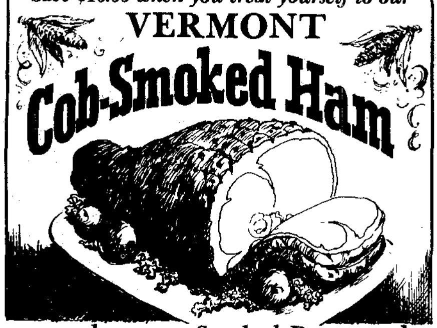
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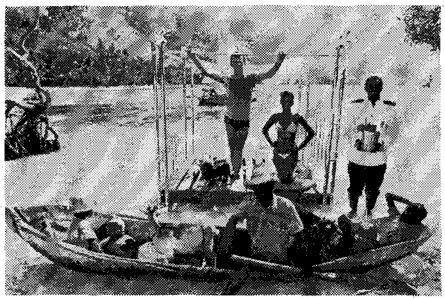
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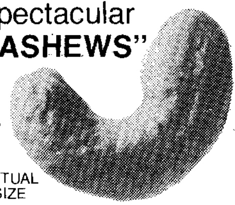
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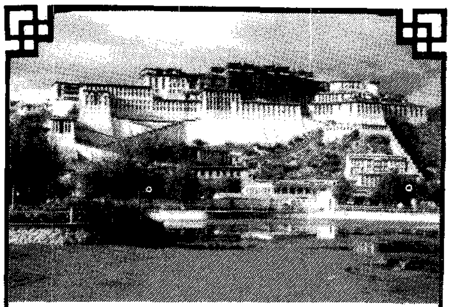
tional institutions are ever to acquire real power—power to solve a world debt crisis, power to legislate a law of the sea, power to decide whom the Falkland Islands should belong to—then we want that power to be balanced and checked by local power. The great and growing patriotic feeling in the world today could be the source of that power. A world of intense patriotism would be the hardest sort of world in which to carry out either aggression or repression. It is sometimes said that patriotism is an obstacle to peace, and insofar as it has been used to feed and justify hatred of other peoples it has certainly been that. Yet patriotism, before it curdles into hatred, can be a generous, large-spirited sentiment, which lifts one out of one's private concerns and reinforces one's attachment and devotion to the community in which one lives. It might serve well as a staging ground for building the broader loyalties that we must develop if we are to survive.

A Nuclear-Weapon-Free but conventionally armed and nuclear-capable world of sovereign and independent states linked together under an abolition agreement would remain an uneasy, dangerous world. Events in it could veer off in unexpected and unwanted directions. It would be subject to breakdowns of many kinds. One has many questions and doubts. Would some local crisis (and we can be sure there will continue to be many crises) draw the great powers into its vortex, and tempt one or more of them back down the path of rearmament, plunging the world into a mad scramble to get back to mutual assured destruction, or something worse? Would it all unravel—precipitately and catastrophically? Would some stern and resolute power, harboring an aggressive will behind smiles of friendship, suddenly burst forth and attack a peaceful and unsuspecting world? Would the West, breathing a vast sigh of relief at having abolished nuclear weapons, also push them out of mind, and grow complacent and soft, while the Soviet Union, still kept under a harsh discipline by totalitarian rule, remained militant and tough? Would the deterrent effect of mere preparations for nuclear armament be impressive enough to influence the actions of governments—to deter them? Would some power see nuclear disarmament as its opportunity to grab some advantage by launching conventional war? No one can say that these or any num-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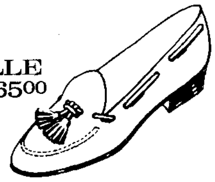
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ber of other disasters are impossible. And even if the system worked exactly as we wanted it to it would remain inherently flawed, because we would still be relying on nuclear weapons for our national defense. We would still be implicated in the intention—somewhere, someday, perhaps—of slaughtering millions of people. Instead of rejecting nuclear destruction categorically, we would still be relying on it. Our "no" to nuclear weapons would still be qualified. That this would be so is one more measure of how small a part of the distance to a full resolution of the nuclear predicament we would have travelled.

Our point of comparison, however, is not a world in which the disputes among nations have melted away or are being settled peacefully. It is today's world, in which in order to preserve a precarious "safety" we think we are obliged to threaten ourselves with doom. If we were to compare the world of an abolition agreement with the Garden of Eden, we would find it very unsatisfactory—very unstable. (But then the Garden of Eden turned out to be rather "unstable" itself.) But if we compare the world of weaponless deterrence with our present world we find it to be immeasurably better: the impasse would be broken, and our long and difficult journey to a full resolution could begin. Nuclear weapons *would* be abolished. At first glance, a mere increase in the lead time to nuclear hostilities may seem a disappointingly modest gain to be won from the abolition of nuclear weapons. (It seems more impressive when one remembers that, given the everlastingness of the knowledge of how to build the weapons, an increase in the lead time of one length or another is technically the best we can do.) But in fact that modest increase in lead time—from about seven minutes to a month or six weeks—would mark a revolution in stability. The two most shocking features of our present system for organizing the world are the extreme precariousness of our balance on the nuclear tightrope—a precariousness defined by the short lead time—and the extreme price to be paid "if deterrence fails." In a world of weaponless deterrence, both these features would be removed. Strategic analysts largely agree that the two likeliest causes of a nuclear holocaust are, first, a preemptive strike launched out of fear that the other side would launch one and, second, miscalculation, confusion, panic, or accident (human or technological) in the midst of a crisis. Both perils arise from the presence of the arsenals themselves, and both would vanish with the abolition of the arsenals. Nuclear hostilities could begin only as the result of long premeditation and long preparation leading to cold-blooded aggression out of the blue—a course of action that present analysts regard as the unlikeliest of all causes of nuclear hostilities. We are concerned with the stability of the nuclear world. The absence of the peril of a preëmptive strike and the peril of the accidental or semi-accidental strike in a crisis would lend to a nuclear-weapon-free world a stability that we cannot even dream of in our present world of huge nuclear arsenals. For the same reason, the extremity of the penalty would have been reduced, too. Since there would be no huge arsenals, there would, of course, be no peril that the world would be blown up in an instant. Instead, in the event of a breakdown the number of nuclear weapons used—if any—would be small at first. In our present, abundantly armed world, the gruesome lessons of nuclear experience—of nuclear bombs killing people—could not be brought to bear to save us from the final abyss; once we went over the brink, there would be no hope that, horrified by what we had wrought, we would be able to turn back. But in a nuclear-weapon-free world the lessons of experience would reinforce deterrence. It would be not only foreknowledge of the horror of nuclear destruction that would stop us from exterminating ourselves but, in the event of a breakdown, the actual spectacle of it. In short, diplomatic and political processes would not be suspended at the brink of nuclear hostilities, as they are likely to be today, but could be continued even after nuclear hostilities had begun. And while there is little hope that these processes could halt a holocaust involving tens of thousands of weapons and lasting a few hours, there is great hope that they could halt one involving hundreds of weapons and lasting weeks or months.

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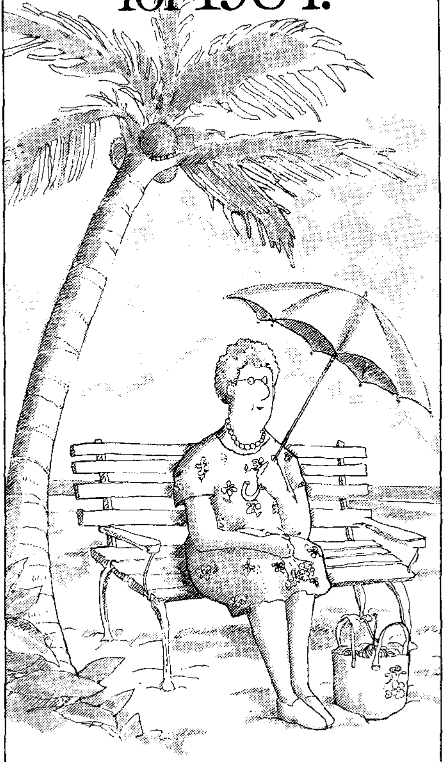

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asked, "Can we not at long last cast off our preoccupation with sheer destruction, a preoccupation that is costing us our prosperity and preëmpting the resources that should go to the solving of our great social problems?" He continued, "For this entire preoccupation with nuclear war is a form of illness. It is morbid in the extreme. There is no hope in it—only horror." Nuclear weapons are truly an evil obsession: they can somehow drag us down even as we try to fight them. They degrade us. They soil us. It is unfortunately true that in a world of unarmed deterrence we would still be relying for our defense on terror—relying for our safety on the threat of terrible crimes. Yet we would have succeeded in pushing the terror and the crimes into the background of our affairs. We would have withdrawn them from the center of the stage, thereby clearing a space into which the peaceful, constructive energies of humanity could flood. But even this retirement of the weapons would not be the most important thing that we had accomplished. It would be that we had made a decision as a species in favor of our survival and then had acted on it. We would have adopted a "deliberate policy"—an unfinished and imperfect one, but a deliberate policy nevertheless. It would not resolve the nuclear predicament, yet the day that the last nuclear weapon on earth was destroyed would be a great day. It would be a day for celebrations. We would have given substance to our choice to create the human future. We would have dispelled once and for all the fatalism and lack of faith in man which, like some dark shadow of extinction itself, have crept over us. And when the celebrations ended, we could turn with new hope and new strength to the unfinished business that lay before us. —JONATHAN SCHELL

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

IN our Profile of Issey Miyake, in our issue of December 19, 1983, we printed part of a poem that began:

> Body is to spirit
> As cloth is to body
> Grown to its own size:
> Room in the air.

Through inadvertence, we failed to attribute the poem to Laurance Wieder, its author. —THE EDITORS

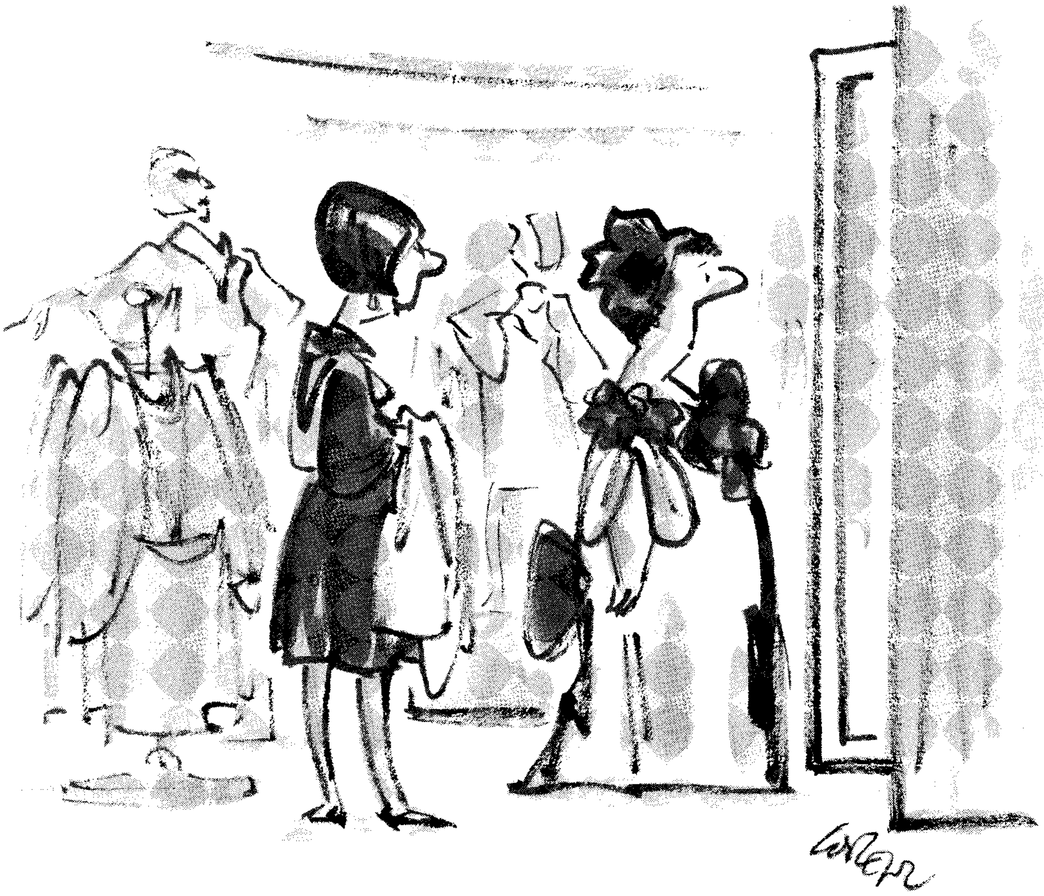
MUSICAL EVENTS

Characters

Ian Hobson, the 1981 winner of the Leeds triennial international piano competition, gave a Sunday-afternoon recital in Tully Hall last month. He has recorded (for EMI) Mozart concertos, Chopin's studies, and Rachmaninoff transcriptions. This was his Manhattan début. (In 1982, he played at Brooklyn College.) He looks like a tall, modest schoolboy. By the fourth bar of Beethoven's Opus 10, No. 3, which opened the recital, he had caught mind and ear—by his bold placing of the sudden sforzando after an almost casually fluent start, and by his timing of the pause. The whole performance showed an attractive combination of ease and energy: the fierce dynamic contrasts were carefully observed, but with an absence of fuss; there was no self-conscious point-making. It was a fresh, free, thoughtful, athletic interpretation. Then came Schumann's F-Minor Sonata, the "Concerto Without Orchestra," in the original version, which has two scherzos, two more variations in the slow movement than one usually hears, and other differences. When Horowitz took up the sonata (in its one-scherzo version), eight years ago, he described it as being "full of bold, wild ideas" and as having "astonishing symphonic unity." Mr. Hobson's performance was less choppy than Horowitz's (which was recorded), less sudden, more flowing. He played with evident enjoyment, with a command of long form and inner relationships, and with a pleasing romantic fancy.

The Leeds jury has regularly preferred grace to flashiness, poetry to pianistic fireworks. Radu Lupu was the 1969, Murray Perahia the 1972 winner. Sometimes it has been charged with playing safe—with, as Dominic Gill put it in an account of the 1978 competition, when Michel Dalberto came first, rewarding "the evidently attractive and competent" at the expense of "the more subtle and controversial virtues . . . real, dynamic and dangerous (but by its very nature fallible and vulnerable) talent." That year, two of the pianists whose individuality most excited Mr. Gill—Kristin Merscher and Gary Steigerwalt—did not reach the finals. Mr. Hobson did, and was placed fourth. As the Tully Hall recital progressed—the second book of Debussy studies, Bartók's Three Studies, and a group of Rachmaninoff preludes made up the second half—the impression formed of an admirable, exceptionally able pianist, one in whose playing love of the instrument, understanding of the music, and an ample technique unite. He was satisfying, but he was not stirring—except in the Debussy studies, where grace, beauty of timbre, and digital skills were most happily balanced. Mr. Hobson used a Hamburg Steinway, No. 425—an agreeable, protean instrument without much character of its own.

George Perle's Serenade III, for piano solo and chamber orchestra (ten players), had its first performance last month at one of Merkin Hall's Music Today concerts. (Perle's first Serenade, for viola solo and an ensemble of ten, appeared in 1962; the second, for an ensemble of eleven, in 1968.) The new piece has the lucidity and the quick, darting intelligence that mark all Perle's compositions and the lively charm that marks the best of them. There are five movements. The first and last are allegros, propelled by the same little germinal motif. The second and fourth are scherzos: a burlesco in which the pianist raps out, rather xylophonelike, a dry, bright, rhythmically teasing line, his hands an octave or two octaves apart; and a perpetuum mobile in which, with an unbroken flow of sixteenth notes, *ppp*, he traverses the upper half of the keyboard now at a straight-line tripple, now with limber, bounding figures. There is a slow movement at the heart of the work, an elegy "in memory of George Balanchine." It is a prelude, chorale, and variations, and is quietly, uneffusively moving. This movement contains lyrical piano writing of the kind, found also in Perle's Six Études and his Ballade, that has led to his being called a Chopin of the modern piano. Richard Goode was a soloist both poetic and witty. The Music Today ensemble, conducted by



"Veni, vidi, vici—eh, Mrs. Henderson?"

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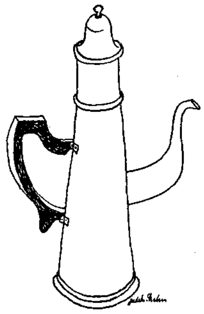
Gerard Schwarz, played deftly but did not convey that sense of mastery, of knowing intimately the work in hand, which marks Speculum and Parnassus performances.

The concert opened with Carlos Chávez's "Energia" (1925), a bold, vigorous composition with Varèse and Stravinsky connections. Luciano Berio's "Chemins II" had an expert viola soloist in Sol Greitzer, but the dream textures of the lovely, mysterious composition needed more careful balancing. After the Perle, there was another première, Neil Rolnick's "Real Time," a concerto for Synclavier II Digital Synthesizer and an ensemble of thirteen. The synthetic sounds produced by the solo instrument, played by the composer, were revolting. And then Robert Kurka's suite from his opera "The Good Soldier Schweik," for fourteen winds and two drummers, which was given an exuberant but unpolished performance.

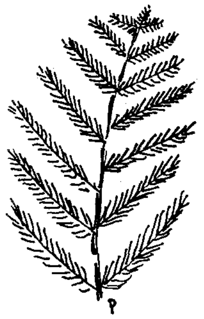


THE Group for Contemporary Music's December concert, at the Manhattan School of Music, brought the première of Frederick Fox's "Nexus (Sonaspheres 2)"—old-fashioned, unattractive title for a firmly made, attractive composition whose ideas held one's attention. It's a stretch of colorful, often chunky music, with sharp profiles, for flute, viola, cello, and piano. Fox works in Bloomington, Indiana; there were also pieces from San Diego and Champaign-Urbana, in New York premières. The former, Bernard Rands' "Obbligato" (1980), was an Arts Council of Great Britain commission for the Los Angeles trombonist Miles Anderson and the Sequoia Quartet. Rands' trombone solo "Memo 2," an exuberant virtuoso monody, has been placed in a new context, provided by the string quartet, which glosses, colors, tropes, and develops the earlier ideas, transporting them into a new sound-realm that at the close confederates with the trombone's. (By a similar process, Berio converted his viola solo "Sequenza VI" into "Chemins II.") A record is being made that will include both the solo and the quintet compositions. I look forward to hearing it. Mr. Anderson, a dazzling, mercurial player, was joined here by the Columbia String Quartet. John Melby's Concerto for Viola and Computer-Synthesized Tape (1982) was hard to listen to attentively, even though it seemed to have things to say. The tape was made on the IBM 4341 computer at the University of Illinois; the soloist, Benjamin Hudson, played a Barcus-Berry Violectra—a five-stringed fiddle, spanning viola and violin registers, with a microphone in its bridge and a timbre that emerged, lacerating in forte, from a small loudspeaker. This was music blasted out for the generation that has grown up deafened. (The car of the train I took last month to Washington was loud with various musics thudding from earphones pressed to young passengers' ears; I tried in vain to read a Handel score.) From the Violectra in full cry one could only flinch, consciously avoiding the noise, since focussing on it caused pain—as one did during Philip Glass's "The Photographer" at the Brooklyn Academy, as one does when an express passes through a local station. I hope Mr. Hudson wasn't harmed. He's a trenchant performer, and the violinist we probably hear most often in New York—first fiddle of Speculum Musicae, the Group, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Columbia Quartet, etc.

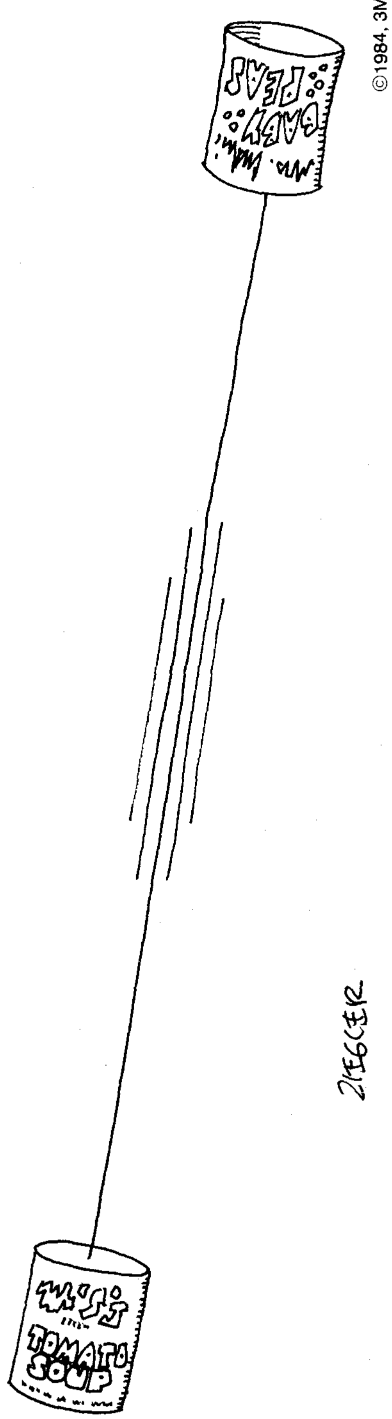
The program-note writer, having observed differences geographical and stylistic between the six composers on the wide-ranging bill, then turned to similarities: "All are male; all have received advanced academic training, and all are connected in some way with institutions of higher learning." Biographical notes further revealed that Roger Sessions, Luigi Dallapiccola, and Milton Babbitt each taught two of them. East Coast institutions (Columbia, Harvard, and Queens College) were represented by Arthur Kreiger's "Passacaglia on Spring and All" (1982), for chorus and electronic tape, which seemed to me an uninspired piece; by Donald Martino's "Quodlibets II" (1980), for solo flute, which is bracing and inventive, and was brilliantly played by Harvey Sollberger; and by Hugo Weisgall's "Translations" (1973), a song cycle that was commissioned by Shirley Verrett, was first sung by Elsa Charlston, was recorded by Judith Raskin (on CRI), and was sung on this occasion by Susan Belling. It's a modern "Frauenliebe und Leben" with some good poems in it—the best of them by, or translated from the Yiddish by, Adrienne Rich—and some well-written music. Weisgall, in a note on the cycle, points to three kinds of translation here: of texts; of women's feelings by a male composer; and of poetic form into musical structure. The recorded performance is dull: each word is clearly pronounced, but the poetry disappears and, with it, the expressiveness of Weisgall's music. Miss Belling's performance was electric—lieder singing on the highest level, in which the lines flowed, the words were vivid, the eyes sparkled, and in each song a character stood before us. Her tones were flip, simple, sexy, tender, amused, wry, ardent, as each song required. The full sound was lustrous and unforced. Why do we hear so little of this remarkable soprano? The performance left one eager to discover her as Violetta, as Lulu, as any of Mozart's heroines. She has not been on the New York stage since creating the title role in Leon Kirchner's "Lily" at the City Opera, nearly seven years ago. Aleck Karis was the pianist—dexterous but unemotional.

CONDUCTORS of distinction are rare at the Metropolitan Opera. Bernard Haitink came two seasons ago, making his début there with "Fidelio." He had a poor cast and a pedestrian production. It was a disappointing performance, and Mr. Haitink has not been back. Eight years ago, John Mauceri made his Met début with "Fidelio." He had a good cast and a good production; Otto Schenk, who staged the opera in 1970, returned to rehearse the revival. It was a stirring and successful performance, but Mr. Mauceri has not been back. The recent triumphs of the young New York conductor have been with the English National Opera and the Royal Opera; in New York he does "On Your Toes." Last month, Klaus Tennstedt made his Met début with "Fidelio." He had a cast that looked good on paper and a flabby production that seemed to be moves made "after the book" rather than in any endeavor to give theatre form to Beethoven's great score. It was an incoherent and disappointing performance. Mr. Tennstedt is an erratic conductor, inspiring at his best, splurgy and mannered at other times. This (I attended the second performance of the run) was one of the other times—a rough, untidy performance, with the emotion on the surface and little control of the long dramatic movement. Even on the simplest levels, things came to grief: the string turns in the prelude to Act II were smudges; the drums banged all else into inaudibility at the close of Leonore No. 3 (played to cover the scene change in Act II) and at the start of the finale; the strings under the trumpet signal boomed out oddly. The oboe, Elaine Douvas, was eloquent.

In the Met's century of history, most of the world's famous Leonores have sung the role there: from Marianne Brandt (1884) and Lilli Lehmann (1887) to Kirsten Flagstad (1936) and Hildegard Behrens (1978). The notable absentee from the annals is Lotte Lehmann; Flagstad had the role first, and Lehmann turned down an invitation to follow her. The Met's latest Leonore is Eva Marton, whose plain but very loud soprano is winning for her an easy international fame. She seems to me a potentially important but at the moment uncultivated singer. The timbre was unvaried and monotonous. The passages not plainly delivered sounded like applied effects: an exquisitely soft reprise of "Komm, o komm" was not worked into the long line of the aria; the second subject of the "Nur hurtig fort" duet with Rocco was delivered in a breathy stage whisper. One of the great passing moments of "Fidelio"—immortalized in a Lotte Lehmann record—is a fervently breathed "ja, ja" in the aria. Miss Marton did not sing the words but substituted "ich weiss."



For nearly a quarter century, Jon Vickers has been a Met Florestan. Like all his operatic impersonations, this one is inspired by passionate identification with the character and his plights. Every ardent inflection, every long pause has been pondered, but it has become a disconcertingly elaborate interpretation: the form of the numbers is obscured; any simple momentum is lost. Mr. Vickers enacts an idea of the opera, powerfully imagined and powerful in execution, but on this occasion it related so little to the actual Leonore onstage and proceeded so nearly independently of the conductor as to seem almost self-regarding, self-centered. Mr. Vickers' latest "touch" is to play the Florestan of the finale as a shrinking, blinking White Rabbit unable, after years of dungeon dark-



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ness, to face Don Fernando, light, and life again. He all but hid beneath Leonore's coat. On a literal level, it makes sense; in the context of Beethoven's musical affirmation, it does not.

Two big Scandinavian basses, Matti Salminen as Rocco and Aage Haugland as Don Fernando, gave sonorous but somewhat lumbering performances—a Fasolt and Fafner pair. Roberta Peters' Marzelline was admirable; Michael Best's Jaquino was callow. In a smaller house, Frank Mazura's Don Pizarro would have been impressive, for it was trenchantly and stylishly delivered. But his voice is not large, and in the quartet confrontation he dwindled to a puny adversary, dwarfed vocally and physically by Miss Marton, Mr. Vickers, and Mr. Salminen. The spoken dialogue had been abridged to a point where the abruptness of some exchanges made the audience laugh.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

WEATHER BREEDER

This heron-still day,
clipped from April
and stuck upside down
on the January page,
is a trick. The calendar
should be fretted, torn,
and flung at every window.
Where sky and bay
appear to have changed
places, the water's so flat
and full it looks
tideless, as if we could
walk it to Chapman's Cove,
past undissolved rings
from a loon's dive,
and a raft of buffleheads
drifting in flight pattern
under clouds like sepias
of combers. This is
the second trick, and
the third's how we'll pay
come April—in this day's
place, the wind offshore
veering around east,
with gulls huddled in
the least backwaters, facing
up to the long fetch of air.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*Headline in the Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press*]

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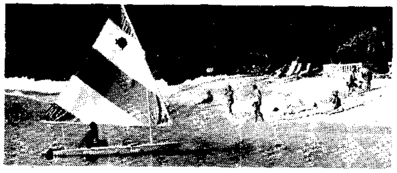

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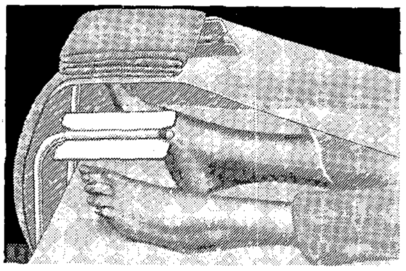

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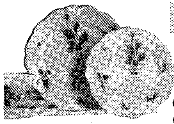

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Busybody

Meryl Streep gives a very fine performance as Karen Silkwood, considering that she's the wrong kind of actress for the role. Since she has reached great heights of prestige, and many projects are offered to her, she's the one who's making the wrong choices—she is miscasting herself. There's a scene in "Silkwood" in which Karen and the other employees of the Kerr-McGee plutonium and uranium fuel plant near Crescent, Oklahoma, are having lunch, and Karen, who likes to titillate her co-workers by showing them how free-wheeling she is, nuzzles close to one of them—Drew (Kurt Russell), her lover—rubs his bare upper arm with her fingers, and then, swinging her hips and moving from table to table, starts to take a bite out of somebody else's sandwich. Meryl Streep imitates raunchiness meticulously—exquisitely. She does a whole lot of little things with her hands and her body; she's certainly out to prove that she's physical, and she seems more free here than in her other starring roles. But she hasn't got the craving to take that bite. If the young Barbara Stanwyck had grabbed the sandwich, we'd have registered that her appetite made her break the rules; if Debra Winger had chomped on it, we'd have felt her sensual greed. With Streep, we just observe how accomplished she is. She chews gum and talks with a twang; she tousles her shag-cut brown hair; she hugs herself; she eyes a man, her head at an angle. She has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but something is not quite right. She has no natural vitality; she's like a replicant—all shtick.

Karen Silkwood, who worked at the plant for two years, was contaminated by radiation—she had plutonium in her lungs—and might have died of cancer if she hadn't been killed in 1974, at the age of twenty-eight, in a car crash. She was on her way to a meeting with a New York *Times* reporter when her car veered off the road and into the concrete wall of a culvert. According to the legend that has sprung up, she was murdered because she was about to "blow the whistle" on Kerr-McGee and had documents to give the reporter which would have backed up her allegation that the mineral-resources conglomerate was not meeting quality standards in the production of plutonium fuel rods for the government, and was falsifying its records. (She had already presented thirty-nine claims of health-and-safety irregularities to the Atomic Energy Commission, which investigated her charges and confirmed more than half of them.) The most dramatic events in the various accounts of Karen Silkwood's life are circumscribed, because they're in contention (probably forever); there's no definitive version of what happened. As a result, the movie is a series of suggestions and insinuations and evasions.

What *can* be dramatized is the character of Karen Silkwood, and that could be enough, because, unlike storybook heroes and heroines but like many actual heroes and heroines, she was something of a social outcast. (As Simone Weil noted, it was the people with irregular and embarrassing histories who were often the heroes of the Resistance in the Second World War; the proper middle-class people may have felt they had too much to lose.) Karen Silkwood drank and popped pills and liked to play around. She had given her three small children over to their father, and at the time of her contamination she was going with Drew and sharing an apartment with a lesbian co-worker (called Dolly here, and played by Cher). She was—perhaps obsessively—centered on her duties as a member of the union's negotiating committee and worked gathering evidence to support her charges. She was a maze of contradictions, and a spirited actress could have made us feel what her warring impulses came out of. A woman who gives up her children is horrifying to many of us; we want to understand the sexual needs or the passion for freedom that drove Karen Silkwood to it, and how these emotions tied in with her union activism and the courage she showed in going against the company.

Meryl Streep sensitizes the character and blurs her conflicts. She plays Silkwood in a muted and mournful manner—Karen's sad, flirty eyes show the pain of a woman who doesn't quite understand how she lost her children,

THERE.
WAS I FAST ENOUGH?
DO I GET MY DESSERT NOW?
ZIEGLER
McDONALD'S CHILDREN

and can never get over it. She's haunted by her loss; she's fine-boned and fragile—a doomed, despondent woman with many an opportunity to smile mistily through incipient tears. And, returning to the screen after an interval of eight years, Mike Nichols, the director, soft-pedals everything around her. Kurt Russell is a marvellously relaxed, easy actor, and his talent comes through, even though he's used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher, who showed a likable toughness and directness in "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," is used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. She has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but Dolly is a wan, weak role. In the film, Karen and Drew and Dolly live together in a small, rickety house, and both Drew and Dolly are in love with Karen; it's hard to know why, except that Karen is played by the picture's star. (They love Karen the way everybody in "An Unmarried Woman" loved Jill Clayburgh.) "I can't stay away from you," Drew tells her, and he demonstrates the very latest in gentle, good-animal lovemaking. And Karen has a scene sitting in a porch swing and holding Dolly and comforting her, because she can't love Dolly the same way Dolly loves her. By that time, the movie has refined a potentially great woman character and turned her into a neurasthenic object of sympathy and adoration.

Unable to take a stand on what happened and provide a set of villains (or of misunderstandings of accidents), Mike Nichols has made a passive advocacy film—it raises suspicions of many kinds of nuclear-age foul play, and everything is permeated with paranoia, hopelessness, and death. The movie is so cloudy and unfocussed that its high points are the moments when Karen's radiation sets off the plant's alarm and she is forced into a high-pressure shower—it suggests a concentration camp—and scrubbed down with an abrasive brush. That's when she's at her most helpless, and it may be the only time we in the audience identify with her.

The movie has a sad, depressive sting. It's absorbing because we know that many companies are in fact criminally careless about employee safety, and that when employee complaints are publicized, and accusations start flying back and forth, the plant may quietly close down. So we understand the fearfulness of the other workers, and their resentment when Karen—literally a busybody—sits around making notes. But the movie is gutted—it's aesthetically frightened and faded. Mike Nichols' work is erratic throughout. There are good performances by Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, Fred Ward, and several others, but almost every one of them has a scene that gets frozen or hokey—Fred Ward is turned into a wooden Indian. The cinematography, by Miroslav Ondřiček, is discreetly poetic, with the plains and the petrochemical plants and the people all in uneasy relationships with each other, but every now and then Nichols calls for a cloying, calendar-art-sunset lyricism that temporarily destroys the visual texture. There are melodramatic posturings by the implied "bad guys" which belong to an altogether different style of storytelling, and when the workers at the plant turn against Karen they could be posing for illustrations of a pamphlet on how capitalism whips workers. The dangling implication that Dolly somehow betrayed Karen to the Kerr-McGee managers is particularly unsettling; a scene in which Karen questions her and she acts guilty is out of "The Twilight Zone." It's hard to believe that the script—by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen—could have had so many loose ends, and no finish. (The end of the film is chopped short. It must have been a special problem, partly because "The China Syndrome" borrowed what is widely believed to have been Silkwood's murder for its highway-chase sequence.)

Some scenes appear to relate to passages that were edited out. My favorite glitch comes about two-thirds of the way through the picture: When the simple, pragmatic Drew is fed up with Karen's spending so much time on union activities, he quits his job at the plant and wants her to quit, too, and come away with him. But she's all involved in her fight. She claims that he doesn't care if everybody at the plant is poisoned, and he leaves her, saying, "Don't give me a problem I can't solve." As he goes out to his car, he is followed by a large, devoted dog whose existence we hadn't registered before, though we did once see Drew—rather bewilderingly—pouring kibble into a dish. (This sequence ends with a wildly unlikely but very fetching romantic conceit: Drew comes back in, his face melting, and, taking Karen in his arms, he says, "I loved it, baby," before driving off. Men screenwriters would have been much less likely to have a man break up an affair in a manner so gratifying to a woman.)

Soon company officials come to the house that the three have shared; they find traces of plutonium there and accuse Karen of having deliberately contaminated herself so she could hurt Kerr-McGee. Karen reels off an elaborate explanation of how she was poisoned, and her words don't have the weight of thought. The scene is an embarrassment: Are we meant to think that she's lying, or is it just that Streep lost hold of the character? It's as if no one on the set were listening. Or watching, either; Karen's accuser looks at her with a blank stare of the kind that used to be called "pitiless." And there's an awful scene a little later, after the walls have been stripped down and the house evacuated: Drew comes back and wanders through the empty rooms in some sort of reminiscent daze, and he takes the front-door key as a souvenir—it's like something out of "Random Harvest" (M-G-M, circa 1942). The capper to the director's uncertainty is the song Karen sings, first onscreen and then in voice-over at the abortive end. Meryl Streep has a tender, scratchy singing voice, a little like Buffy Sainte-Marie's; her singing has more emotional lift than her acting—it's the only suggestive element in her

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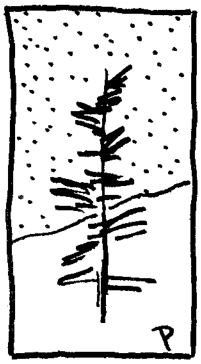
performance. But "Amazing Grace"! It's the safest, most overworked song in contemporary movies.

There's no vulgar life in "Silkwood" except for Diana Scarwid's Angela, a cosmetician in a mortuary who has an affair with Dolly and lives with the three for a while. Scarwid does a vaudeville turn that rouses the audience from its motion-picture-appreciation blues. Standing ramrod straight, and with her bottom packed into pastel pants, she gets laughs out of her tight walk; she gets laughs out of lines that have no laughs. She prolongs syllables and twists meanings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. Scarwid seems to be the only person connected with the movie who isn't worried about not being artistic enough. (When she and Kurt Russell are bitching at each other, they're a terrific team.) And it's a lucky thing that Angela the cosmetician is around to ply her professional skills on this movie, because "Silkwood" is a stiff.

Meryl Streep has been quoted as saying, "I've always felt that I can do anything." No doubt that's a wonderful feeling, and I don't think she should abandon it, but she shouldn't take it too literally, either. It *may* be true for her on the stage, but in movies even the greatest stars have been successes only within a certain range of roles. Katharine Hepburn didn't play Sadie Thompson or Mildred Pierce, and Ginger Rogers didn't appear in "The Swan." Anna Magnani didn't try out for Scarlett O'Hara, Bette Davis wasn't cast as the second wife in "Rebecca," and Garbo didn't break her heart over not doing "Stella Dallas." Part of being a good movie actress is in knowing what you come across as. My guess is that Meryl Streep could be a hell-raising romantic comedienne. (A tiny dirty laugh comes out of her just once in "Silkwood," and it's funkier and more expressive than any of her line readings.) She has the singing voice for musical comedy, and the agility and crazy daring for knockabout farce. And maybe she can play certain serious and tragic roles, too—she was unusually effective in her supporting role in "The Deer Hunter." But in her starring performances she has been giving us artificial creations. She doesn't seem to know how to draw on herself; she hasn't yet released an innate personality on the screen.



Lubitsch abandoned his famous light touch when he made the melodramatic burlesque "To Be or Not To Be," in 1942. The actors gave noisy, effusive performances, probably because they were so gleeful at having the chance to make fools of the Nazis. And getting back at Hitler may have given Lubitsch such a charge that he thought everything the actors did was sidesplitting. All that the picture has going for it is a sort of crude, tireless enthusiasm. (It was made at a time when a lot of people thought that if you showed how ridiculous the Nazis were they would—magically—lose their power.) The new version, produced by Mel Brooks, has nothing to take the place of that anti-Nazi rambunctiousness, and no new point of view. Set in Poland at the time of the German invasion, this "To Be or Not To Be" is still the story of a theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom. Directed by Alan Johnson, who was the choreographer on several earlier Brooks films, it's a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. Johnson doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. You know very early that you're not in the hands of a filmmaking wizard: during an air raid, you hear the conversations of the actors as they scurry down to the basement shelter, and there isn't a single line that makes you laugh or relates to the plot. It's just filler—dead time. Comedians such as José Ferrer and Jack Riley appear in supporting roles, but the semi-new script, by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham, doesn't give them enough gags; the tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, but the only one who keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a real boost is Charles Durning—he seems able to tune in to some private madhouse in his head.

The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard—the husband and wife who run the theatre and are its stars—are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft, and the surprise is that she's the picture's chief asset. With her thick, dark curly hair cut short, pencil-line thirties eyebrows, a broad, lascivious smile, and her body jiggling in silver lamé, she's spectacularly sexy. Her dialogue is barely ade-

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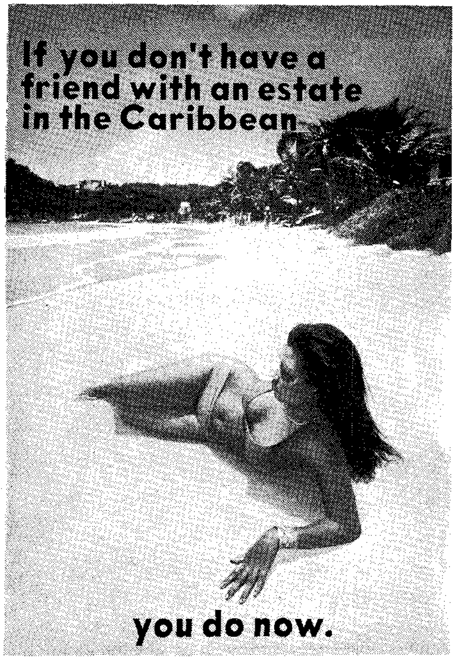
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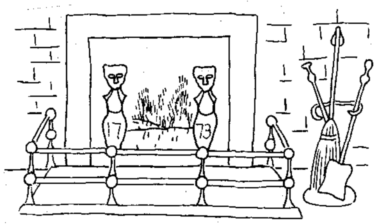

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quate, and at times her smile gets a little glassy and her expression says that she's floating, waiting to be told what's wanted of her, but she sustains the loose, invitational manner of a woman who is bored with her little putz of a husband and is eager for some action. (Her backstage dallyings with a young Polish bomber pilot—Tim Matheson—are timed to coincide with her husband's recitation of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy onstage.) There's a friendly warmth about Bancroft's vamping; she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. It's not really *his* silliness: the Jack Benny role hasn't been fully reconceived for him, and he has to rush around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis. He loses the particular maniacal sophistication of Mel Brooks—he's like any other actor rushing around to keep a movie going. Brooks' plight reminded me of how ordinary the Marx Brothers were when they appeared in roles that hadn't been written for them, in the movie version of the Broadway farce "Room Service." They didn't cut loose, and neither does Brooks.

The high spot of the film comes in its opening number—Brooks and Bancroft singing "Sweet Georgia Brown" in Polish. But even that number could have used more raucousness. It's a trace too bland, and it depends too heavily on Bancroft's dazzling smile and shimmer and shake. The two other musical numbers are duds. So are many of the plot-complication scenes, especially the ones featuring James Haake as Bancroft's dresser—a fey homosexual who wears flowered silk wrappers and matching shorts. When the Nazis come to arrest him, he tries to hide among the chorus girls onstage. The director doesn't seem to know whether the scene should be played for laughter or suspense or pathos. It's a mess. And the picture's be-kind-to-Jews-and-homosexuals tone is icky. The scenes centering on Jews being hidden in the theatre are awkward, because if the Jews are hiding in the basement, what does that make the actors on the stage? The implication is that Mel Brooks is a Polish Catholic. That's a first. —PAULINE KAEL

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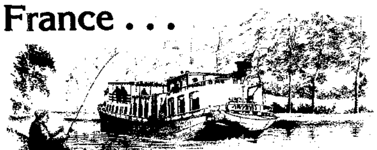

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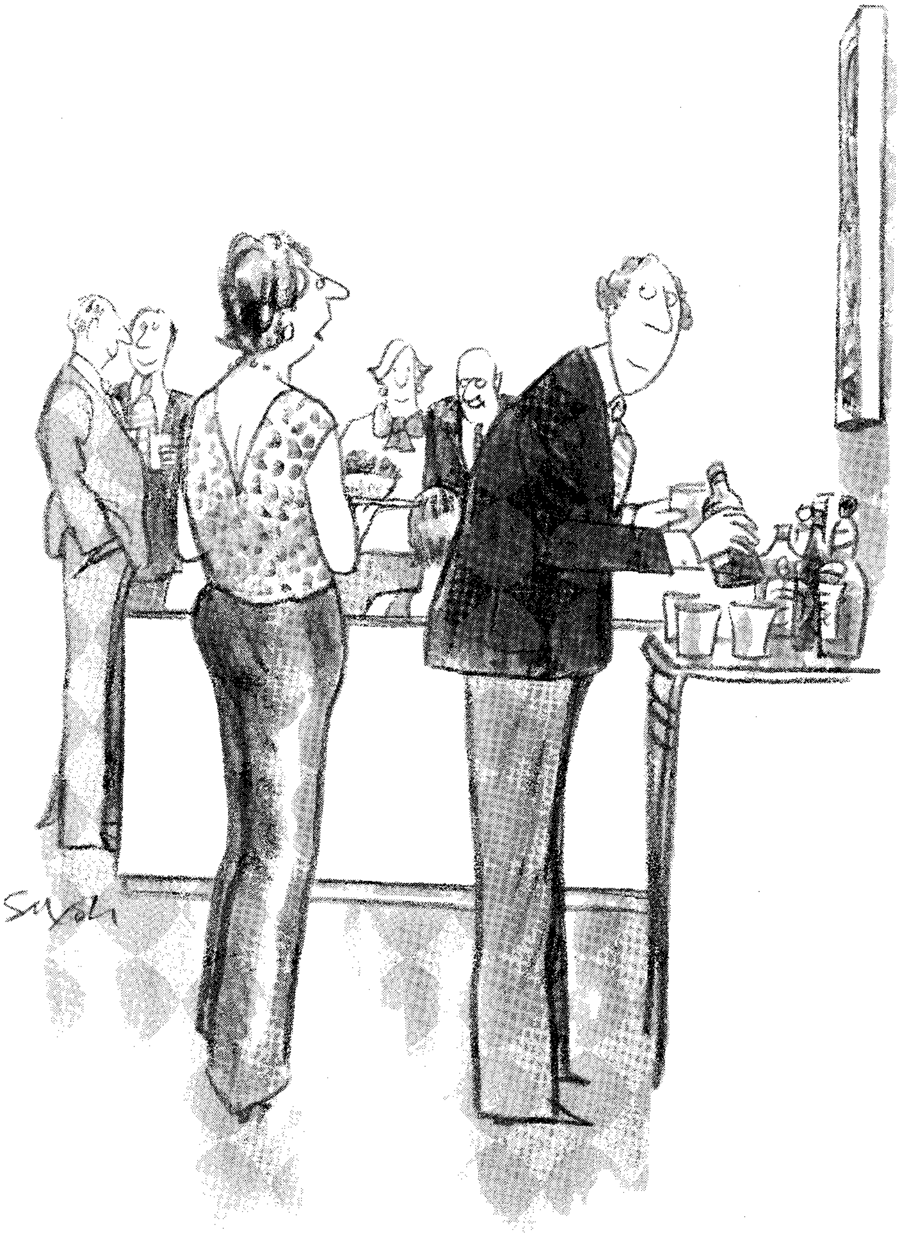
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Galt MacDermot's oratorio "The Human Comedy," which will run at the Public through January 8th, has been adapted (book and lyrics) by William Dumaresq from William Saroyan's novel about a family in a small town in California during the Second World War. At the beginning, the entire company files onto the stage, and it remains there throughout, those engaged in a scene moving with their chairs to a small space in front and then back again when the scene is over. All the words are sung; there are no spoken lines. The family consists of a widow, her three sons, and her daughter. The eldest son, Marcus, is away in the Army; the middle son, Homer, is a schoolboy who gets a job after hours at the local telegraph company; the youngest son, Ulysses, is a small child; and the daughter, Bess, slightly older than Homer, is still in school, too. It is Homer, the telegram deliverer, who is the focus of the action; he is apparently based on Saroyan, whose early stint at Postal Telegraph was so widely known as to assume legendary status. At the beginning of the evening, at the end of the first act, and at the end of the show, little Ulysses steps forward and waves and sings to a trainman passing through (an actor standing at the back of the auditorium); their duet is wistful and charming, and sets the tone of much of the proceedings. The action is a matter of small scenes, those in the first act set mostly in the family's house or in the telegraph office, where Homer is told that his duties include singing birthday and anniversary telegrams as well as delivering grim news from the War Department. There are a lot of jokes and many effective moments. At one point, old Mr. Grogan, who works at the telegraph office, sings about the music of the telegraph keys, and out steps a black woman, in the person of Delores Hall, to sing, to the accompaniment of a jazz trumpeter, a jubilant song that names California towns and then cities throughout the country which are reachable by telegraph. The strong plot unfolds clearly through Mr. MacDermot's melodic songs, which come in all varieties of rhythms and styles, and through the firm, well-drawn characters.

The first act is Saroyan at his humorous, sympathetic, imaginative best, and even his pure, unabashed sentimentality is quite engaging, but it simply will not do in the second act, which deals with military life and death, sometimes presented by ominous wire, including the death of Marcus; the syrup is not merely inappropriate but offensive. There can be no question about Mr. MacDermot's brimming, witty score combined with the ingenious performance, under Wilford Leach's direction. Together, they evoke, among other feelings, a feeling of time and place, without any superfluous nostalgia. Mr. Leach certainly has the knack of turning good singers into actors. Most notable among them is Rex Smith, who plays Homer's kind boss at the telegraph office with considerable conviction. As for the others, many of them actors turned into singers, Stephen Geoffreys is fine as teen-age Homer; he is equal at all times to the emotional and vocal demands of the part. So is Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as his pretty sister. Don Kehr is Marcus; Caroline Peyton is his fiancée; Joe Kolinski is an Army buddy; Bonnie Koloc is the mother; David Johnson is the trainman; and Gordon Connell is old Mr. Grogan. All of them are admirable; as for the gifted Josh Blake, as the child, Ulysses, half the audience will want to adopt him on the spot. The other singers are good, too, and the splendid musicians deserve to be saluted separately.

—Edith Oliver



"You're the host, Edwin. You're not supposed to look bemused."

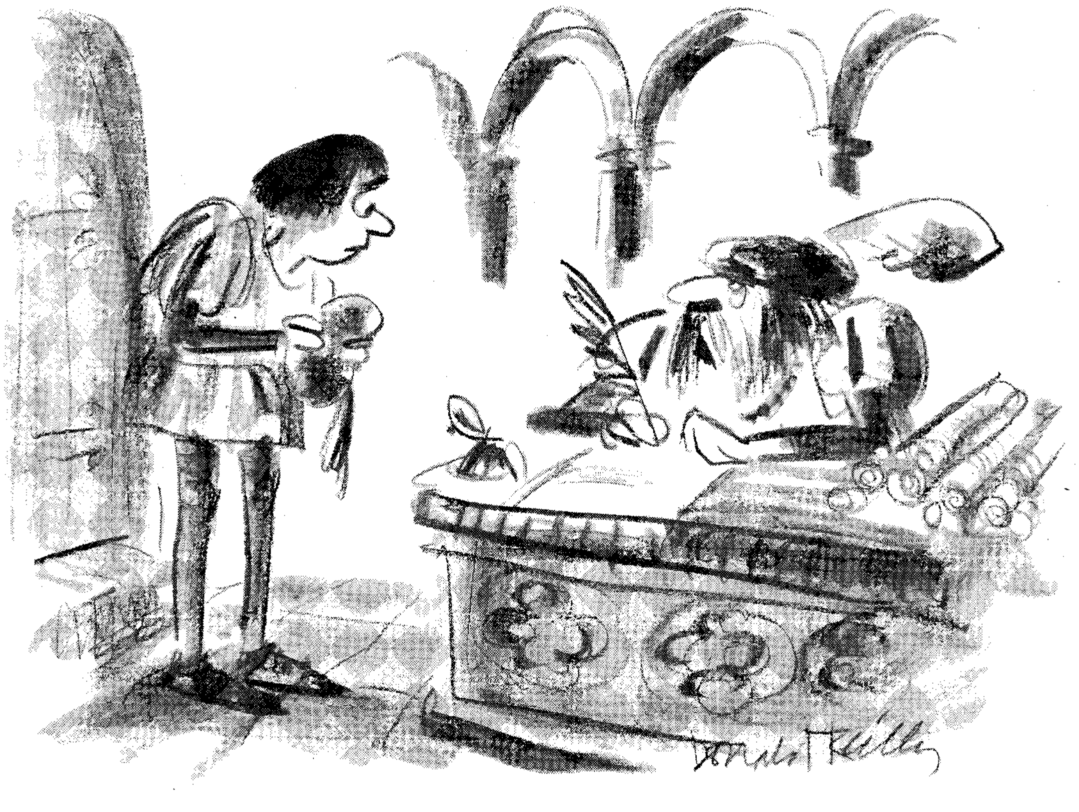
BOOKS

Conrad

“The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad,” edited by Frederick R. Karl and Laurence Davies, will run to eight volumes. We now have the first, covering the years 1861 to 1897 (Cambridge; $39.50). It will be some time before we have the full benefit of the editors’ minute and scholarly labors. There is the usual story of letters withheld or destroyed—many vanished in Poland during the Second World War, and Conrad tore up letters sent to him, adding to the Conradian fogginess. In the first volume, he is often at sea and far away from friends—appealing, dramatizing, generalizing a persona, sending out signals of distress, and, as Mr. Davies says, communicating solitude. He has been working for years on “Almayer’s Folly,” and many of the letters are a writer’s attempt to understand his medium and his circumstances, practicing mystification and concealment, maneuvering to preserve his “private territory.” In a letter to Edward Garnett, his lifelong English mentor, he speaks of his personality as being “only a ridiculous and aimless masquerade.” In his romantic pessimism, he was at any rate a proud and battered exile, and as a seaman who stuck to sail in the period when it was giving way fast to steam he almost perversely increased the odds against earning a livelihood. He had many dreams of making a killing in pearl fishing, whaling, and other ventures, for he was a reckless spender and had, perhaps, a sailor’s—or, indeed, a writer’s—credulity. (Think of Balzac and his silver mines!) But he did have a powerful will to work.

In the present volume, we see him working on “Almayer’s Folly,” on short stories, and on “The Nigger of the ‘Narcissus’ ”—all on the grudging pay of astonishingly closefisted publishers. Not only had sail turned to steam but the late-Victorian novel had split its audience. “Modernism” and Impressionism had come in, and the public for that sort of thing was the instructed few. Conrad had been brought up by his father, the romantic and martyred Polish poet, on the classics, on Shakespeare and Dickens; he knew his Thackeray, and, in French, Flaubert was his god. The great British public preferred plain yarns of the sea by plain seamen. The ocean they wanted was not Conrad’s mirror of psychological or moral dilemma—and certainly not a subject for the display of an intricate prose style or of prophetic utterances by a literary second mate, first mate, or captain who could write a fan letter to Henry James saying that his “exquisite Shades with live hearts, and clothed in the wonderful garment of Your prose . . . have stood, consoling, by my side under many skies.” It must be said that Conrad was admired by the best English critics and by James himself, and won at once the friendship of Edward Garnett and the financial support of Galsworthy. Conrad’s letters to Garnett, his “more than editor,” are, of course, grateful and revealing, but the most engaging letters are those he wrote to his widowed “aunt” Marguerite Poradowska—who was really a sort of cousin, living either in Brussels or in Paris. She was herself a successful novelist, and was being serialized in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. These letters, which were written in French, sparkle with close affection and dramatic assertion, and give us glimpses of Conrad’s life in Far Eastern and African ports as well as in his London lodgings. He is her “good-for-nothing nephew,” and it is thought he may have been in love with her. He displays himself in every mood, even when he is drunk and writing in some “stale bar” where he has just “knocked a man to the floor.” In the Congo, where he has had fever four times and is suffering from dysentery, his innate irascibility flies out bitterly:

> Everything here is repellent to me. Men and things, but men above all. From the manager in Africa who has taken the trouble to tell one



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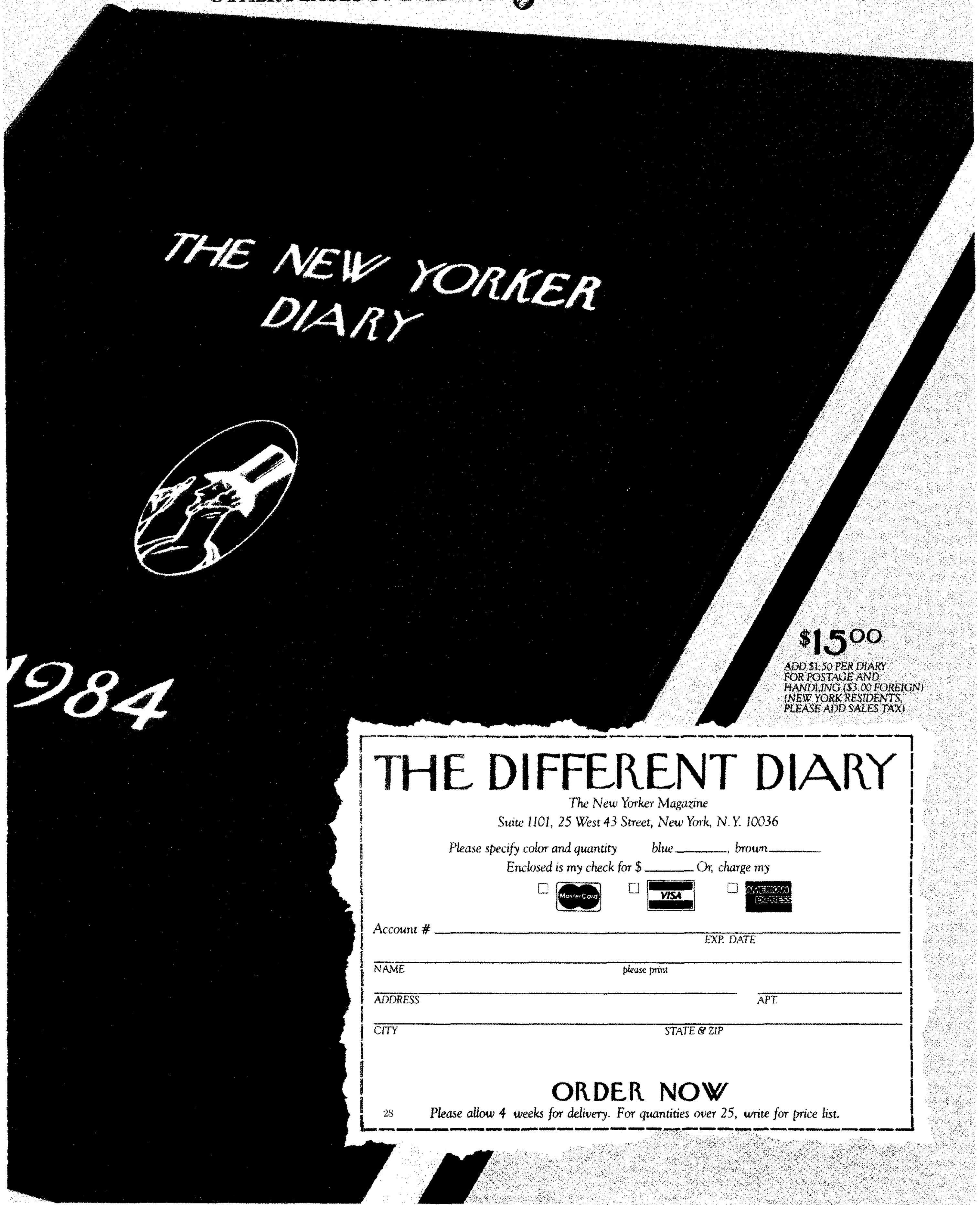

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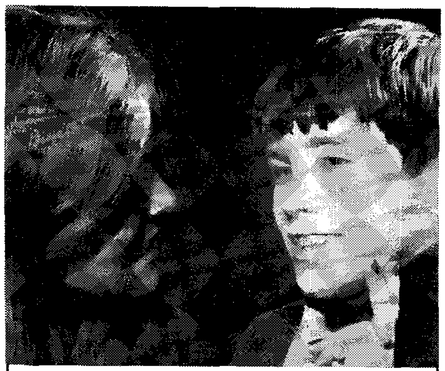

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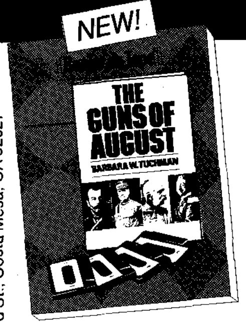

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> and all that I offend him supremely, down to the lowest mechanic, they all have the gift of irritating my nerves—so that I am not as agreeable to them perhaps as I should be. The manager is a common ivory dealer . . . although he is only a kind of African shop-keeper. His name is Delcommune. He detests the English, and out here I am naturally regarded as such. . . . Really, I believe that I feel homesick for the sea, the desire to look again on the level expanse of salt water which has so often lulled me, which has smiled at me so frequently under the sparkling sunshine of a lovely day, which many times too has hurled the threat of death in my face with a swirl of white foam whipped by the wind under the dark December sky.

If the rich ship-owning banker who owns the Congo river steamer would give him command of an oceangoing ship whose home port is Antwerp, Conrad could slip over to Brussels to see his "dear little Aunt." Does she know the man? He would gladly pay his fare back from the Congo for that!

Conrad spent five years writing "Almayer's Folly," and he felt equipped by then to give advice to a fellow-seaman, Edward Noble, who had written a collection of stories. He speaks of "Almayer" as "a miserable failure," and gives Noble a tutorial: "You must treat events only as illustrative of human sensation—as the outward sign of inward feelings—of live feelings—which alone are truly pathetic and interesting." Imagination should be used to create human hearts and souls—"not to create events that are properly speaking *accidents* only": "You must search the darkest corners of your heart, the most remote recesses of your brain;—you must search them for the image, for the glamour, for the right expression. And you must do it sincerely, at any cost." At the end of every day, "you should feel exhausted, emptied of every sensation and every thought, with a blank mind and an aching heart, with the notion that there is nothing—nothing left in you. . . . Rewrite some of [your stories] from an inward point of view." Well, Conrad is describing his own sensations—rather at variance with his discovery of Maupassant's clarity. One winces at that word "glamour," for it evokes Conrad's weakness for the purple. But he redeems himself by saying that he is putting down his "exact thoughts—right or wrong."

From time to time, we see in these letters the seeds of his grand, rhetorical manner: words like "unspeakable," "nameless," "inscrutable," "horrors," "pure evil," and, of course, "Woman," the sailor's White Goddess. They are out of the romantic's thesaurus. They are also covering up or dramatizing the hard-bitten nihilism in his nature, which comes out in sardonic pessimism and sententious Edwardian wit. He is fiercely reactionary. He dislikes liberals and democrats. Socialism will lead to Caesarism; we are heading for anarchy. The common lot of men and institutions is decline and death. All we can do is live bravely and alone and as honorably as we can. Yet if he is distinctly mannered in his letters he is close to friends, grateful for praise, ingratiating and ironical with his publishers—and especially with the stingy Fisher Unwin, to whom he is obliged to sell a copyright for the ridiculous sum of twenty pounds. He is a painfully slow writer; his imagination crowds out his powers of invention. He gets stuck for three months in a tale he cannot finish. Sarcastically, he tells Unwin, "As to my demands, which You might think excessive, it's just this: I can't afford to work for less than ten pence per hour and must work in a way that will give me this magnificent income." And he goes on, to Edward Garnett, who gave him courage to stand up to his publisher, "I am (as the sailors say to express a state of painful destitution) . . . 'sitting in the lee scuppers.' " There are bad weeks. His wife is an invalid; he himself has gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, and fevers picked up on hard voyages. There are good days, when he laughs himself into fantasies and vows to change skins with a Roman augur:

> I go on then with my work feeling very swimming somehow, like a man before a fall. "Absit Omen!" I shall buy chickens, make them sacred, watch the auspices of the sky, the flight of crows—the agitation of planets. Never was an ambitious scoundrel of republican Rome more anxious about the signs of [the] future. And if I knew of a temple anywhere—of an undesecrated temple within the land, I would go scattering flowers, offer sacrifices, and, prostrate on marble floors at the foot of lofty columns, beseech the gods.

He knows how to play educated larks.

As for his remarks on his English contemporaries of the travelling kind, he is sympathetic up to a point, but doubt breaks in. About Kipling, the great rival, he says:

> Some of his work is of impeccable form and because of that little thing he shall sojourn in Hell only a very short while. He squints with the rest of his excellent sort. It is a beautiful squint; it is an useful squint. And—after all—perhaps he sees around the corner? And suppose Truth is just around the corner, like the elusive and useless loafer it is? I can't tell. No one can tell. It is impossible to know. It is impossi-

> ble to know anything tho' it is possible to believe a thing or two.

Maugham, he thinks, never moves from the bottom rung. Cunninghame Graham is another matter. Conrad ought to have detested this exalted Scottish Socialist, this debonair believer in "infernal doctrines born in continental back-slums," who had cheerfully gone to prison. Graham, he said, was one of those hopeless idealists who want from men "faith, honour, fidelity to truth in themselves. . . . What makes you dangerous is your unwarrantable belief that your desire may be realized. That is the only point of difference between us." (Conrad's father had ruined *his* family by patriotic and social idealism.) The secret bond between Conrad and Graham was that they were both aristocrats, who had an experience in common: Graham had known the vanishing culture of the Argentine pampas, Conrad had known the vanishing life of sail. Both looked at Britain with a foreign eye. Both dramatized a romantic dream. And, Mr. Davies adds, Graham's "pursuit of the possible" was something like Conrad's own "desire to force meaning out of moral and epistemological chaos." And perhaps with the same skepticism, which was, at heart, really a personal Style.

One does not expect *all* Conrad's letters to be interesting, but, from his treadmill, fantasy and wit do break out. These letters are not a full self-portrayal, or even a confidence, but they are instant sketches from which we can catch the profile of a genius who, as his biographers have said, juggled with three disparate lives—exile, seaman, and artist. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

O, HOW THE WHEEL BECOMES IT!, by Anthony Powell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $13.95). This astute comedy of literary manners begins with the discovery by a minor but influential English literary man named Shadbold that an even more minor and considerably less influential literary figure—a youthful friend lost track of well before his death in the Second World War—was a successful rival in love when they were both starting out, in the nineteen-twenties. The aging Shadbold's pain is intensified by a younger academic critic's revisionist view of the friend's long moribund novel and by the disconcerting reappearance of the beauty the two men courted. Mr. Powell's comedy offers some deplorable truths—that sexual envy may outlast sexual desire, for one, and that literary fashions owe very little to literary art. He is able to transcribe, with the greatest impression of naturalness, a vast range of pretentiousness. Much more than simple verbal mockery is at work here, for though Mr. Powell's characters are Britons, every one of them—self-serving critics, an opportunistic editor, a megalomaniac television interviewer, a professional beauty, a professional war veteran—is familiar in an American setting.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF NARRATIVE VERSE, chosen and edited by Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford; $19.95). Fifty-nine examples of narrative verse: poems that, in the Opies' succinct definition, "tell a straightforward and complete story." Recurrent topics include horseback rides, from John Gilpin's wedding-day gallop to Paul Revere's midnight one; foxes, from Chaucer's (smart) to John Masefield's (smarter); ships, from the Hesperus to the one that sailed after the Snark; rats, from Bishop Hatto's vengeful swarm to those that visited Hamelin; and unratlike, if sometimes foxy, human beings, from Anon.'s Robin Hood to William Plomer's Lotte Nussbaum. Sixteen pages of notes push scholarship to the verge of whimsy. The Opies (whose final collaboration this was, before Peter Opie's death, in 1982) researched everything from John Gilpin's identity ("John Beyer, an eminent and 'superlatively polite' linen-draper of number 3 Cheapside, who died 11 May 1791 aged 98, is perhaps the front runner") to the relation between Jim Crow and "The Jackdaw of Rheims." They even found out where the Lochinvars lived. Straightforward and complete as these verses may be, they contain some unusual lines: "Bean-pods are noisiest when dry," for instance, and "Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank."

SHAME, by Salman Rushdie (Knopf; $13.95). "I'm only telling a fairy-story," the narrator, tongue in cheek, protests toward the end of this novel that is as baffling as its subject, Pakistan—"that fantastic bird of a place, two Wings without a body, sundered by the land-mass of its greatest foe, joined by nothing but God." If there are (as the nar-

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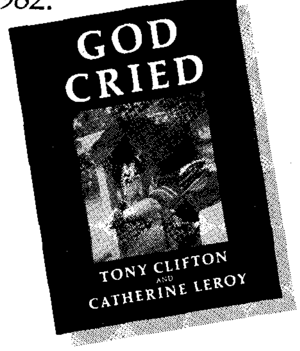

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rator insists) elements of "Beauty and the Beast" and "Sleeping Beauty" in this chronicle of sixty-five years of miracles, curses, estrangements, disenchantments, sterility, dreams, and imprisonments, they are obscured by Salman Rushdie's chaotic plot, which is concerned less with characters, or even with roles, than with large-scale symbols and self-conscious asides. The hero ("Dizzy, peripheral, inverted, infatuated, insomniac, stargazing, fat: what manner of hero is this?"), forbidden from childhood to feel "embarrassment, discomfiture, decency, modesty, shyness, the sense of having an ordained place in the world, and other dialects of emotion for which English has no counterparts," falls in love with a "twelve-year-old girl with a three-year-old mind" after she beheads two hundred and eighteen turkeys; her name is Shame. Other figures who help to launch Pakistan into its dark, bloody future, where Shame, in various incarnations, will prey on it, are three weird sisters, a clairvoyant polo star, a maker of magic shawls, a general called Old Razor Guts, and, of course, a hangman ("Don't ask me what became of him; I can't be expected to know everything"). In a moment of uncharacteristic optimism, Mr. Rushdie offers Pakistan three "myths" to end its cycle of dictatorship and godlessness, "all available from stock at short notice: liberty; equality; fraternity." His story has suggested, though, that these are dialects of emotion for which Pakistan has no counterparts.

GENERAL

LITHOGRAPHY: 200 YEARS OF ART, HISTORY & TECHNIQUE, edited by Domenico Porzio, translated from the Italian by Geoffrey Culverwell (Abrams; $49.50). Domenico Porzio's one-page preface to this generously illustrated collection of essays mentions three of the most important names in the short history of lithography: Aloys Senefelder, who, in his "Complete Course of Lithography" (1818), pointed out the novelty and the significance of its "purely chemical nature;" Napoleon Bonaparte, whose interest in the process helped revolutionize the art of propaganda; and Francisco Goya, whose four tragic, radiant lithographs known as "The Bulls of Bordeaux," which he completed in 1826, at the age of eighty, remain unexcelled. In the seven essays that follow, these three men figure again and again, along with dozens of artists who are, perhaps, better known for their work in oils or pastels: from Daumier, who brought to the medium a fascination with shape and shading, to Picasso, whose series of eleven bulls prompted a *pressier* to exclaim, "That Picasso! He finished where, *normally*, he ought to have started." Mr. Porzio has written two of the essays, and devotes twelve pages to Italian lithographers, dismissing English and American contributions in a couple of paragraphs. The five other essayists (all French) add enough details and highlights—in chapters on, say, "The Poster" and "The Artist and the Printer"—to make the book as a whole quite well balanced. An eighth chapter, an excerpt from Senefelder's "Course," tells how a washerwoman unwittingly contributed to his invention. With a glossary, ten pages of capsule biographies, a bibliography, and two indexes.

NOTE: "'Honesty Is One of the *Better* Policies,'" a collection of drawings by Charles Saxon, has been published by Viking ($12.95). Many of the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE FINANCIAL SCENE

[*Adv. in the Baltimore Sun*]

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Peters would like to see a tourist convention center in the area also. "More conventions and tour facilities is something we are actively pursuing."

Although she has noticed tourism peaks in the summer because of the weather, she has also found that retired people come to look at fall leaves in late April.—*Grass Valley–Nevada City (Calif.) Union.*

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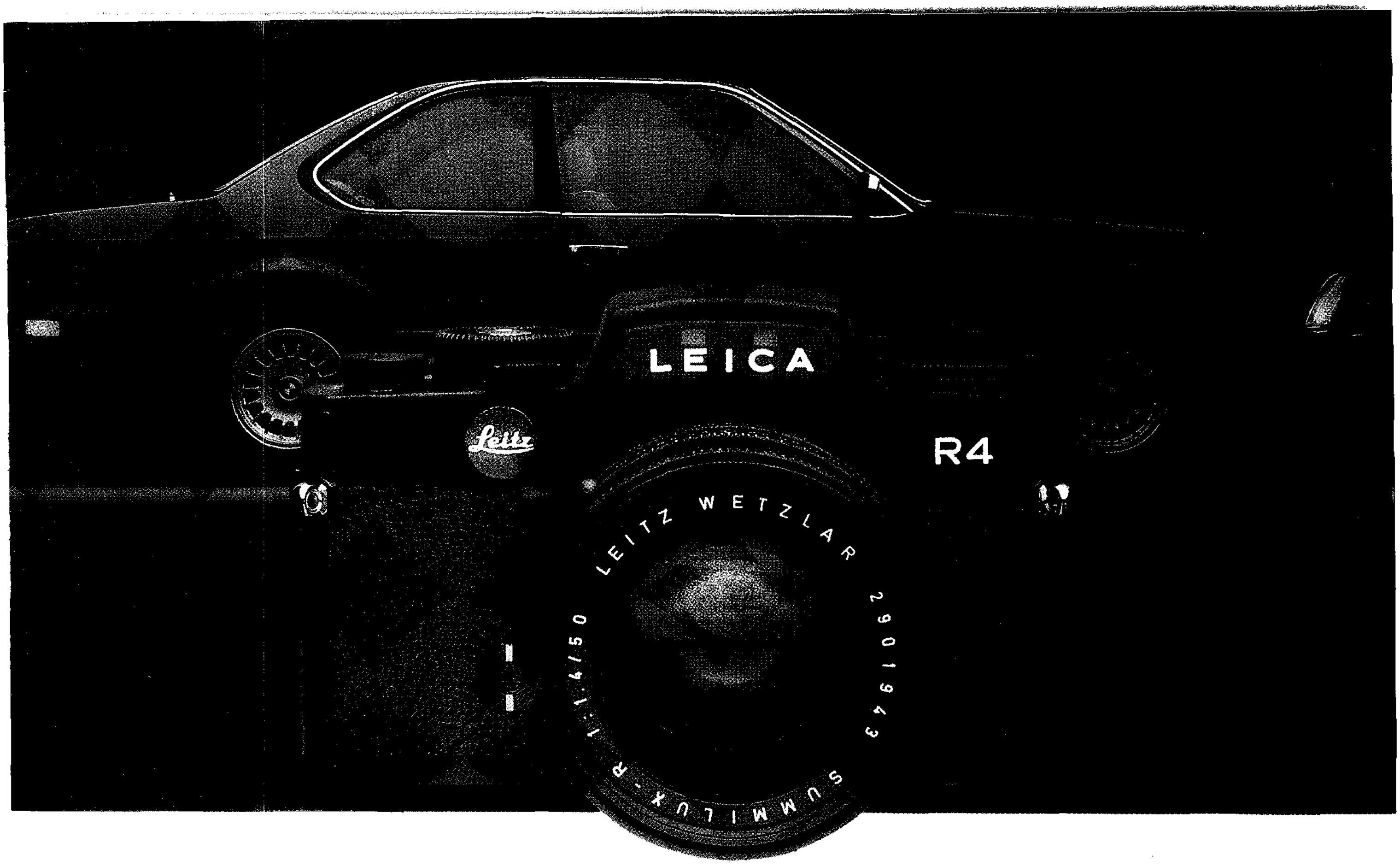

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